

# LIFE



STARLET LANA TURNER

JANUARY 29, 1940 10 CENTS



IT'S JUNE-IN-JANUARY with automatic "Weather Eye". Nash Manifold-Sealed engine gives unvarying performance, flash starting, all year 'round; pick-up of 15 to 50 MPH in 12.9 seconds, *high gear*. Service everywhere at more than 1800 Nash dealers. Take a ride today!



RIDE IN LUXURY! It's the world's only car with amazing "Arrow-Flight" principle of front coil springs, and super shock-absorbers controlling synchronized springs in back. Nash longer life assures you higher resale value.

# Today's Your Day!

WILL YOU TRADE four stuffy walls for an amazing adventure—this afternoon?

Then come with us!

Don't say it's too cold. We will spin a dial and conjure up a warm May day . . . put you in a seat that's softer than your favorite arm-chair . . . then show you sights no motorist ever saw before!

You're going to drive a 1940 "Weather Eye" Nash.

Just hold on tight—when you trip the trigger to that engine up front. This Nash just hates the ground it stands on!

It has something *new* in power—and it's terrific. Three flicks of your gear-finger, and you vanish from sight. Then a Fourth Speed Forward cuts in—and the scenery goes by in double-quick time!

But wait—1940 has put a new thrill in that throttle! Press a little harder, and an entirely new sprinting speed—the new Nash Automatic Overtake—whisks you by the car ahead.

You're in the country now, in a maze of frozen ruts. But—before your astonished eyes—that sleek and slender hood

out front stays steady as a rock—and you never feel the bounce from the wheels.

Cradled close to the flying road, skimming the powdery snow, you listen to the sweet whisper of that engine, and relax in "Weather Eye" Spring.

What matter, if the way gets rougher, and the gale blows stronger? You don't care—for you've found a whole new season of the year to have fun in!

• • •

From Sealed Beam lights to the convertible bed in back for camping, a Nash is made for fun . . . 12 full months a year of it! Why take any car that offers less?

You'll find prices are next to the lowest . . . economy that's won cups in competition . . . a new standard of value . . . and a record for long life that we believe is without parallel!

But, above all, you'll find fun. What about going out with us this afternoon?

LOWER PRICES: from \$795 delivered at Factory! 4-door Sedan (below) \$875, includes Standard Equipment and Federal Taxes. White Sidewall Tires, Weather Eye, Rear Wheel-Shields, Fourth Speed are optional extras.

\$795



You'll be Happier in a NASH

# It's Easier Now to Pick the Biggest Value!

Here's the new "One-Two" way to judge car quality and get more car for your money. ① See the 1940 Quality Chart...at a glance you learn how "All Three" low-priced cars compare in size, safety, comfort, and long life. ② Take the 1940 Plymouth's Luxury Ride to discover how this quality adds to your enjoyment...giving you new smoothness, new performance that will utterly delight you!



Here's how "All 3" low-priced cars stack up on 22 features found in leading high-priced cars: PLYMOUTH has 21...Car "2" has 11...Car "3" has 8

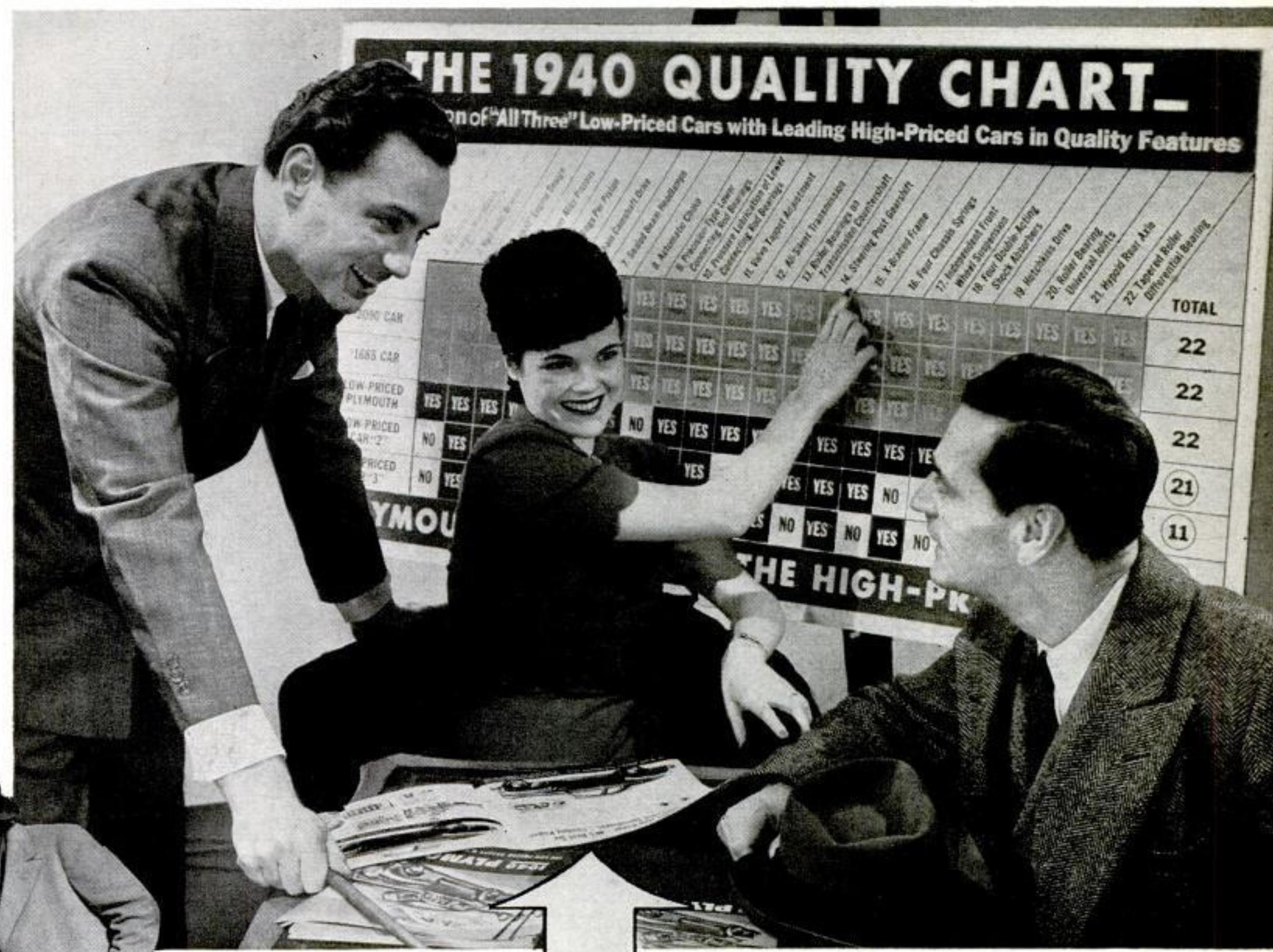
ENTHUSIASM is running high for this brilliant 1940 Plymouth! Car buyers by the thousands are making this important discovery...

In size, style, ride, and all-around value, Plymouth is most like the high-priced cars!

Plymouth is the only one of "All Three" low-priced cars with the majority of the 22 important features found in high-priced cars!

See the 1940 Quality Chart at your nearby Plymouth dealer's...and be sure to take Plymouth's delightful Luxury Ride. And remember, the 1940 Plymouth is very *easy to buy!*

SEE THE NEW LOW-PRICED PLYMOUTH COMMERCIAL CARS



HERE'S THE "TWO-WAY" GUIDE TO YOUR BEST BUY...

**I. SEE THE QUALITY CHART  
FOR FACTS...**

**2. TAKE THE LUXURY RIDE  
FOR PROOF**



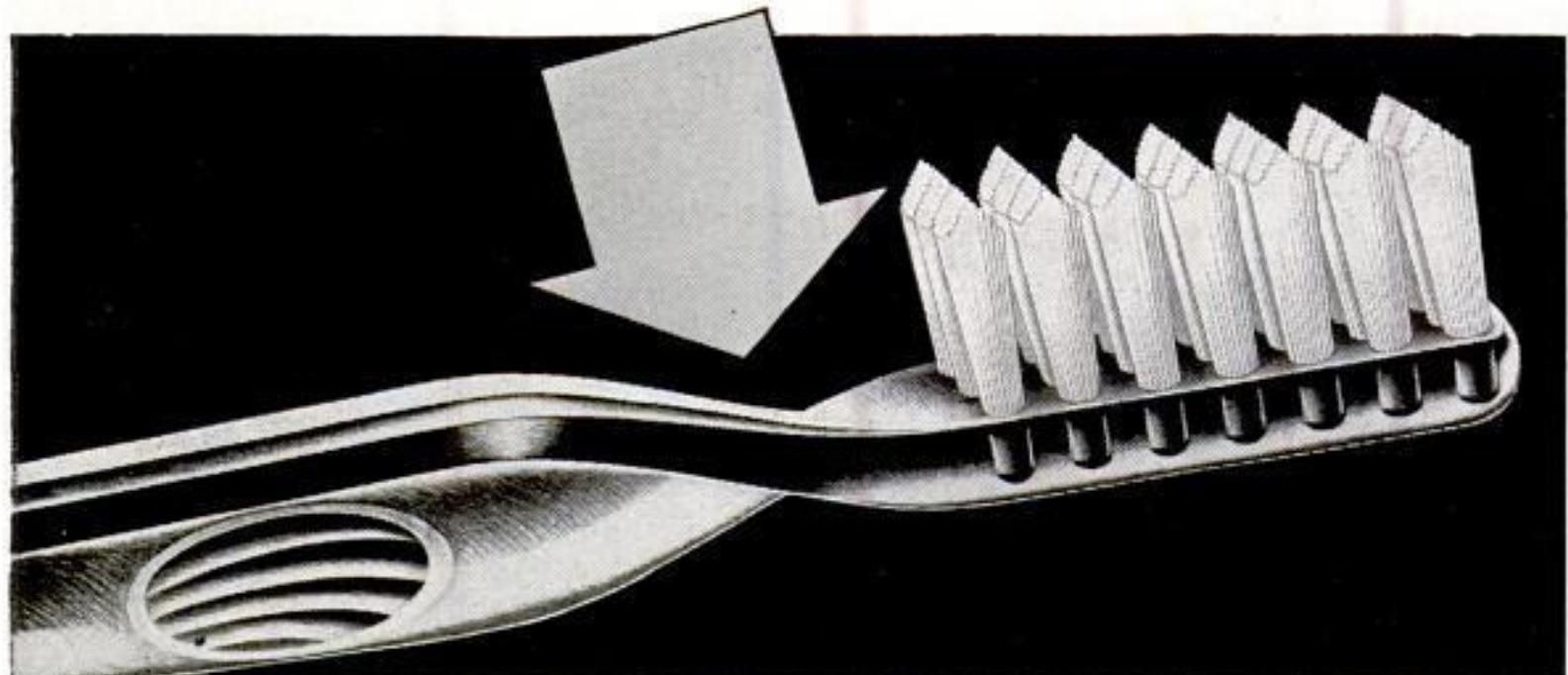
TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P.M., E.S.T.

## PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

Copyrighted material

# UNIQUE TWIST

in the D. D. Tooth Brush handle makes



## VAST IMPROVEMENT

in cleaning teeth and massaging gums



It sounds incredible—that just a simple twist in a tooth brush handle can actually revolutionize dental care.

But the very first time you clean your teeth with the new D.D. tooth brush, you'll know that it's the twist which makes all the difference in the world. That twist enables you to clean your teeth—even many difficult, between-teeth spaces—with the most amazing ease.

You clean with the correct brushing motion—not back and forth across the teeth. You'll quickly see it's lots easier to brush your teeth the right way with the new D.D. tooth brush rather than the wrong way—thanks to the exclusive twist.

This remarkable new tooth brush per-

forms still another most important duty. It makes regular massage of your gums—which so many modern dentists recommend—as simple as A.B.C. With the same efficient “up-and-down” brushing stroke that brightens your teeth, you sweep over the gums, giving them a healthful, stimulating massage.

### Help your smile with this modern brush

Over 1,000 dentists helped design the new D.D. tooth brush. So, it's not just another tooth brush—but a brand-new, entirely different brush deliberately designed to help make your smile as sparkling and attractive as it can be. Get a new D.D. tooth brush from your druggist today and discover this for yourself.

**D. D.**  
**DOUBLE DUTY.**  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

**TOOTH BRUSH**  
**DESIGNED WITH THE AID OF OVER 1,000 DENTISTS**

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

### Letters from Germany

Sirs:

“Wartime Germany” by William D. Bayles in your Jan. 8 issue is better than a novel. Of the books I have read about Germany, none has surpassed this article. It's about the real thing without any censorship.

Could LIFE send Mr. Bayles some shaving cream which he needs so badly?

CARL HALVARSON

Las Animas, Colo.

● LIFE dispatched a package to Mr. Bayles containing both soap and shaving cream. The U. S. Post Office held it for a month and then returned it with the explanation that (presumably in order to avoid difficulties with the British Contraband Control) it was accepting no parcel post for Germany. Since Jan. 1 the Post Office has accepted “small packets” up to 2 lb., 3 oz., but Mr. Bayles left Germany on Jan. 18, and is now in The Netherlands.—ED.

Sirs:

Let's have more letters written by William D. Bayles in Berlin. The ones printed in the Jan. 8 issue were grand.

MARY A. SCHUSTER

Rockford, Ill.

Sirs:

After reading your article on Wartime Germany I went and ate my corned-beef hash for supper without saying a word.

ELIZABETH FISHER

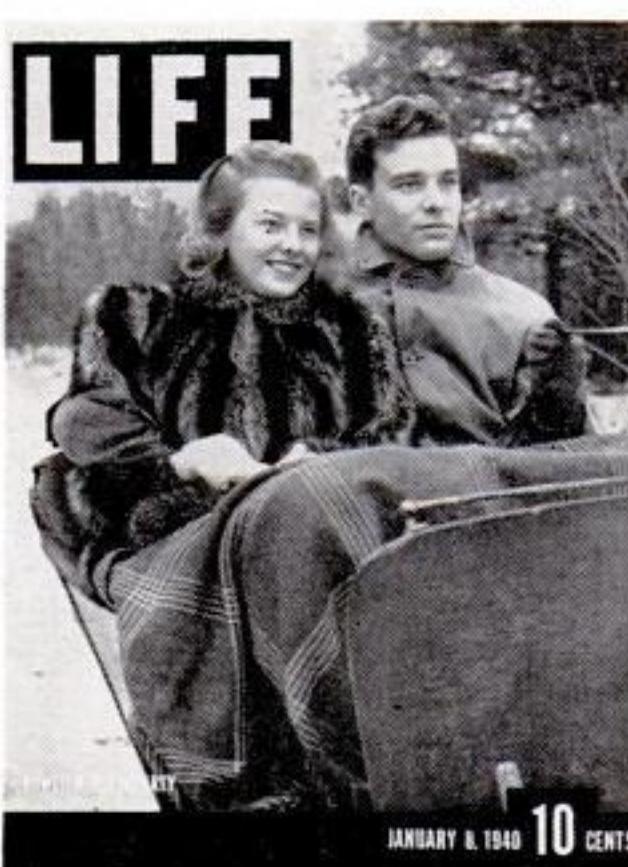
DeLand, Fla.

### How to Drive a Horse

Sirs:

Your cover picture on the Jan. 8 issue is lovely.

We wonder, however, since when has the driver of a horse sat on the left?



BOWDOIN SLEIGH RIDE

In our sleighing days, he always sat on the right side, next the whip.

From here he could step out on the curb, help his girl out, and hitch his horse.

DEBORAH H. BRINTON

West Chester, Pa.

Sirs:

From the first ice age, man has driven his horses from the right side. Why should some whip-snapper change it?

Am writing my Congressman.

H. S. BOWERS

Johnstown, Pa.

Sirs:

. . . Very poor form. Horses prefer the driver on the right.

GEORGE A. BARNETT M. D.

Riverside, Ill.

● Thirty years ago, people drove automobiles from the right, like horses. Now an uninitiated generation drives horses from the left, like automobiles. To many an oldster's surprise, the horses do not seem to notice the difference.—ED.

### Bowdoin Houseparty

Sirs:

In covering the Bowdoin houseparty (LIFE, Jan. 8) you gave proper attention to a Bowdoin tradition, but you failed to note its significance. Seldom do house-parties gravitate to a kitchen, and yet you found the Alpha Delta Phi kitchen sufficiently populated to feature it in two pictures. A Bowdoin man would gladly explain. Alpha Deltas will regret the omission of any reference to Emmy Marsteller. I personally will go so far as to regret that you failed to include a reference to her lemon pies. Emmy is the A. D. cook and a lot more. A. D. alumni don't feel that they are back at college until they have



EMMY MARSTALLER

been embraced by Emmy. Society matrons up to visit their sons soon melt before her—they all have to meet her—and in a bit are swapping recipes for johnnycake. Houseparty dates who meet with Emmy's flat disapproval are usually not asked back. Students who flunk she reproaches gently, and the freshman who has been to Vic's or the Eagle Bar for the first time spends several days in Emmy's specially constructed doghouse. Friday evening she dispatches to the dining room a few plates of roast beef saved from Thursday dinner for those brothers who don't like fish. It is easy to see that Emmy is the attraction in the A. D. kitchen.

You did a fine job on the houseparty, but to every Bowdoin Alpha Delt and to all those who wish they had been, to miss Emmy is to miss the heart of Bowdoin.

FRANKLIN F. GOULD JR.

Bowdoin '37

The Town Times  
Yarmouth, Me.

● Emmy Marsteller was present, as usual, at the Alpha Delta Phi house-party, and LIFE photographed her (see picture).—ED.

Sirs:

You should have told your Western readers that Bowdoin is pronounced Bod'n, clipped like the nautical Cap'n, except in cheers, where it is pronounced like the two words “beau done.” One Bowdoin professor has picked up over twenty mispronunciations all the way from a rime with Cowden to a riming of the last syllable with cash coin.

STEPHEN ALLEN LAVENDER  
Bowdoin '32

Kansas City, Mo.

### Buddhism

Sirs:

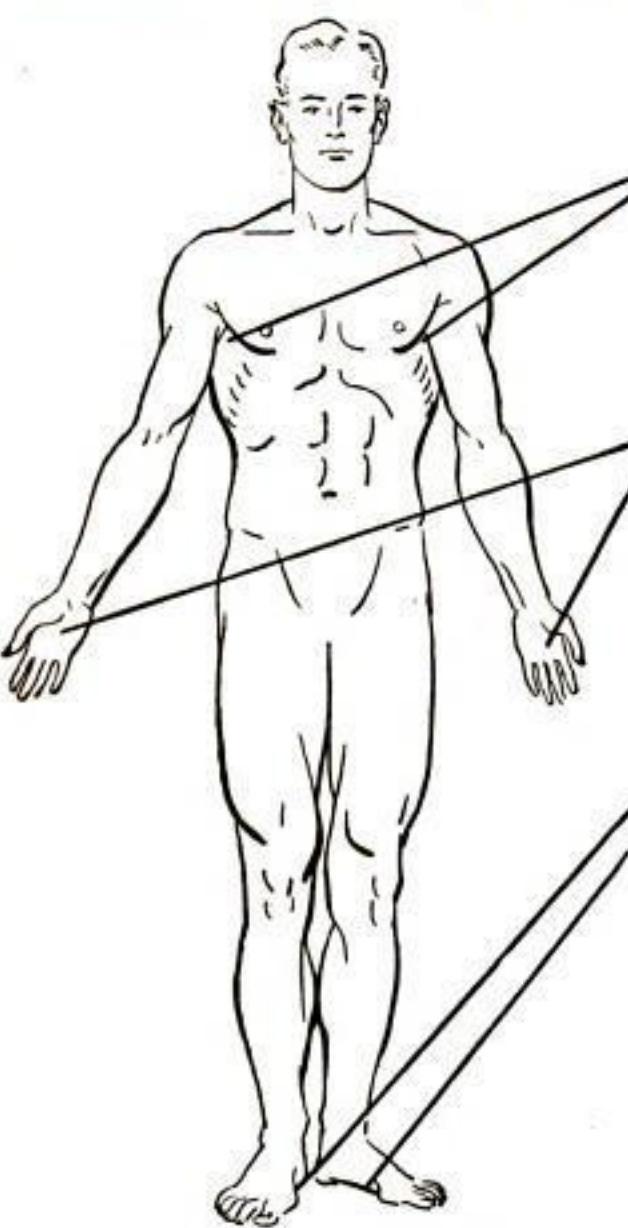
Permit me to congratulate you on your excellent article on Buddhism and Quentin Roosevelt's expedition (LIFE, Jan. 8). I do feel, however, that your mention of the corruption and embellishment of the Buddhist doctrine as it spread should not be allowed to stand without qualification.

While it is incontrovertibly true that the Buddhist religion of Tibet and China has to a large extent lost sight of the Gautama's teachings, it should not be forgotten that these teachings, in a relatively pure form, are the basis of the Southern, or Theravadin School of Buddhism, which numbers among its adher-

(continued on p. 4)

# Science now tells you what causes

Underneath the veneer of civilized man



There are about 1000 sweat glands per square inch under each arm. Any confined areas are prime "danger spots." Any little nervous upset brings out nervous perspiration here.

There are about 1600 sweat glands per square inch on each palm. Ever rub off your palm before you shook hands? Then you know what *nervous perspiration* is.

There are about 1575 sweat glands per square inch on the sole of each foot. Nervous perspiring here has caused trouble for millions. And there are other places, too, that cry out loud for the daily Lifebuoy Health Soap bath that makes you protected—poised—pleasant to others—guarded against "nervous B.O." for hours and hours.

## NERVOUS B.O.

(NERVOUS  
BODY  
ODOR)

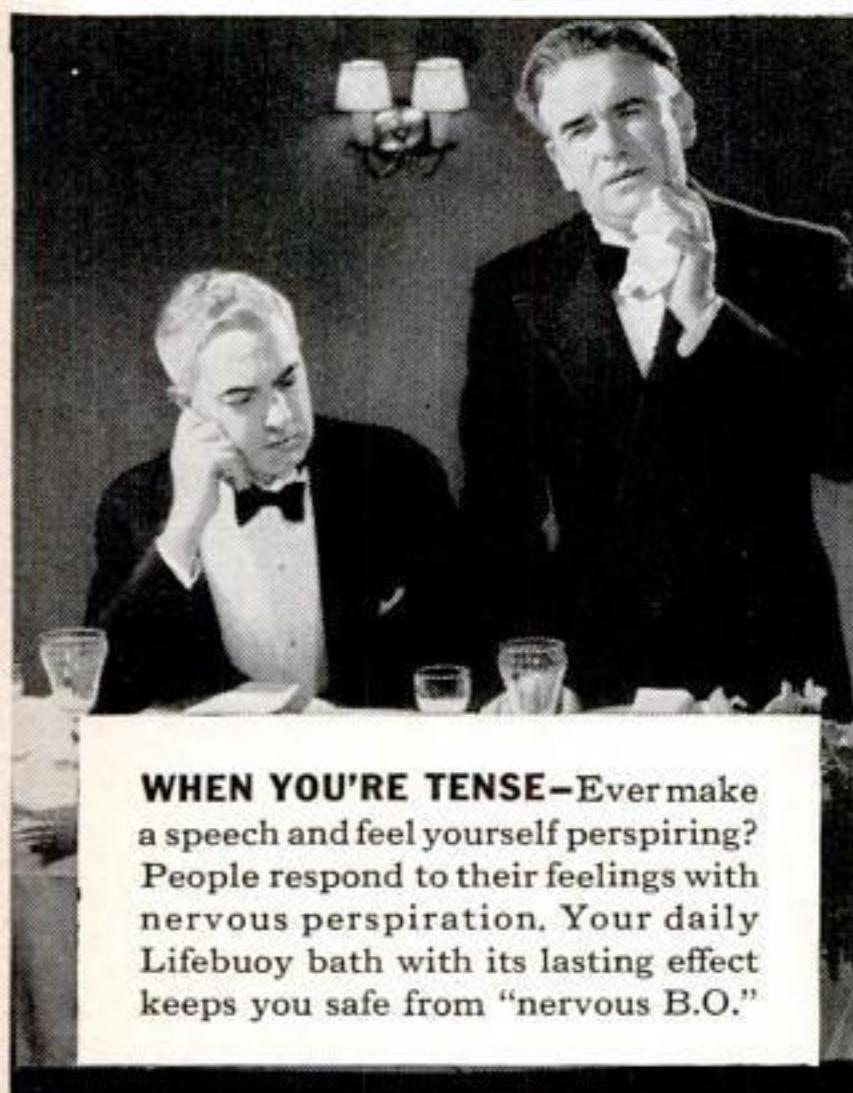
### —AND NO ONE IS FREE FROM THE WORKINGS OF HIS NERVES

**Y**OU HAVE over 2,000,000 busy sweat glands in your body. Scientists point out that nervousness, strong feelings...cause sensitive nerves to signal to the sweat glands, and out comes *nervous perspiration*. Unless proper precautions are taken, this soon becomes "nervous B.O."

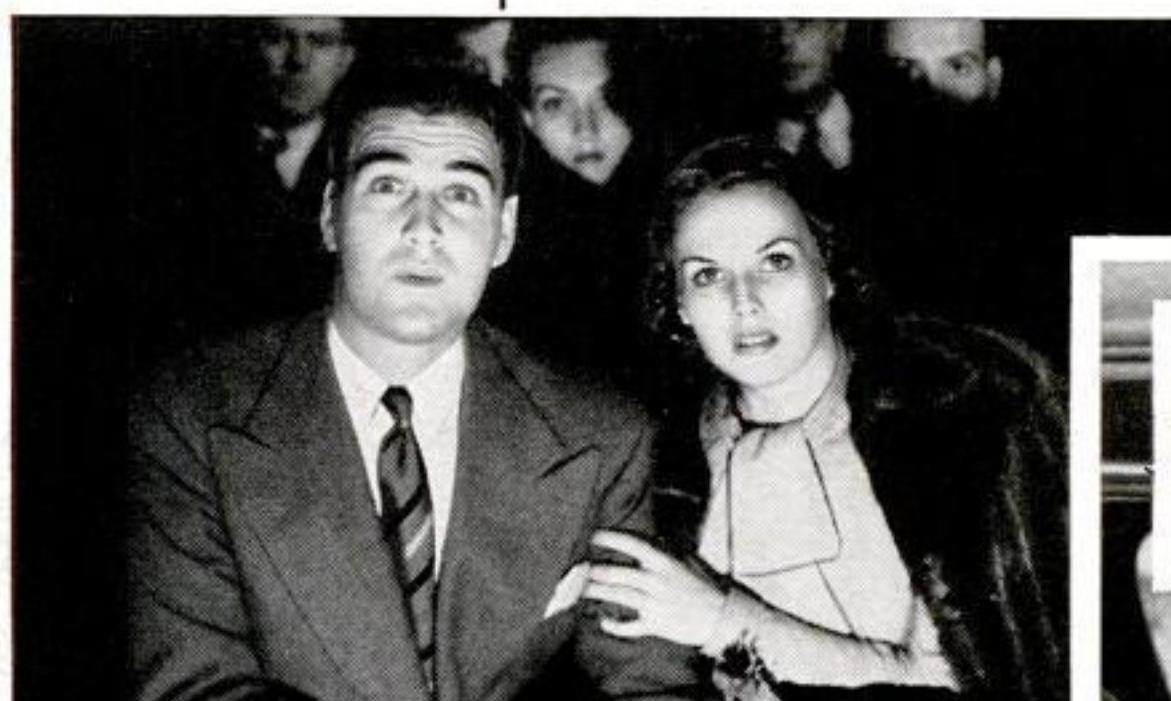
This perspiration has nothing to do with

heat or exercise or season. You may not see it. You may not feel it. But it comes any time to anybody from many causes.

It's so easy to guard against this common fault of "nervous B.O." Just change to the tangy Lifebuoy daily bath. You'll revel in Lifebuoy Health Soap...its mild, grand lather...that feeling of "glow," like an expensive massage. Nerves relax delightfully. The crisp Lifebuoy odor's gone in a jiffy, but you have lasting protection from B.O. whether due to tight-strung nerves or to heat, exercise, or hard work.



**WHEN YOU'RE TENSE**—Ever make a speech and feel yourself perspiring? People respond to their feelings with nervous perspiration. Your daily Lifebuoy bath with its lasting effect keeps you safe from "nervous B.O."



**WHEN YOU'RE THRILLED**—You're excited and you perspire. "Nervous B.O." is sure to follow at a time when you're most anxious to please. You go to the movies with an interesting "somebody," get excited, and out comes nervous perspiration. Take care—face life with a confident smile, protected by your Lifebuoy bath!

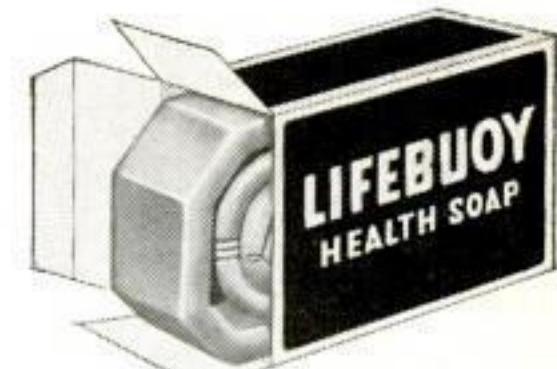


**WHEN YOU'RE SCARED**—Driving in traffic is a familiar example of the nervous speed-up, when excited glands cause you to throw off perspiration. For your own sake don't offend—use Lifebuoy to protect against embarrassing "nervous B.O."

Copyright, 1940, by Lever Brothers Company

### HOW TO GET FULL BENEFITS FROM YOUR DAILY LIFEBUOY BATH

Don't let "nervous B.O." come between you and others. Each day—the warm Lifebuoy Health Soap bath. You'll meet up with a new bathing experience! That mild, generous Lifebuoy lather makes you feel so clean—so keen—so alive—safe from offensive "nervous B.O." Time short? Take a Lifebuoy "quickie"—hands, feet, under arms—you know. You'll feel vastly refreshed by this *different* soap. And the more often you use it, the greater your protection.



**LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP** — ITS CRISP ODOR GOES IN A JIFFY  
— ITS PROTECTION LASTS AND LASTS

This One



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## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

ents the millions of Buddhists in Ceylon, Burma and Siam. The importance of this school, with its extensive literature in the Pali language, entitles it to mention in any discussion of Buddhism, particularly since it has kept alive the original Buddhist doctrine, almost entirely devoid of the myths, superstitions, demons and idols which characterize Northern Buddhism.

R. W. GREENEBAUM

Harvard University  
Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

I am not a Buddhist—I have no label—but I have found much in their philosophy, especially at dark hours, and many who live it. It is not merely an Oriental belief—there are many Buddhists in the U. S. A., and a lodge of Englishmen in London. It has two special points of interest. It outlines many truths that scientists are beginning to rediscover nowadays, and it presents a clear, workable system for making practical the words of Jesus Christ.

WINTHROP STEELE

New York, N. Y.

● There are many Buddhists devoted to the purer strain of the philosopher's teachings. They find in Buddha a very modern philosopher who, among other things, laid down a system of psychology like that of the 20th Century's Freud. But Buddhism, wherever it is preached as a religion, worships Buddha as a god, and to that extent corrupts his agnostic teaching.—ED.

Sirs:

You may be interested to know a few other facts about the pictures you illustrate (those done on cotton cloth and painted with natural colors derived from Tibetan soils). Those portrayals are called in Sanskrit "mandalas."

You will notice that the central figures of all mandalas (whether it be Gautama Buddha or one of his disciples) are seated in specific postures. These postures are called "asanas," and though there are many of them, each has its specific spiritual value as well as physical benefits.



BUDDHA IN PADMASANA

On page 31, the mandala shows Amithaba Buddha seated in the "lotus-posture," or "padmasana." This posture is supposed to cure all diseases, according to both Buddhist and Tantric schools. According to the *Gheranda Samhita*, a Tantric work treating of Hatha-Yoga (the physical path to Nirvana), there are eighty-four hundreds of thousands of asanas, as described by Siva!

M. V. MARCHE GODDARD  
Washington, D. C.

Holier than Thou

Sirs:

You say that LIFE has attained great merit with Avalokita, patron god of Tibet, by spinning the Buddhist prayer on its roller presses over 2,500,000 times. LIFE has just begun to attain merit with

Avalokita. Six years ago, a friend of mine, Harry T. Lewis, of Hampton, Va., inscribed the Buddhist prayer, "Om Mani Pad-me Hum," on each blade of the four-bladed fan of his automobile, which has been driven 50,000 mi. since then.

This car's motor makes four revolutions to each revolution of the wheels, which have a diameter, including tires, of about 28 in. or 2½ ft. This, by mathematical calculation, has caused 648,294,679 repetitions of the mystic formula.

Here's wishing LIFE is blessed by Avalokita with a weekly press run as large as this!

MARTIN J. MENGES

Hampton, Va.

### Financial Rating

Sirs:

Patricia, "No. 1 Debutante of 1940" (LIFE, Jan. 8), is certainly good enough to look at as were her two predecessors, the No. 1's for 1938 and 1939, but in 1940 you overlooked the financial rating, which you very generously supplied in the two previous years.

You have given us a rough idea at least of the size of the hoard of Gloria Baker, one of the three children of the muchly married Margaret Emerson, daughter of the late North Carolina native, Isaac Emerson of Bromo-Seltzer fame and fortune—some \$10,000,000 or more. You have informed us of Brenda Frazier's trust fund (from her grandmother) of some \$3,500,000 and her present allowance of \$50,000 per annum. We even know of Gloria Vanderbilt's (your nominee for No. 1 Debutante Glamor Girl of 1941) inheritance of \$5,000,000 or so from her father Reggie's estate and her present allowance of \$25,000 per annum. But nothing as yet of the state of Patricia's fortune or spending money.

For the benefit of the young males of the country—even though very few of them will ever have the opportunity of associating with Miss Plunkett—what is the state of Patricia's exchequer?

ERIC GWALTNEY

Greensboro, N. C.

● No financial prize for young males is Patricia Plunkett. Her exact financial status, unlike Brenda Frazier's or Gloria Vanderbilt's, has never been an issue in court and hence is not public knowledge. The Plunketts are not wealthy, however, and Patricia's mother runs a Madison Avenue shop. Patricia says she lives on modeling fees plus a monthly allowance of \$25. She gets her clothes wholesale.—ED.

### What's in a Name

Sirs:

Linens do not go thru a mangle, as stated and pictured in the unrealistic laundry scene in the play *The World We Make* (LIFE, Jan. 8). The machine you maliciously refer to as a "mangle" is in reality a flatwork ironer.

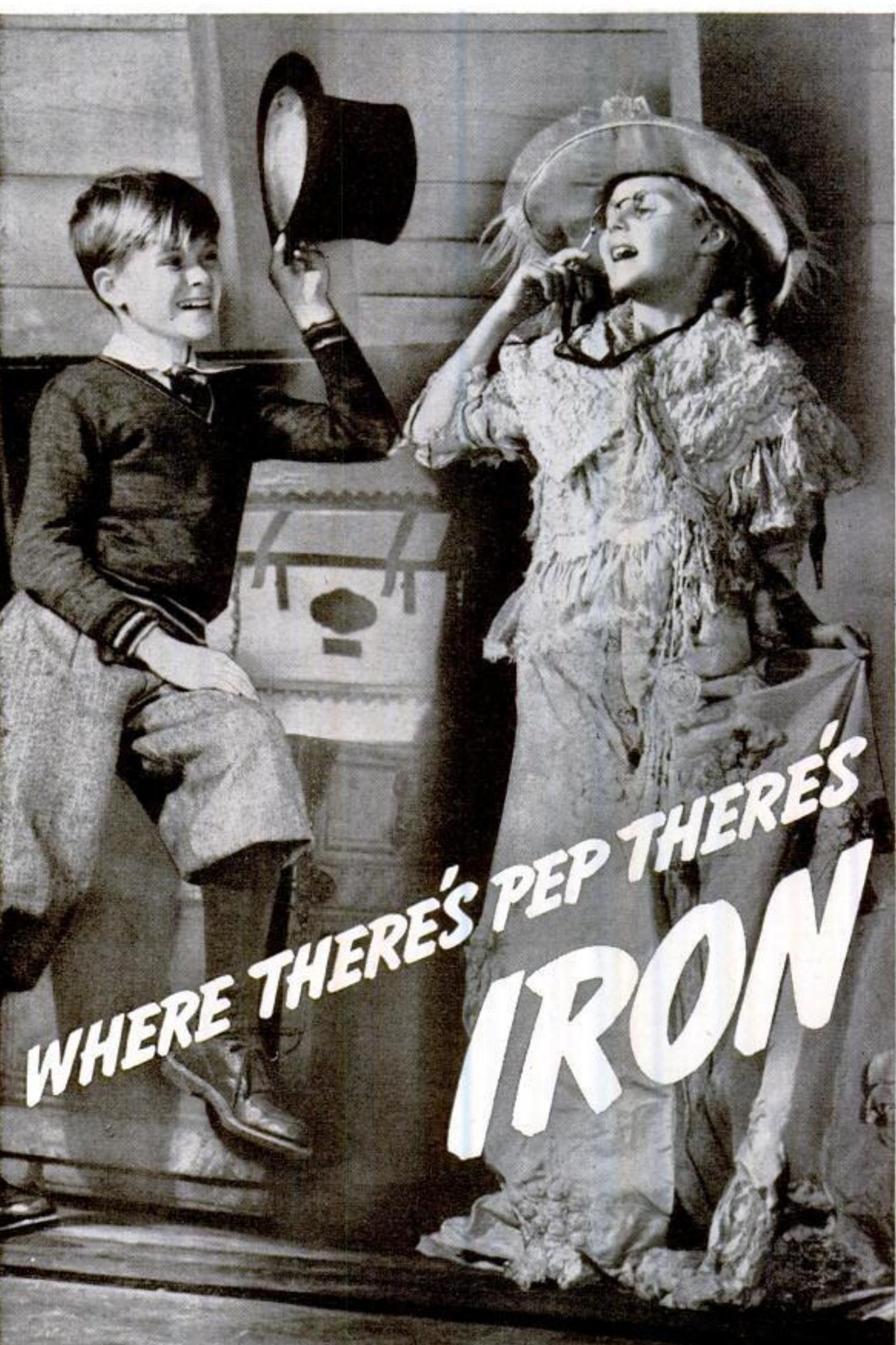
Mangles were formerly used and are still being used in many European countries. These machines of cold-roller or cold-calender type were used to smooth out dry or partially damp linens by passing them between the rolls.

In this country all laundries use flatwork ironers which, by the means of rollers and heat, iron-finish the flatwork. Only a foreigner would be so base as to refer to this machine as a mangle.

C. T. M. JOHNSON

Chicago Dryer Company  
Chicago, Ill.

● Neither base nor a foreigner is LIFE's theater editor. The word mangle for the instrument in question is used in the play and approved by Webster's. LIFE can sympathize with the launderer's distaste for an unhappy name, but until undertakers become morticians and rat-catchers become exterminating engineers, mangles will remain mangles to the public.—ED.



**BOSCO**  
*Milk Amplifier*

Easy to mix. Just stir one teaspoonful of Bosco into a cup of whole milk (hot or cold) and it's ready.

**IRON:** Relative available amounts in—  
SPINACH —  
RAISINS —  
BOSCO —

If your grocer or milkman does not handle Bosco, mail us his name and address. We'll see he is supplied. Bosco Co., 180 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

WILL YOU JOIN ME, DUCHESS, FOR BOSCO?

WHEN MOTHER ADDS CHOCOLATE-FLAVORED BOSCO TO MILK, I COULD DRINK GALLONS!

AND THE IRON IN BOSCO HELPS PUT ROSES IN THEIR CHEEKS

# THE FORD WAY OF DOING BUSINESS

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The Ford Motor Company was founded by a working-man for working-men. Its present officers began as employees of the Company. It was the first company to pay a minimum wage, beginning in 1914, at the then astounding figure of \$5 a day. That was double the prevailing wage of the time. The Ford minimum is now \$6 a day for all employees engaged in production work. And from that, the wages rise to \$10.80 a day, with the average wage \$7.25, exclusive of salaried employees.

The Ford Motor Company was the first large company to establish the 8-hour day—also in 1914. And the 40-hour week was inaugurated by the Ford Motor Company in 1926, years before any such laws existed.

The Ford Motor Company employs men without regard to race, creed or color. It is common knowledge that working conditions in the Ford shops are the best that science and constant care can make them. A square deal, a just wage and stabilized employment for a large proportion of our employees—and as fully stabilized for all as conditions will permit—enable our men to retain their personal independence.

In consequence of these policies the Ford Motor Company has one of the finest bodies of employees in the world. The larger proportion are mature men

of long service with the Company—sober, decent family men. Hundreds of them have been with the Company for more than 25 years—thousands for more than 15 years. Their health record, home ownership and citizenship records are gratifyingly high.

All this is reflected in Ford products, whether cars, trucks or tractors. The work is honestly done. The materials are the best that can be made or procured. Less profit to the Company and more value to the customer is known throughout the world as "Ford's way of doing business."

*Henry Ford and Edsel Ford keep daily personal touch with all phases of Ford manufacture. In a conference with his staff, Henry Ford often says: "Go ahead—I'll sit here and represent the public."*

Ford Motor Company was the first to make a motor car within the means of the average family—quitting the manufacture of what was then the largest selling model in the world to do so. Its chosen field in all the 30 years since that time has

been the average American family, for which it has consistently provided car facilities which formerly only the wealthy could buy.

It is the policy of the Ford Motor Company to share the benefits of advanced methods and management with workers and public alike. Increased wages and employment over a period of many years have resulted in

*A 300 per cent increase in the built-in value of the Ford car and a 75 per cent reduction in its price.*

F O R D   M O T O R   C O M P A N Y







# SPEAKING OF PICTURES

**ASTRONOMERS MAKE A  
NEW PORTRAIT OF THE  
MOON'S ANCIENT FACE**

When poets stop writing about the moon as an "orb'd maiden with white fire laden" and lovers stop invoking its romantic magic, then—and only then—will astronomers stop taking photographs of it. Man has always been stirred by the moon. He has given it the names of goddesses, peopled it with demons, attributed to it power to befuddle men's minds.

Like the rest of mankind, the scientific astronomical cameraman has been fascinated by this serene and silvery satellite. Less than a dozen years after Daguerre perfected his camera, photographers were making portraits of the moon's face. Today, telescopic cameras record lunar objects less than a half mile in diameter. But though the dead surface of the moon is a thoroughly familiar place to astronomers, they still have not tired of photographing it.

At left is one of the latest and most unusual pictures of the moon. It was made by a Charles H. Coles of New York's Hayden Planetarium, using a negative made at Lick Observatory and a technique developed at Mt. Wilson Observatory. By superimposing a positive of the picture below over a negative, so that the images did not exactly register, he got the effect of a relief photograph.

The lunar face, which this picture portrays, is a chaos of craters, pitted and pocked by meteors or by ancient volcanic eruptions. The temperature here is  $212^{\circ}$  above zero when the sun shines,  $250^{\circ}$  below when it does not. The moon's light is a pale reflection of the sun's, so feeble that, to equal the sun's light 465,000 full moons would be needed. If our whole heaven were filled with bright full moons, they would give only a fifth of the light the sun sheds. The earth, in fact, reflects more light to the moon than the moon sends to the earth. This is called "earth shine" (see page 9).

The moon has 28 mountain peaks higher than Everest. Its mountain ranges are named after Europe's—Alps, Apennines, Carpathians. Early astronomers gave fanciful names to shadowed areas, which they thought were bodies of water—Sea of Conflicts, Sea of Serenity, Gulf of Dews, Marsh of Corruption.



**Moon's face** looks flat and shadowless here compared to relief photograph at left which was made from this picture.

# That party put me on the front page!



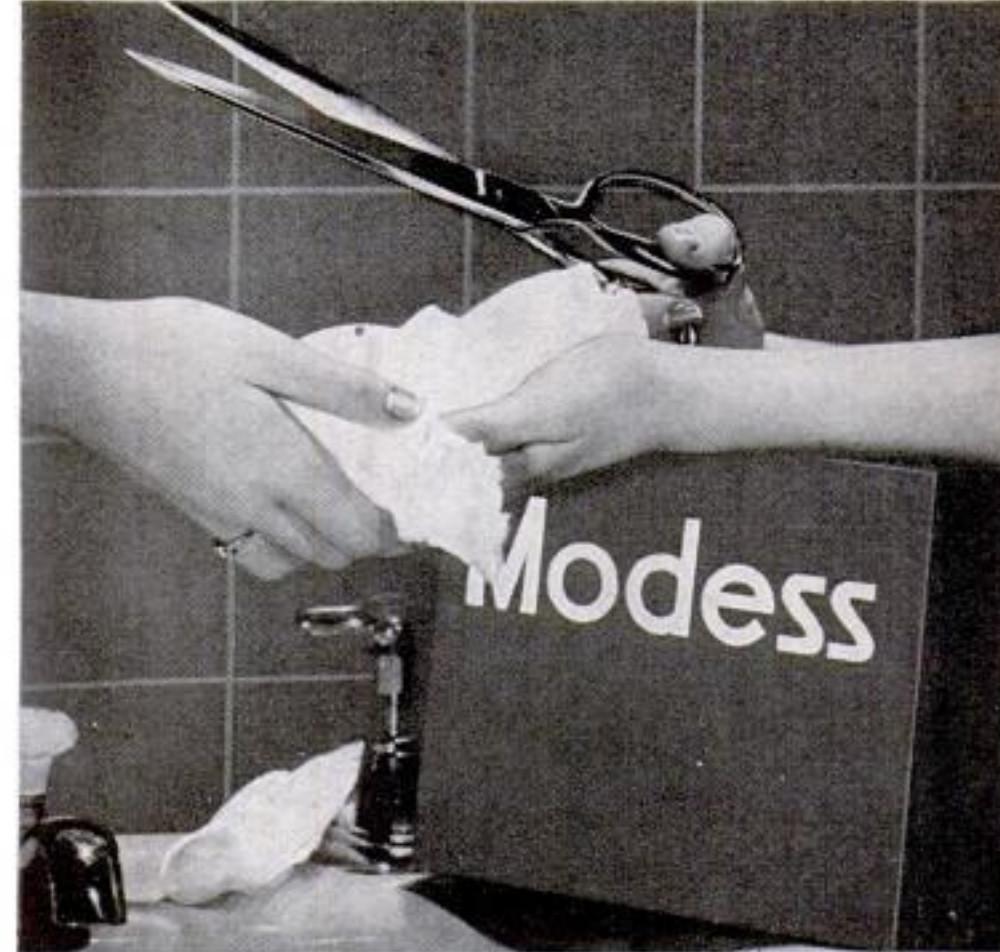
"Hurry!"—the editor barked. "Grab a cab! Jump into your evening clothes! You're covering that Van Dyke blowout tonight!" It was my big chance . . . but instead of being thrilled, I could have cried. "Why—oh, why," I wailed inwardly, "does Avis Van Dyke have to bow to society tonight?"



I stopped just long enough to phone my roommate. "Elsie"—I begged—"be a lamb and press my green evening dress. I've got to report a debutante party tonight! Wouldn't you know a break like this would come at a time like this? Honestly, I'm so chafed and irritable I could scream!"



"What would you do without me?"—Elsie greeted me gaily, waving a blue box. "Dress pressed . . . velvet wrap brushed . . . and a gift that will give you blissful relief! Take it, ducky—it's Miracle Modess! It now has 'Moisture Zoning,' you know—the grandest comfort discovery you ever heard of!"



"Look here—" she said, opening a Modess pad. "See that wonderful filler of fluff! Modess starts softer to begin with. It'll stay softer, too," she went on, "because 'Moisture Zoning' acts to direct moisture *inside* the pad, keeping the edges dry and comfortable longer than ever before!"



"And what's more," continued Elsie, "with Modess you can have an easier mind all evening—because it's *safer!* Watch . . ." And she took the moisture-resistant backing from inside a Modess pad and dropped some water on it. To my amazement, I saw that not a drop went through!



So—off I went, cheery as a cricket, to stalk debutantes and stags at play. I buzzed around, writing about fabulous jewels, fountains of champagne, and divine Paris dresses . . . with never a moment's worry . . . nor a single thought of chafing discomfort. And—wound up the evening with a story that even an old hand could be proud of!

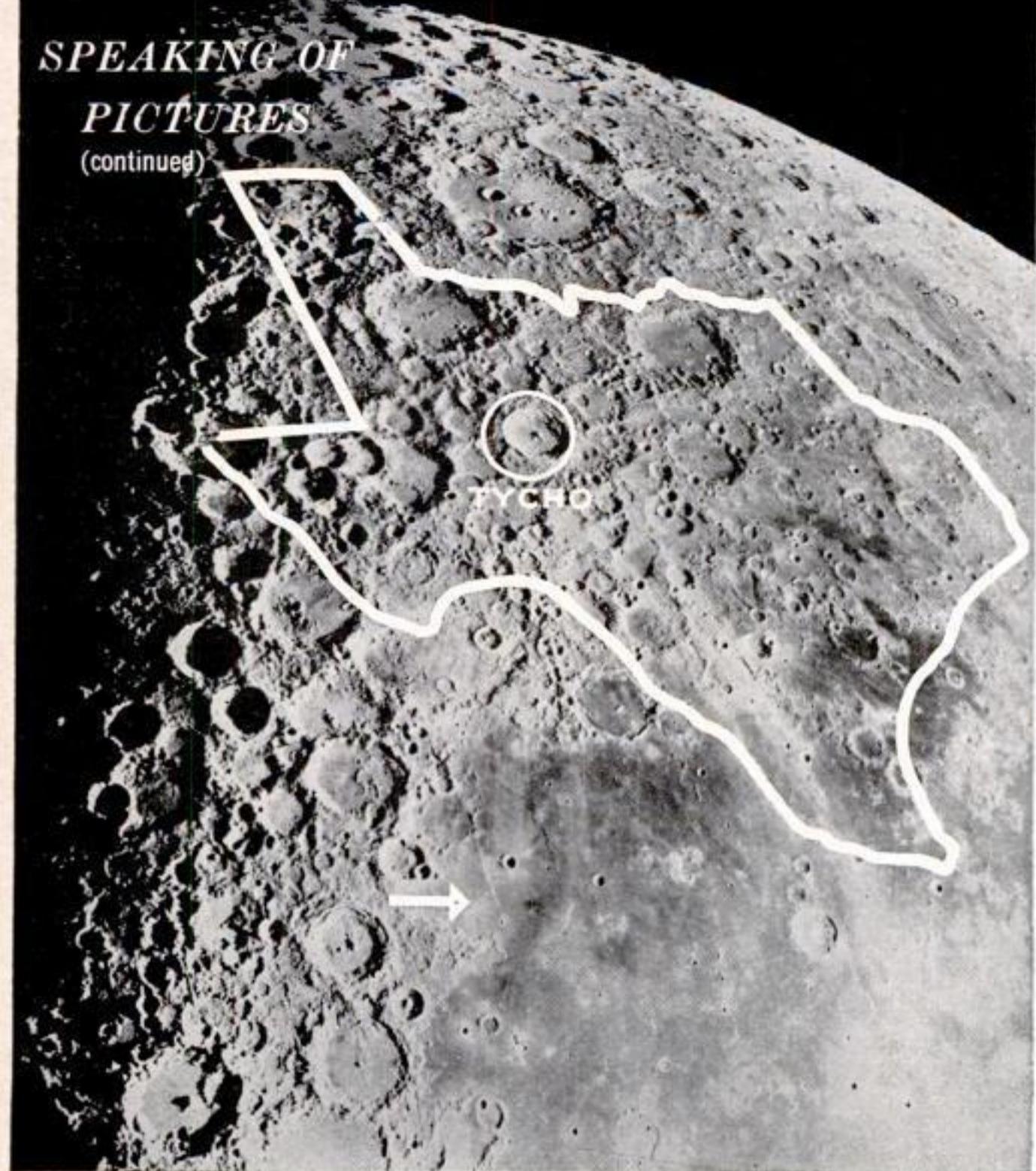


"Whee! Right on the front page—with your name signed to it!" shrieked Elsie, brandishing the paper the next day. "You owe it all to little me who told you about Miracle Modess! And just think," she added, "for all its extra comfort and safety, Modess costs no more than those pads we used to buy!"

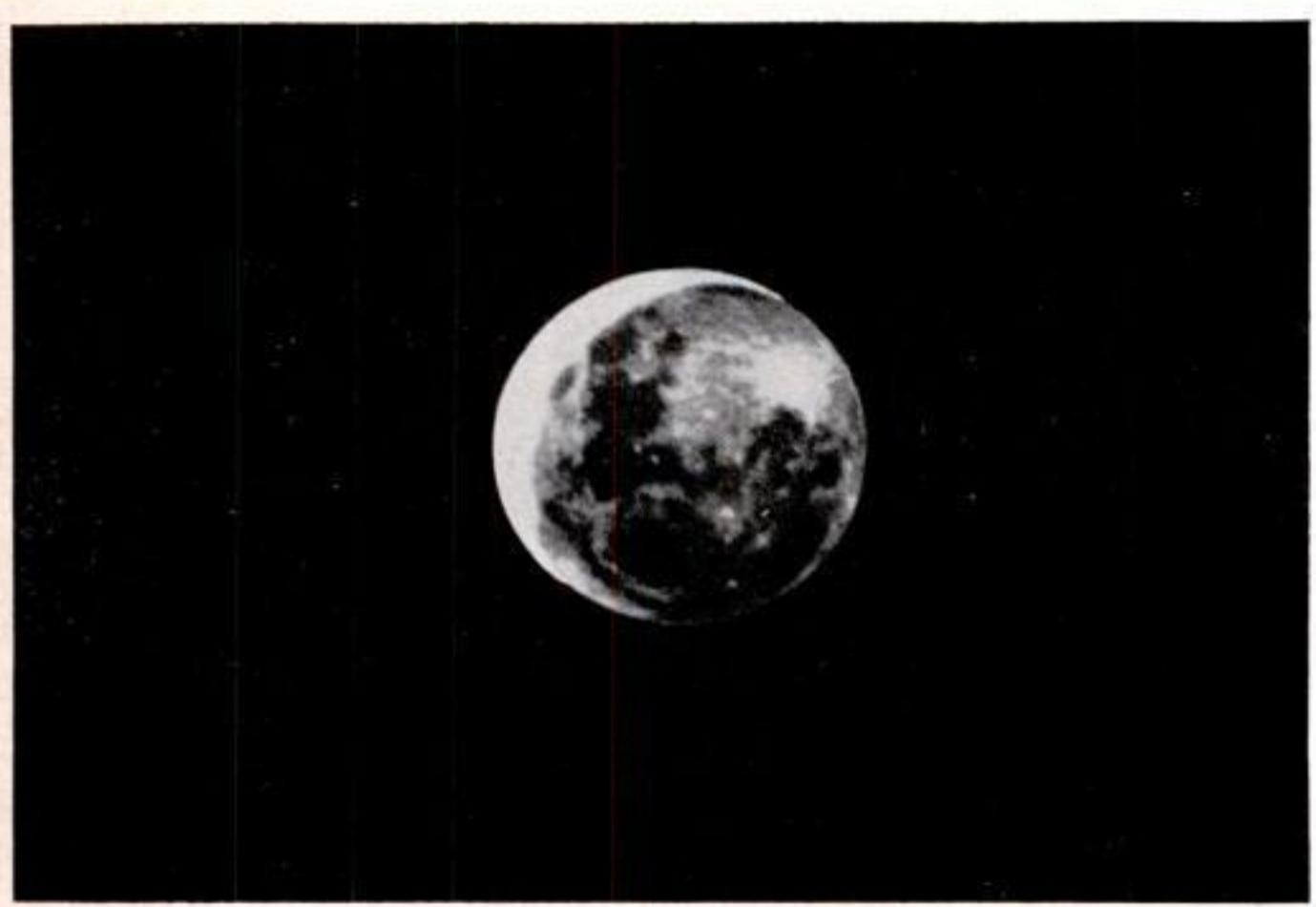
**Try it now!**

**NEW MIRACLE MODESS with "MOISTURE ZONING"**

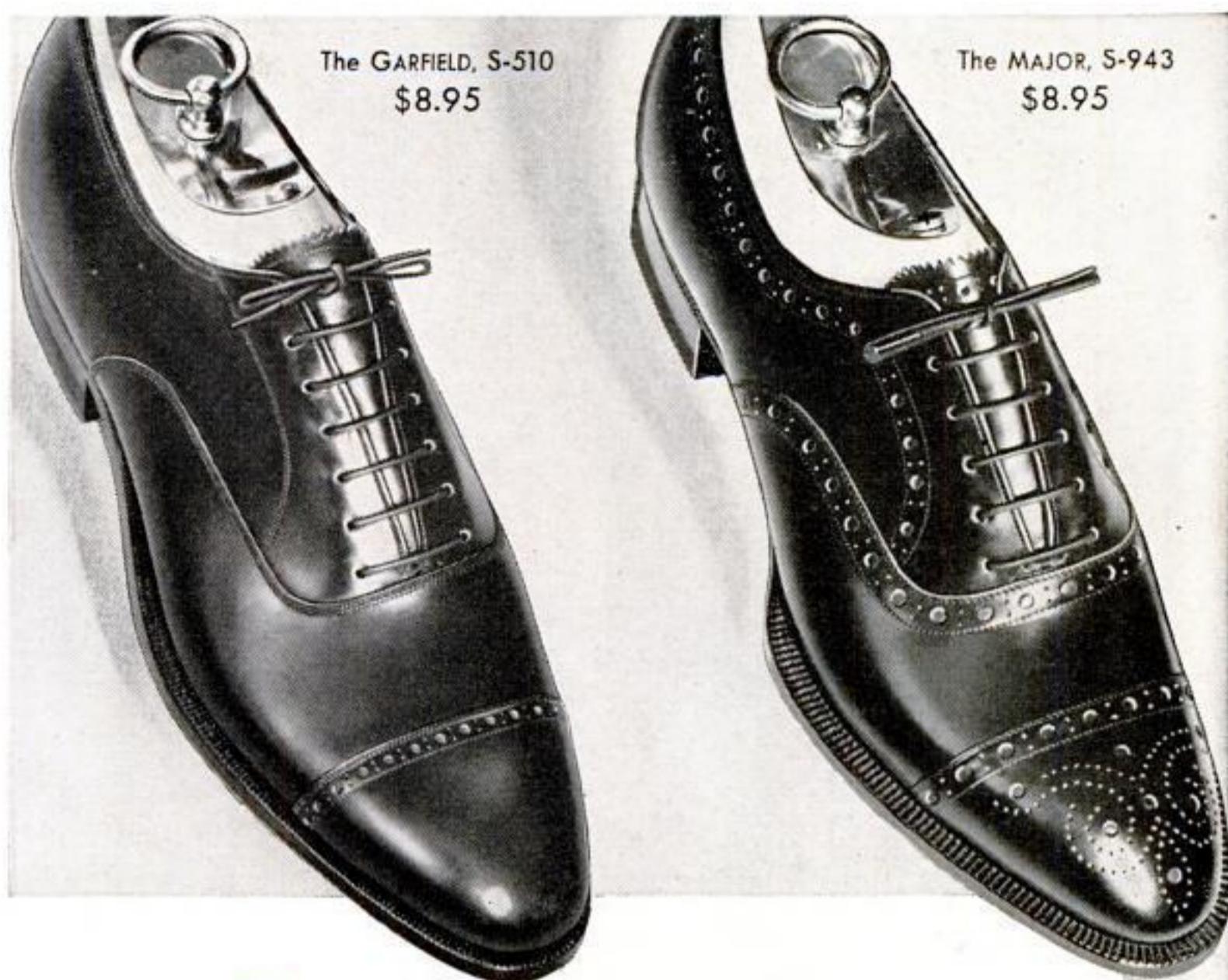
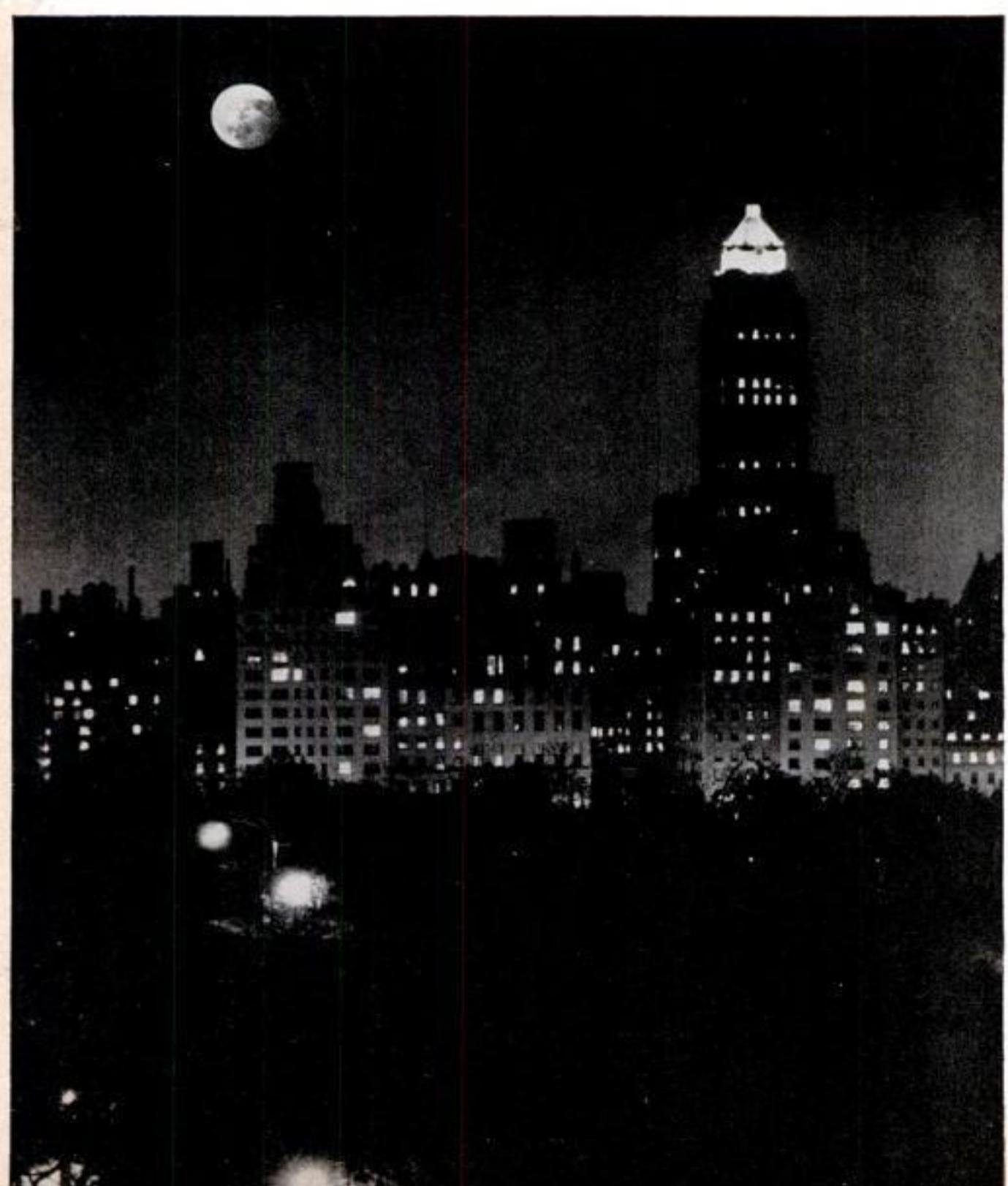
SPEAKING OF  
PICTURES  
(continued)



**Texas on the moon** would occupy approximately the space sketched here. Total area of the moon is a little larger than South America. The arrow points to "Straight Wall," a 60-mi. line of 1,000-ft. high escarpment. Tycho crater is 54 miles across.



**Earth shine** is sun's light reflected from earth to moon. In crescent moon above, sun lights up crescent while rest of moon glows dimly from earth shine. The moon below is in total eclipse, is lit by sunlight bent around earth by earth's atmosphere.



ESTABLISHED 1892

*We're old enough to know...*

THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE FOR EXPERIENCE

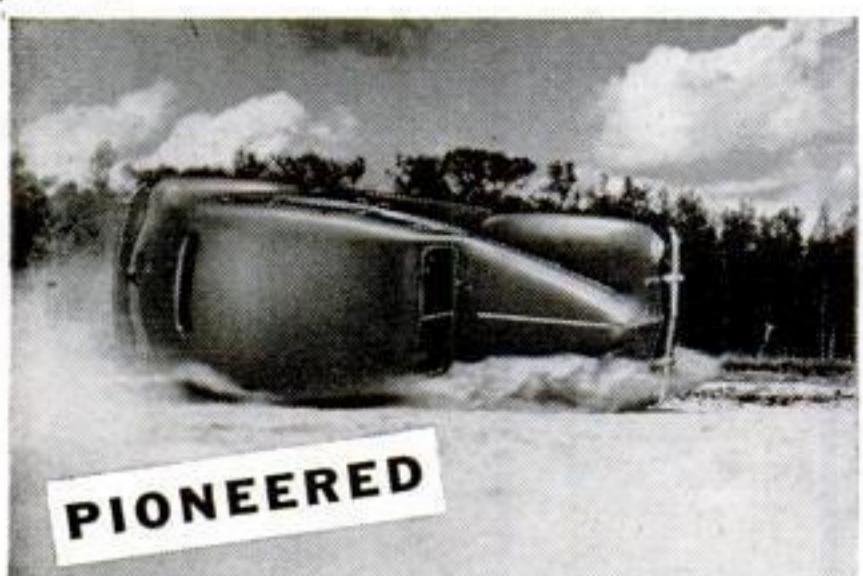
Every working day for 48 years, skilled Florsheim craftsmen have been devising new ways to make fine shoes even better! This lifetime of experience is today reflected in the style, the comfort, the wear that combine to make Florsheim quality the acknowledged standard of fine shoe value.

\$8.95 and \$10...a few higher

THE *florsheim* SHOE

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY, Manufacturers, CHICAGO  
Makers of Fine Shoes for Men and Women

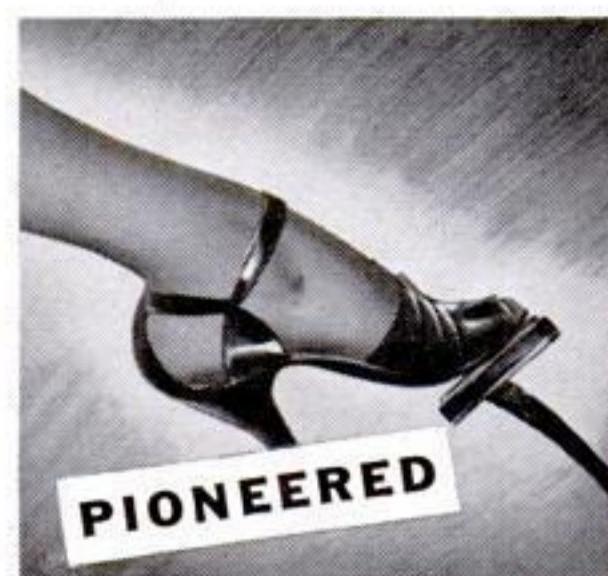




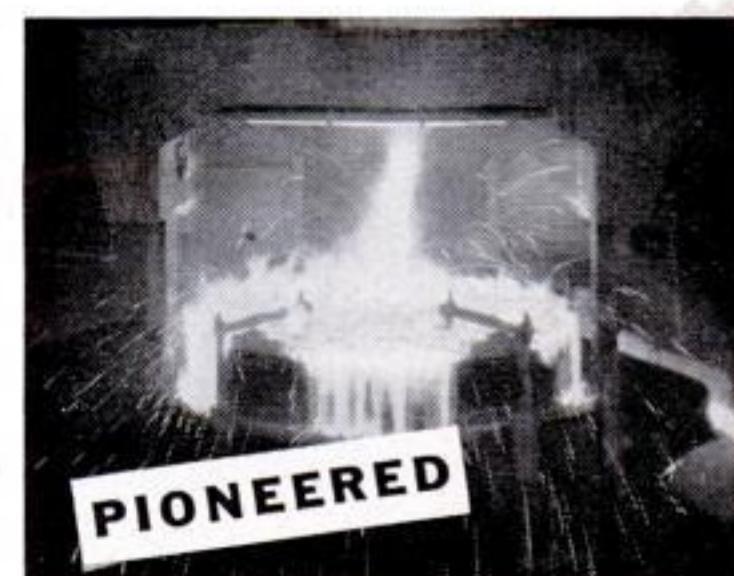
**All-Steel Body!** Steel all around—floors, sides, roof, *all* of steel! Dodge introduced the first steel body in 1914—has been building safer and safer steel bodies every year for 26 years!



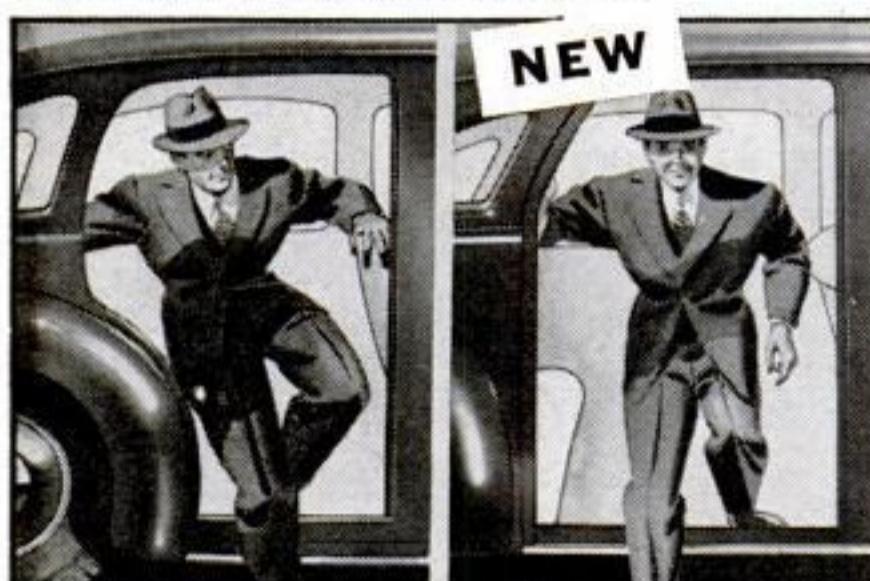
**"Scotch Dynamite!"** For years Dodge has been famous for economy. That's because of the Dodge "Scotch Dynamite" engine—built to save you money every mile you drive!



**Hydraulic Brakes!** Dodge pioneered hydraulic brakes—the *equal-pressure* type you can *always* count on for safe, smooth stops!



**Amola Steel!** This super-tough steel, used in springs, gears, axles and 19 other vital parts of Dodge cars, gives you an extra margin of safety and dependability!



**Old Way.** Say good-bye to old-style "dog-leg" rear door that made getting in and out cumbersome and difficult!



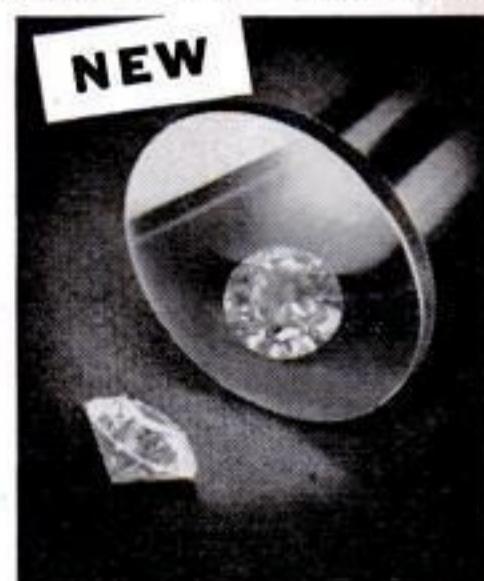
**New Dodge Way.** With new Dodge straight rear door, you can now walk right in and out, easier than ever before!



**Full-Floating Ride!** A *new kind of ride* at the Dodge low price! Wheelbase is longer, center of gravity has been lowered, wheels are moved backward, seats forward, and car weight has been scientifically distributed so that now all passengers ride in the buoyant "Comfort Zone" between the axles!



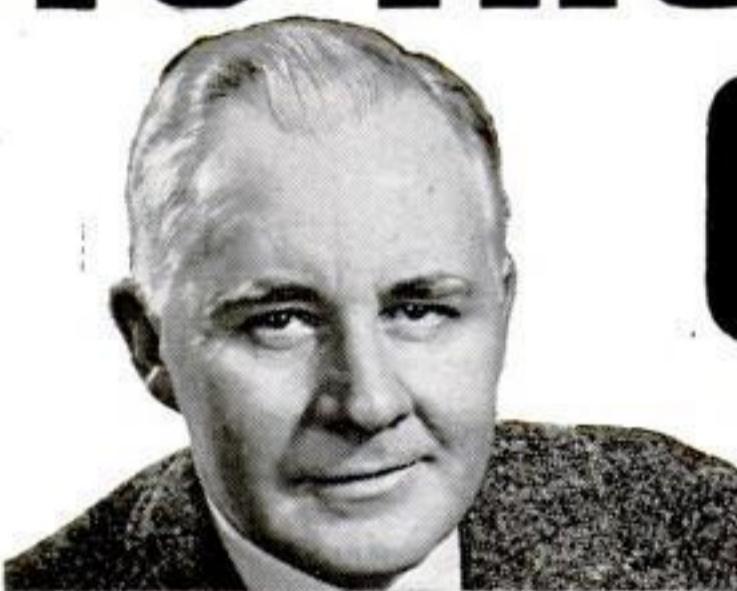
**New "Airfoam"** seat cushions in all Dodge Deluxe models! "Airfoam" conforms instantly to every body movement, gives you unsurpassed motoring comfort!



**Jewel-Like Finish!** Many Dodge parts, like valve tappet shown, are *Superfinished* to mirror-like surfaces—give longer life, increased economy.

# TO THOSE WHO HAVE NEVER OWNED A DODGE CAR

*these facts can mean money in your pocket!*



**WHEN** you buy a Dodge Luxury Liner, you get more than a beautiful car, styled to the minute and alive with new ideas.

In addition, you get all the great and basic advancements pioneered by the famous Dodge cars of the past—advancements that mean real money in your pocket.

You get the all-steel body with which Dodge long ago led the way in safety... equal-pressure hydraulic brakes, matchless in ease and safety of operation... "Scotch Dynamite" engine with its famous savings on gas and oil... Amola Steel that means longer life and greater dependability... and many more!

#### **Choice of Engineers!**

With all this, is it any wonder that Dodge is the choice of engineers of all types—of technically-trained men who know a great car when they see it? 4,061 engineers bought Dodge in the last twelve months!†

See this magnificent Luxury Liner today! And remember, Dodge sells for just a few dollars more than small cars!

† October, 1938, through September, 1939. Latest figures available.

Tune in Major Bowes, C.B.S. Network, Thursdays, 9-10 P.M., E.S.T.



Dodge Luxury Liner Special 2-door Sedan, \$815 delivered in Detroit\*

**JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN SMALL CARS!**  
**DODGE \$815 AND UP**  
**COUPES \$755 and up**

\*All Federal taxes included. These are Detroit delivered prices and include all standard equipment, transportation, state and local taxes (if any), extra. Visit your Dodge dealer for delivered prices in your locality.

# DODGE ENGINEERING Costs Nothing Extra

# LIFE

January 29, 1940

Vol. 8, No. 5

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**LIFE'S COVER.** Lana Turner, who is one of Hollywood's best starlets (*see p. 37*), is also the pet subject of Hollywood photographers. She is always willing to pose and forever upsetting tradition by thanking cameramen. LIFE's Photographer Peter Stackpole took this one on the steps of the Sunset Plaza apartments where Lana lived until last week. To get the pose just right, he made her walk down the steps eight times. Lana did not mind, but Poochie, her Pekingese, became exhausted and had to be carried back up the last three times.

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## How's your "Pep Appeal"?

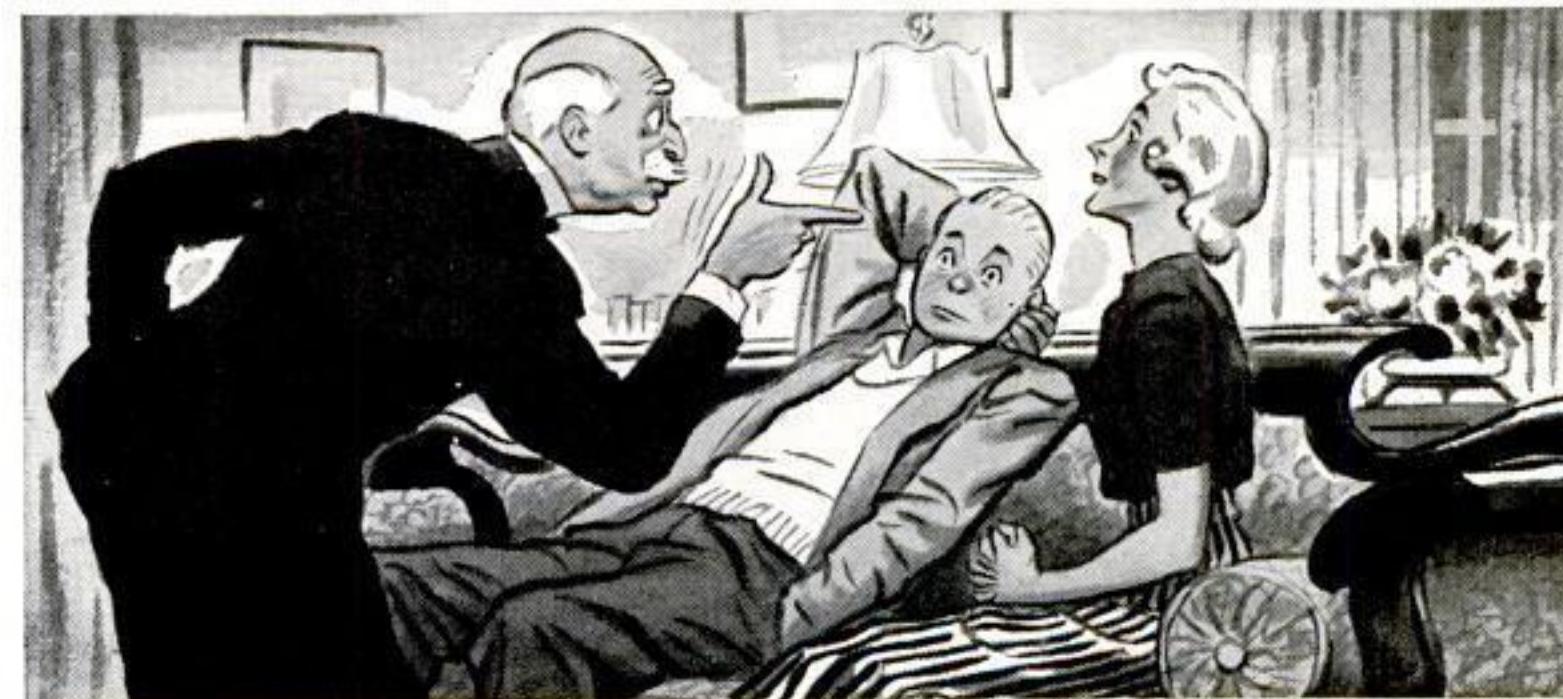


Holy mackerel!! Uncle William's in love!

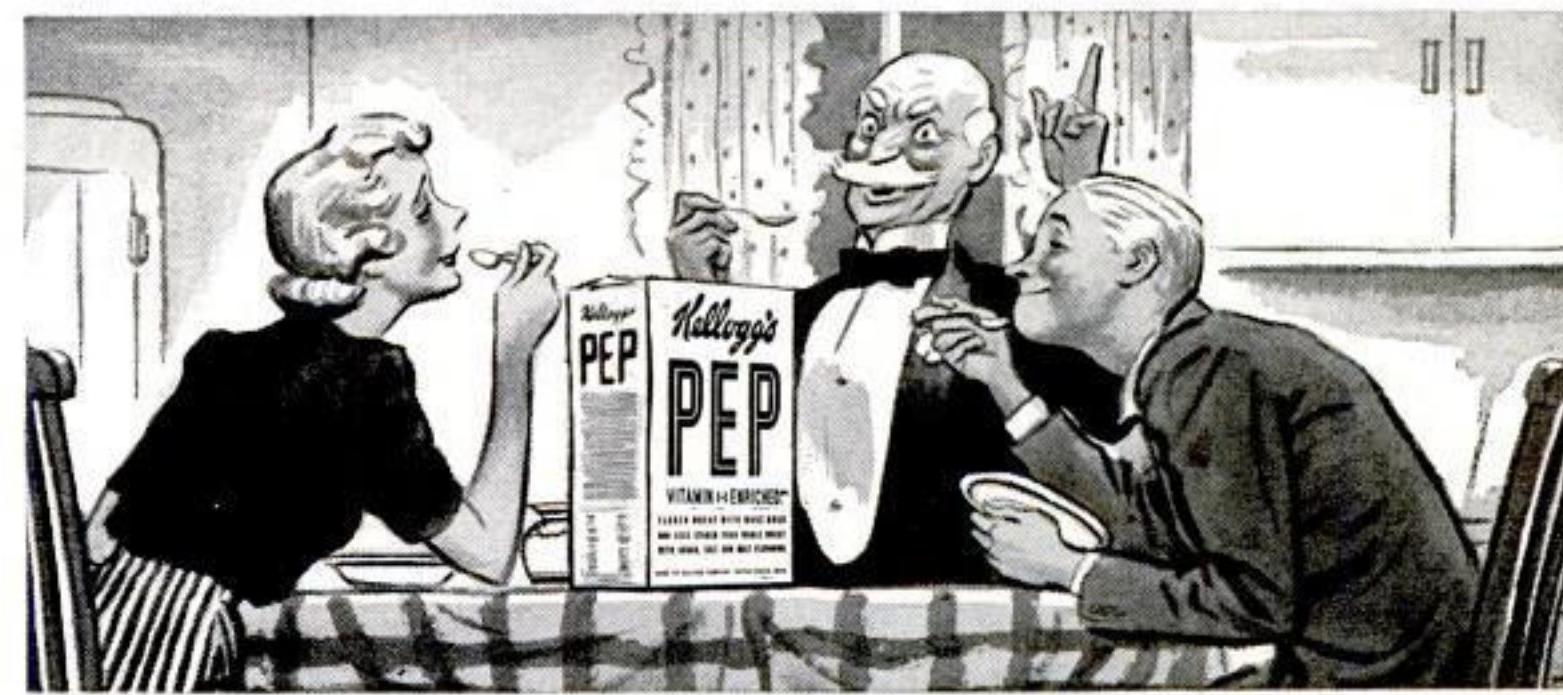


Uncle William: She says it isn't my looks, it's my *pep appeal*!

Judy: Wow! What a change in our weary Uncle Willie! I'll bet you've turned over a new leaf and been getting all your *vitamins*!



Uncle William: Vitamins, eh? For once you're right! And plenty of those vital elements in the diet wouldn't do you two any harm. That reminds me—let's go raid the pantry.



Uncle William: Yes, my little innocents, right in this delicious cereal—appropriately called Kellogg's Pep—are extra-rich sources of two of the most important vitamins, B<sub>1</sub> and D. B<sub>1</sub>, the famous appetite vitamin; D, the famous . . .

Judy: Spare the details, Uncle Willie. Your Pep tastes simply delicious. If a grand cereal like this can even remotely give us what you've got—oh, boy!

## Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of Vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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# IN ACCELERATION IN HILL-CLIMBING

## "Chevrolet's FIRST Again!"



### First in Performance Among All Lowest-Priced Cars!

*The Special De Luxe Sport Sedan, \$802\**

People who have tested all of 'em . . . all the new cars for 1940 in the lowest price range . . . know exactly what we're talking about! . . .

When you sit in this nifty, swift, thrifty Chevrolet and ask for action in traffic, you'll find that Chevrolet for '40 *out-accelerates* all other lowest-priced cars—bar none!

And when you point it up a hill and step on that accelerator to get an extra rush of smooth Valve-in-Head power, you'll find that Chevrolet for '40 *out-climbs* all the others, too!

Moreover, it will give you this greater action on street, hill and highway with *maximum safety*.

Because Chevrolet for '40 is more

than the beauty leader—more than the value leader—it is also the *performance leader* among all economy cars!

And it's the *feature leader*, too, because it's the only low-priced car combining such advantages as a Super-Silent Valve-in-Head Engine, New Full-Vision Body by Fisher with "Royal Clipper" Styling, Perfected Hydraulic Brakes and "The Ride Royal\*."

But you are the best judge of all this. . . . And your Chevrolet dealer's showroom and your own favorite road are the best places to get the evidence. . . . So please take our tip to *eye it, try it, buy it*, and convince yourself that "Chevrolet's FIRST Again!"

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION • General Motors Sales Corporation • DETROIT, MICHIGAN  
★ On Special De Luxe and Master De Luxe Series.

### "THE LONGEST OF THE LOT"



From front of grille to rear of body—for length where length counts—Chevrolet for 1940 is the longest of all lowest-priced cars! Big outside, big inside, big in value!

### NEW EXCLUSIVE VACUUM-POWER SHIFT



The only steering column gearshift that does 80% of the work for you and requires only 20% driver effort!

### 85-H.P. VALVE-IN-HEAD SIX

\$659 AND UP, \*at Flint, Michigan. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice. Bumper guards—extra on Master 85 Series.

# EYE IT • TRY IT • BUY IT!

Vol. 8, No. 5

January 29, 1940

## LONG MACHINE CRIPPLED IN LOUISIANA PRIMARIES AFTER TWELVE-YEAR RULE

In Democratic Louisiana on Jan. 16, voters went to the polls in a gubernatorial primary whose results plunged the political machine created by the late Huey Long into peril approaching disaster. Not in twelve years of corrupt and tyrannical rule had Louisiana's chieftains met effective opposition from a submissive electorate. But last summer, when the machine first began to creak and crack with the L. S. U. scandals and the sudden resignation of Governor Richard W. Leche (LIFE, July 10), new faces appeared on the political stage. Five candidates sought the primary vote. When returns were in last week, Governor Earl K. Long (*left*), brother of Huey and machine candidate, had won a plurality but no majority, forcing a run-off for the first time since 1928.

Cynical about their government, Louisianians nevertheless enjoyed to the full the volcanic political show of the five-cornered campaign. Floods of violent oratory gushed from radios and down newspaper columns. Long peppered his speeches with "damns," "hells," and tougher epithets, was cut off the air one night for profanity. Candidate James Noe smashed his fist in election-day fights. Best act was staged by James H. Morrison, who toured the State with a parade of floats and stooges, lampooning Louisiana's bosses and indicted ex-officials.

In the run-off Feb. 20, Long will oppose Sam Houston Jones, a Lake Charles lawyer with conservative business backing who took 140,000 votes to the Governor's 205,000. In a frantic bid for support, Long called the legislature for Jan. 20 to repeal unpopular laws. But his worst fears were realized when Noe, who ran third, came out for Jones. The other independent votes are beyond reach of the machine. Barring vast chicanery, Jones should on the basis of straw polls be elected Governor by a ratio of 58-42.

Long machine takes a Louisiana hayride

EARL LONG WON'T GO FAR  
IN THIS WRECKED MACHINE



GESTICULATING LIKE HUEY, GOVERNOR LONG ORATES TO 5,000 AT BEEF BARBECUE IN LAFAYETTE, LA.

## Crowds in Canal Street



CLIMAX OF MORRISON'S CAMPAIGN WAS HIS NEW ORLEANS PARADE, JAN. 11, SHOWN IN SPLICED PANORAMA. A HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE JAMMED THE STREET TO SEE SATIRICAL

## Candidates in action



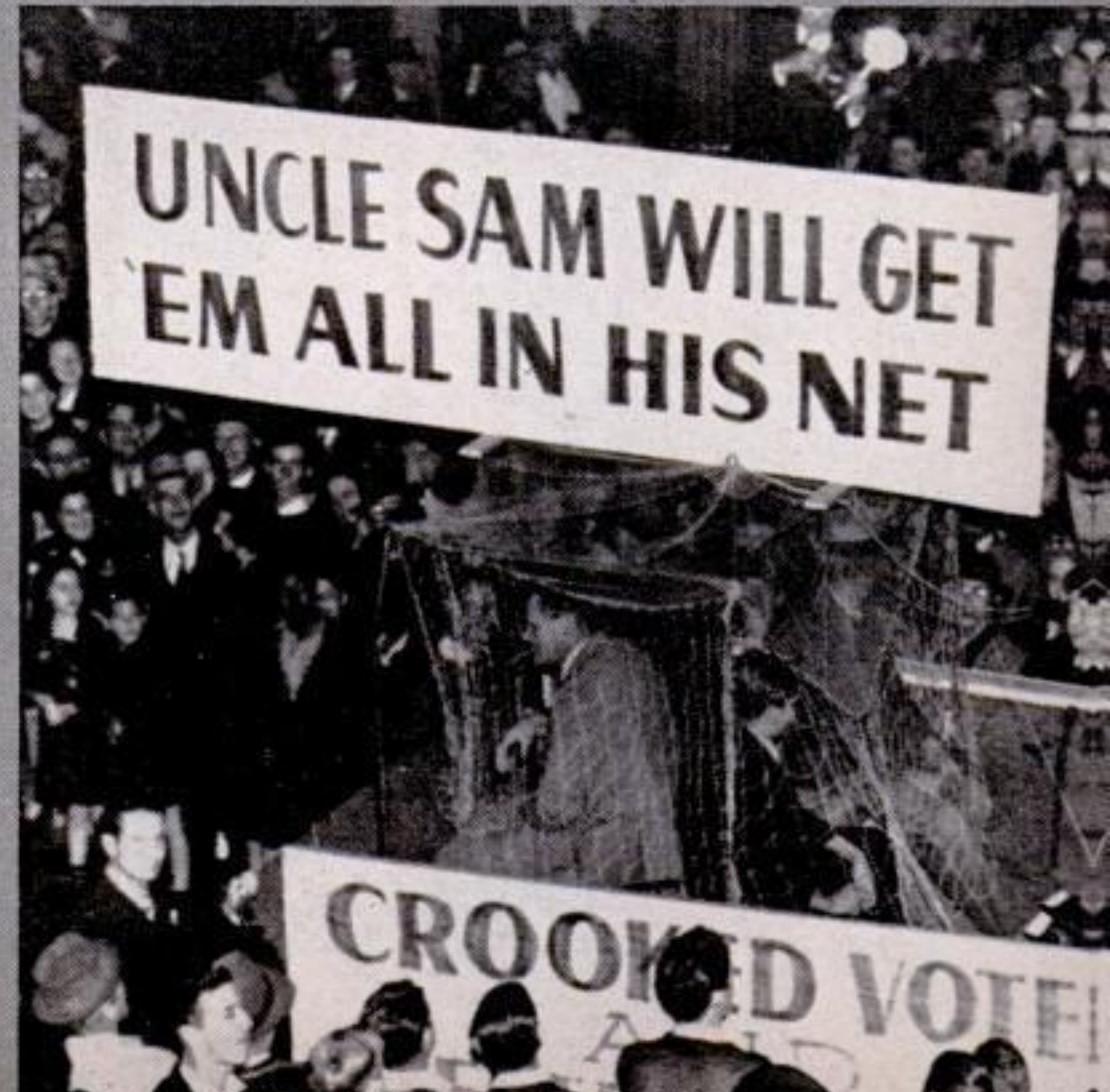
**Candidate Jones**, who will face Governor Long in run-off, is the white hope of reformists. He has been called "High Hat Sam." To combat this label, he campaigned in this battered felt hat, often wore it while speaking. Friendly,

self-confident, he liked to start speeches with "This is Sam Jones, your next Governor, folks." He was born in a log cabin, is 42, married, father of two. Above, you see him outside New Orleans' famed St. Louis Cathedral.



**Candidate Noe** (arrow), spark plug of anti-Long campaign, swung fists in three election-day fights. Above, you see him heading into biggest scrap of day. It began when a camera was kicked from a Noe photographer's grasp. At the right, a Long henchman is swing-

## Louisiana hayride: Morrison parade mocks bosses of Long machine



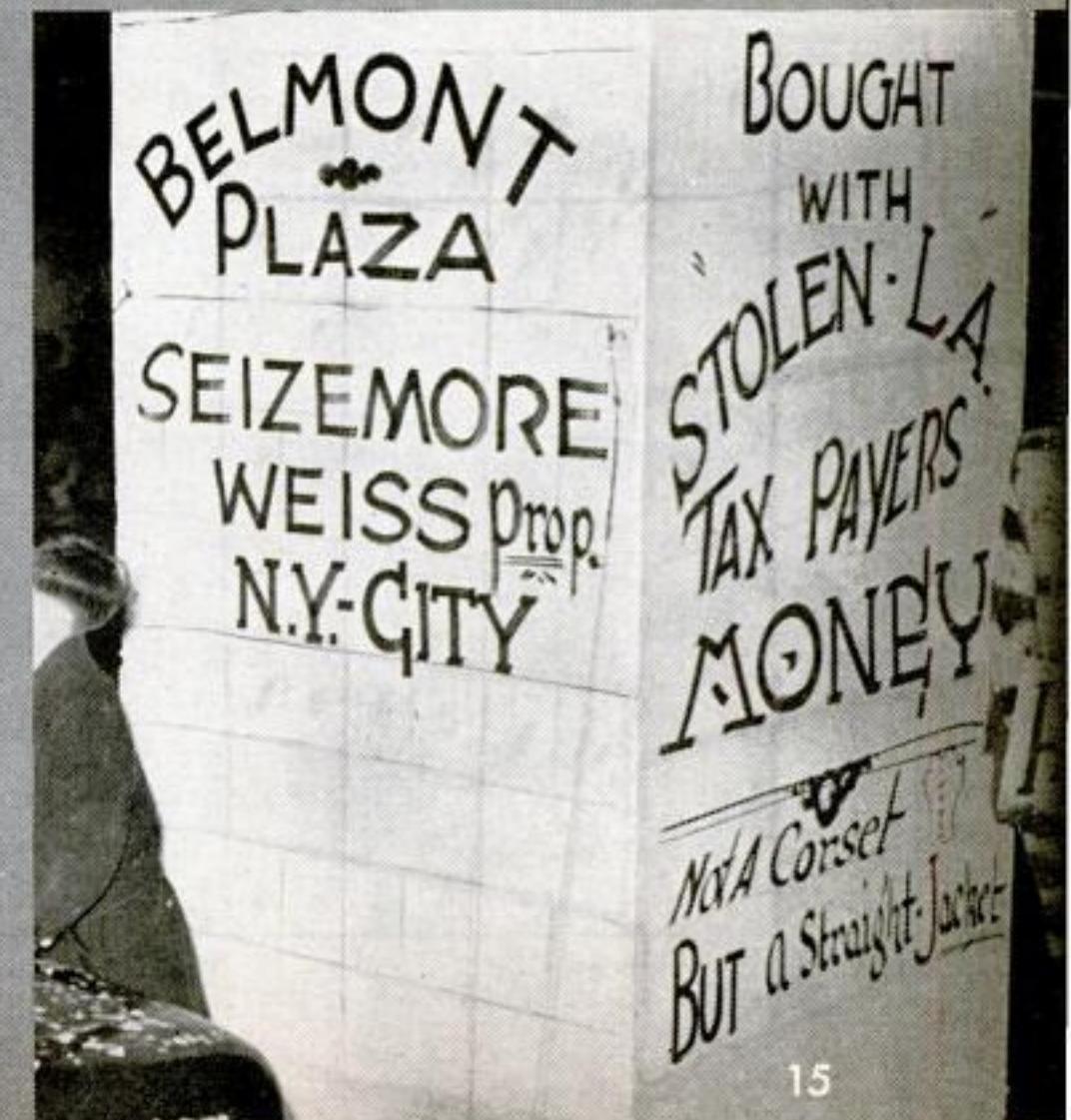
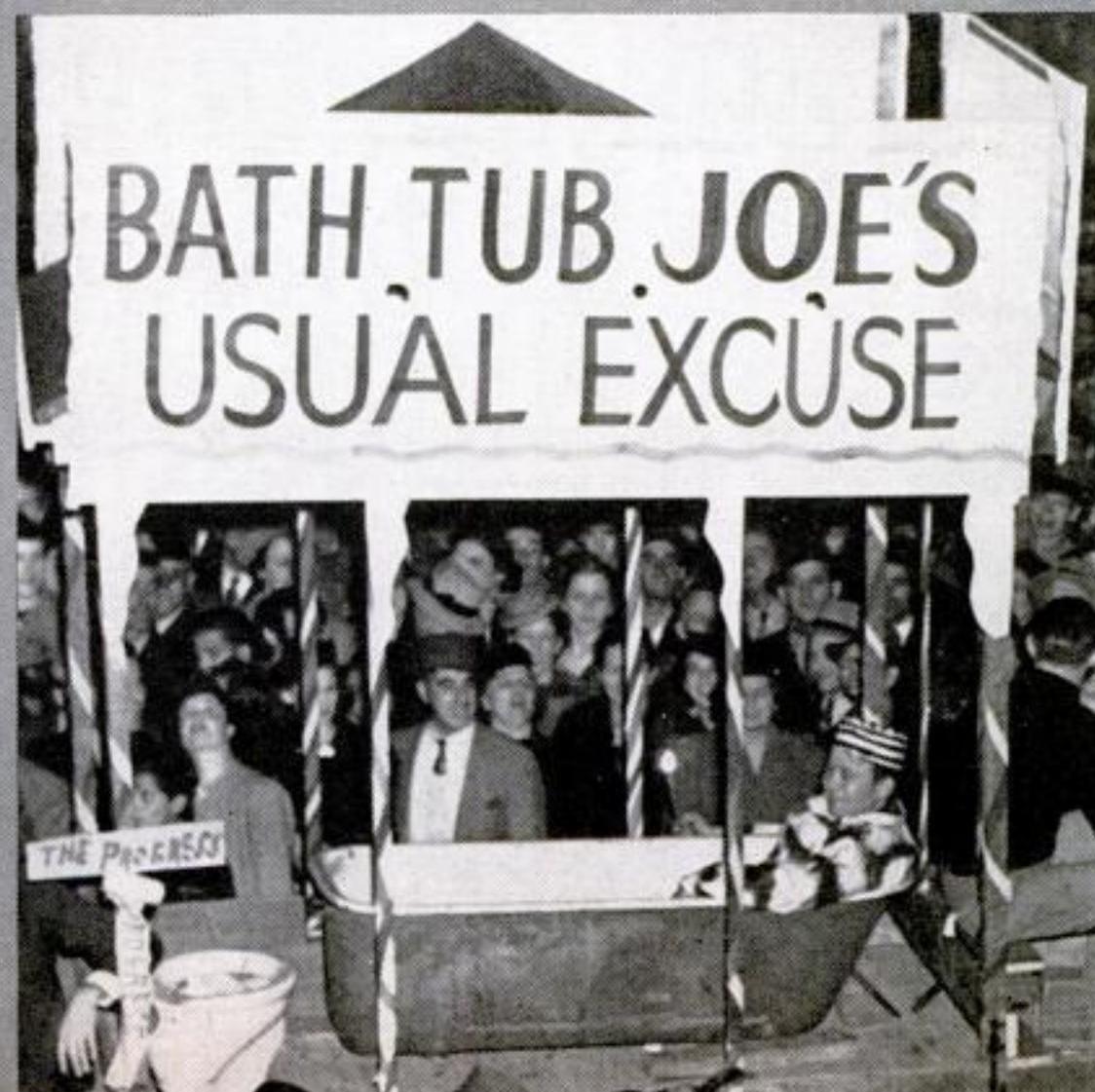


LOATS WITH WHICH HE TOURED STATE. HIS OPPONENTS CLAIMED CITY WOULD TURN OUT FOR ANY SHOW, THAT ONLY A FRACTION OF CROWDS WERE TRUE MORRISON SUPPORTERS



**Candidate Morrison** (telephoning) was the most boyish and versatile of the candidates. His slogans, signs and symbolism (*above and below*) wowed strawberry farmers upstate and New Orleans crowds. Here you see him in

his room in New Orleans' St. Charles Hotel. Sitting on bed, looking at photos, is his secretary, Frances Bybee. At left stands Preston Delcazel, Morrison's general manager. Others in room are friends, campaign associates.

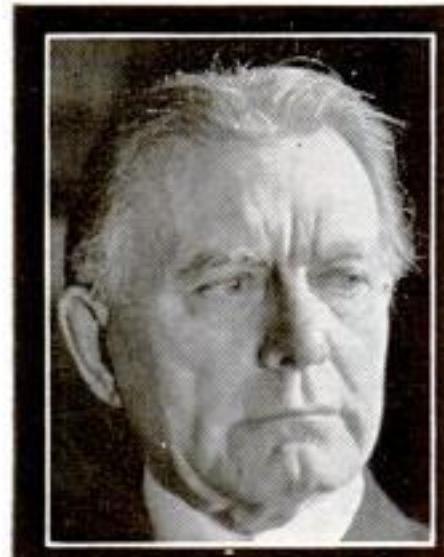


# LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

## The Great Isolationist dies as America moves towards a place of power in world affairs

No man's character was better reflected in his face than was that of William E. Borah. The great, bony head, the furrowed cheeks, the steel-trap mouth and the clear eyes bespoke one of the ruggedest individualists who ever came out of the American West. He would not compromise the present dictates of his mind and conscience for any man nor even for his own past opinions. Of such stubborn, rock-ribbed integrity great statesmen are made, if Presidents are not. Senator Borah's reputation and, through the camera, Senator Borah's face, became as familiar to the world as most Presidents', and to the world he stood for the whole American Senate.

His life span, from the year the Civil War ended through the year the present war began, covered America's Coming of Age. In those 74 years the two prime historic movements in American life were the growth of a great industrial civilization dominated by large corporations and the emergence of the United States as the most powerful nation in the world. Both of these movements Senator Borah fought. He was against Big Business monopolies and against America's mingling in world affairs. The first battle he lost and the second he was losing when he died. "We are already in the war," he told a newspaper man bitterly, "with everything short of soldiers." When Borah was young, America was young too and needed to be left alone to grow rich and strong. Then his counsel of Isolation was the counsel of wisdom. But now that greatness and power have been thrust unwillingly upon her, America can no more shirk them than she could hold back the growth of industry. As Walter Lippmann wrote in LIFE last



BORAH

June: "What Rome was to the ancient world, what Great Britain has been to the modern world, America is to be to the world of tomorrow. We might wish it otherwise. I do. Every man who was young in the easier America of the pre-War world must long for it at times. But our personal preferences count for little in the great movements of history, and when the destiny of a nation is revealed to it, there is no choice but to accept that destiny and to make ready in order to be equal to it."

To guide her safely along the road to this American Destiny, the nation will have need of leaders with different views from Senator Borah. But she will be fortunate if they are leaders of such wisdom and integrity.

**Senate's Storm Cellar.** Last September, when Europe slid fatefully, horribly into war, most Americans dived into a kind of mental storm cellar. "Keep out of it!" was the one overpowering impulse of the people, the burden of all public comment, the plea of the postcard snowstorm which fell on Washington. For fear of opening some crevice through which the expected tornado would drag them into war, the people refused to so much as look out of their cellar, though their house blew away. But the tornado did not come and gradually Americans have come out of their refuge. They see a war of smart maneuver instead of senseless slaughter, fought by Germany with her submarines and airplanes, by Britain with her fleet blockade. They see the Allies getting the upper hand. They see that Europe does not want American troops, though it needs American dollars and planes

and supplies. They see Finland defending the gateway of Western civilization with all the gallantry of the Greeks at Thermopylae and they see that here is one fight in which the right belongs clearly and wholly to one side. They are moved to do something about it and they begin to see that they can do something without sending millions of men to a useless death.

But the U. S. Senate is still in the mental storm cellar. Last week President Roosevelt sent a cautious message to Congress asking it to consider loaning Finland money to buy "agricultural surpluses and manufactured products, not including implements of war." Implements of war are the one thing that Finland needs. But if she gets U. S. credits she can buy other goods, sell them to the Allies for cash and then buy U. S. munitions. Senators immediately said what was obvious—that this is a violation of the spirit of the Neutrality Act. But that was no obstacle to a \$25,000,000 loan to China. One thing certain is that if Finland falls and the Russians or Germans overrun all Scandinavia, both the pressure and the need for American dollars will be multiplied many fold.

Frigid reception given the President's lukewarm message by the Senate was a sad surprise to the Finns. In Washington, Col. Per Zilliacus, Finnish military attaché, observed: "Evidently Congress doesn't realize you can't kill a Bolshevik with a sandwich."



ZILLIACUS

**Cold.** Sleepy, a springer spaniel puppy in Milwaukee, finished lapping his milk one day last week and, as he lifted his head, felt a painful tug. His long, shaggy ear had frozen to the dish. It was 15° below zero in Milwaukee, 32° below in Cody, Wyo. It was so cold that Niagara Falls froze and icicles formed in Alabama. In Europe it was even colder. The church chimes froze at Solingen, Germany, and Norwegian farmers put clothes on their cattle. Moscow had 49° below and Viipuri in Finland had minus 54°. On the Salla front, where Carl Mydans took the pictures on pages 57-63, some reports said that the Russians were abandoning their offensive for the winter, others that a decisive battle was in progress in the north.

**Sonja Down.** At Madison Square Garden Sonja Henie was finishing a skating tango with Stewart Reburn, her partner. As he came to a spray-flying stop, Reburn lost his feet, landed on the ice. Beside him landed Sonja, on her \$35 pale beige tights. One quick-witted photographer snapped the Queen of the Ice as she scrambled to her feet.



HENIE AND REBURN PICKING THEMSELVES UP

**Premier Yonai.** The unpopular Japanese government of Premier General Nobuyuki Abe fell, on Jan. 14. For

one day Japan seemed to waver between two strong men, General Shunroku Hata and Prince Fumimaro Konoye, with each supposed to be urging the other to take the job. Then it turned to a little-known Navy man, Admiral Mitsumasa Yonai. The Emperor called General Hata to the palace and asked him to help form the Cabinet. General Hata, declaring himself "extremely awed," agreed to stay on as War Minister. Admiral Yonai's chief claim to fame is that he was influential in keeping Japan out of the Rome-Berlin Axis. Reflecting the Navy policies, he is more friendly to the U. S. and Britain than are the generals.

**Wang's Wire.** The most heavily guarded man in China is Wang Ching-wei, whom Japan has been getting ready for months to proclaim as its puppet Chinese ruler. Wang's big house in Shanghai is ringed by pill-boxes in which Japanese sentries stand guard. The Chinese have an old custom of assassinating traitors and Wang, who got one dose of lead in 1935, does not want another. Thirty years ago, as a young revolutionary, Wang began his career by trying to blow up the Manchu Prince Regent. He and Chiang Kai-shek were both protégés of Dr. Sun Yat-sen and Wang claims to have written the will of Dr. Sun, which Chiang reads to his officers every Monday morning. Temperamentally, Wang is Chiang's opposite. He is brilliant, lazy, clever, dapper in dress, witty and eloquent in speech. He wears Western clothes. For a while he rivaled Chiang



WANG

in prestige and in 1932-35 was Premier of China. No one trusts Wang, least of all the Japanese, who even now believe him capable of making a deal with Chiang behind their backs. But he is the only important Chinese they have been able to win over.

On Jan. 16, Wang sent Chiang an impudent telegram calling upon him to make peace with Japan. Wang expected no answer and got none. The telegram was a build-up for the proclamation of the Wang puppet regime, now scheduled for about Feb. 1.

### PICTURE OF THE WEEK

In the shadow of these bronze boxers, called *boxeadores* by Latin Americans, the first families of Virginia shook hands with Washington diplomats on Jan. 16. The gala reception opened a show of Argentine art at the Museum of Fine Arts in Richmond. Inspired by Secretary Hull's plea for greater understanding between South America and the U. S., this exhibit is a first step towards giving the two Americas a common interest in art. Guest of honor was Argentine Ambassador Dr. Felipe A. Espil, shown here in his white tie and tails standing in the receiving line. *Boxeadores* is by Sculptor Rogelio Yrurtia.



Good-neighbor art: Argentine Ambassador between Argentine "Boxeadores" at Richmond, Va.



**Home from France on Christmas Eve:  
Tommies at London's Victoria Station**

## WAR'S FIRST CHRISTMAS BRINGS MEN IN UNIFORM BACK TO LONDON'S NIGHT SPOTS

The first Christmas in "the rummiest war the world has ever seen" went off far better in England than in Germany, whence in a better day came most of the world's Christmas customs. On this page are to be seen some of the holiday festivities around wartime London. Four out of five men in most night clubs were in uniform. Their favorite song was *The Beer Barrel Polka*, second choice *Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones*.

On the opposite page the three soldiers, laden with their full B.E.F. packs, have just got off a troop train at London's Victoria Station for eight days of Christmas leave. Their families did not meet them, because their letters had been censored.

The man on the left is Charlie McCarthy, 26, cook. He stopped at a pub for a glass of brown ale, the thing he missed most in France. At home, after a hot bath, he settled down in his easy chair for the evening. It was a moment he had dreamed of for three months at the front.



Canadian Highlanders ran riot at the Cocoanut Grove. This exuberant captain is the Canadian manager for the *Saturday Evening Post*. He later played the traps in the band.



**Champagne** is the Christmas drink for Alan Wood, 22, Royal Air Force pilot-in-training on leave and Joan Veale, 21, a dramatic student, at London's expensive Cocoanut Grove night club.



**Empty goblets** accumulate and men decay, as Alan and Joan dance and drink two nights before Christmas. Alan's father is a director of Hovis, Ltd., wholesale bakers. He went to Oxford.



**Cheerful Joan** had appeared earlier in a Red Cross benefit in her home town of Harpenden, 25 miles outside London. By the evening's end, at 4 a.m., six empty glasses were lined up (below).



# EARTHQUAKE IN TURKEY

CITIES BECOME CEMETERIES AS  
50,000 ARE BURIED IN DEBRIS

**D**isaster in its purest form struck Turkey the night after Christmas, a festival not observed by Moslem Turks. A great shudder rose in the Janik Mountains and set the upper half of Turkey vibrating like a pudding. Turkey shook seven terrible times. Next day it started shaking again. On Dec. 30, Jan. 3, Jan. 5 and Jan. 18, the earth quaked yet again.

The undisputed Capital of Disaster was the ancient city of Erzincan, shown on these pages, where in 1243 the Sultan of Rum was defeated by a Mongol horde, now an army base with munitions factories and a great barracks. Incredible but true was the report that not one building was left standing in Erzincan, save the barracks. A survivor lamented: "Erzincan is no longer a city but a great cemetery."

All officials were killed except the Governor General and the Chief Municipal Councillor who was found wandering naked in the ruins, quite crazy. A large number of survivors, peasants of the Turkish hinterland, had been driven out of their minds by

the terrifying experience. All the doctors of Erzincan were dead. Magnificent courage was shown where it was least expected, among the long-term convicts in the barracks prison. Disdaining escape, they succeeded in prying a thousand women and children out of the ruins. Trainloads of the injured were held up by damage to the tracks. Gales, sub-zero temperatures, snow, gangrene, typhoid, pneumonia and packs of wild dogs multiplied the miseries of the Turks.

To the cemetery that was Erzincan sped Turkey's President Ismet Inönü (*below*), successor of the late Kamâl Atatürk, his Army and the Red Crescent (Turkey's Red Cross). An Anatolian woman with a broken hand, who had lost all her children, threw herself screaming on his chest. Inönü, his face tense with a half-grimace of grief and pity, soothed her, while General Kâzim Orbay, Inspector of the Third Army, looked on. The total dead passed 50,000. So huge was the disaster that faraway Australia was moved to give \$50,000 cash from its war chest.



TURKEY'S PRESIDENT ISMET İNÖNÜ COMFORTS AN ANATOLIAN PEASANT WOMAN WHOSE CHILDREN WERE ALL KILLED.

JUST LEFT OF İNÖNÜ IS INTERIOR MINISTER FAİK ÖZTRAK



THE FAÇADE OF A WRECKED ROW OF SHOPS, THEIR AWNINGS DOWN FOR THE NIGHT, SLANTS SIDEWAYS. THE DEAD EXCEEDED THE TOTAL DEAD IN THE WAR

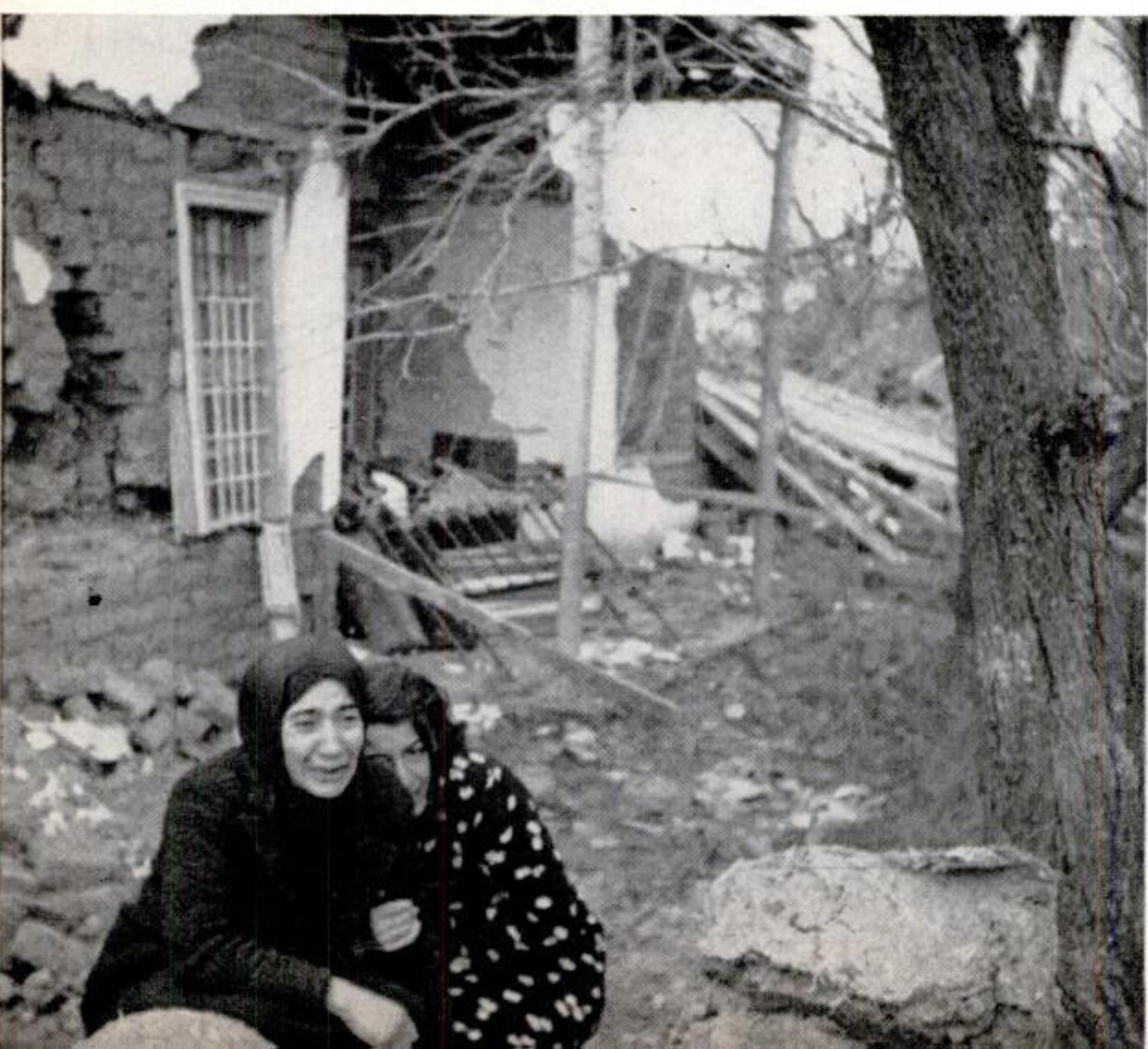


TURKISH INFANTRYMAN PULLS OUT AN ERZINCAN SURVIVOR, MIRACULOUSLY ALIVE



A CHILD HUDDLES ALONE BESIDE FAMILY BLANKETS, CARPETS AND BASKETS

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER WEEP BEFORE THE BRICK SHELL OF THEIR HOME



A RAILWAY STATION BECOMES A MASTERPIECE OF TOTAL WRECKAGE



## HERO OF BRITISH SUBMARINE 65 FINISHES A GREAT TRIP

COMMANDER BICKFORD OF THE SUBMARINE "SALMON" LOOKS OUT FROM HIS CONNING TOWER AS HE MAKES PORT IN ENGLAND AND HARBOR ECHOES WITH WELCOME SIRENS

The man above is not James Cagney playing in a war movie. He is Lieut.-Commander Edward Oscar Bickford, 29, commander of the British submarine *Salmon*. On Dec. 18, Commander Bickford grinned again at England, after one of the most brilliant voyages a submarine captain has ever made.

A week before, slipping through the mine fields of the North Sea, Bickford had sighted an ocean-going German submarine, fresh-painted, in his periscope. It is a ticklish technical job for one submarine to

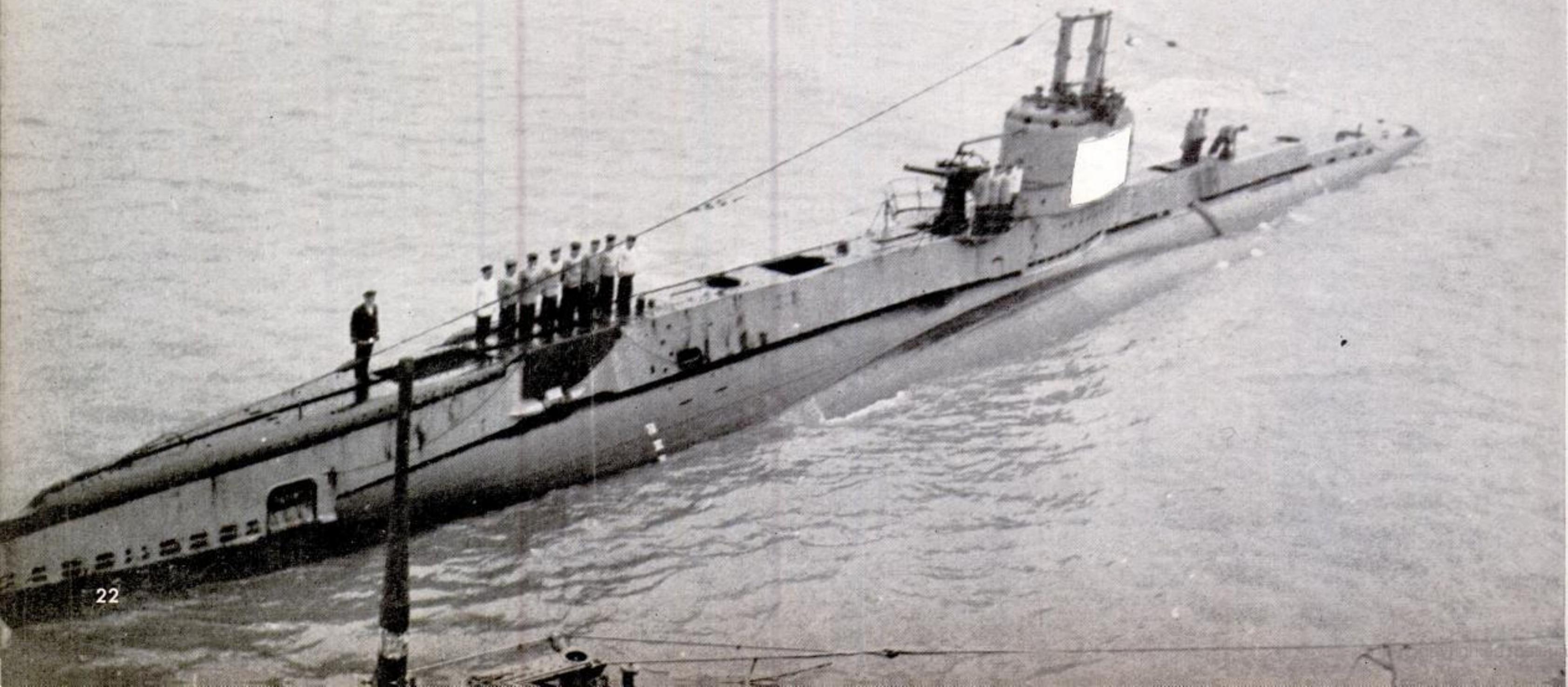
sink another. The *Salmon*'s torpedo hit the German squarely. Said Bickford later: "It was too life-like to be nice. The submarine blew up with a flash so vivid that members of the crew claimed they could see it reflected in my eye at the periscope."

Next dawn it saw the great German liner, *Bremen*, streaking for home, within easy torpedo range. It refrained from torpedoing the *Bremen*, rose to threaten her with gun fire when German planes sent it into a crash-dive, which it can do in 30 seconds. Next

day, by incredible luck, the *Salmon* chanced into the whole German battle squadron in the North Sea. It let six torpedoes go, hitting one heavy and one light cruiser and escaping scot free. Bickford was promoted 800 places to a commandiership, got the Distinguished Service Order.

The white space on the side of the *Salmon*'s conning tower (*below*) was cut out by an uninspired British censor. It showed the *Salmon*'s number, 65, which can be found in any edition of *Jane's Fighting Ships*.

THE CREW OF THE 670-TON, \$1,000,000 "SALMON," A SEAGOING SUBMARINE, DRESS SHIP FOR THEIR HOMECOMING. ALL OFFICERS AND FIVE OF THE SEAMEN WERE DECORATED



## "FLYING ALLIGATORS" INITIATE NEW MEMBERS AT ORLANDO, FLA.

The greatest gathering of privately owned airplanes ever seen in the U. S. converged on Orlando, Fla., this month. More than 600 planes came in the annual light-plane cavalcade. As the fliers came into the airport, they saw Orlando's "Flying Alligator" painted on the runway, knew the Flying Alligator Club was waiting for them.

In the evening, the Club inducted new members. Initiates had to take off one shoe and stocking, walk blindfolded down a roped aisle, past a live alligator. Not knowing that the reptile's jaws were tied together, new members shrieked as their bare flesh came into contact with alligator skin. Later, the initiates had to descend into a drained pool crawling with alligators to retrieve their shoes.



At Orlando Airport, the "Flying Alligator" insignia is painted at runway intersection. Lined up around the air field are almost all of the flying cav-

cade's arrivals. Below: a blindfolded aviatrix tries to step over an alligator with her bare foot, while a master of ceremonies jerks up the 'gator's head.



PRETTY Flier PUTS BARE FOOT ON ALLIGATOR'S HEAD



INITIATE GOES DOWN INTO 'GATOR PIT TO RETRIEVE SHOE



## G-MEN ARREST 17 MEN FOR PLOTTING REVOLUTION

**O**n Jan. 13-14, G-men arrested 17 members of a secret group within the so-called "Christian Front" in New York for conspiring to overthrow the U. S. Government by force. After they had been photographed for the "Rogues Gallery" (*below and right*), they were held in \$50,000 bail apiece to await indictment by a grand jury.

According to J. Edgar Hoover, chief of the G-men, the group, which masqueraded as a sports club, plotted to "eliminate" Jews and Communists, "to knock off about a dozen Congressmen," to "blow up the god-damn Police Department."

They also planned to seize the General Post

Office and Custom House in New York, armories, public utilities and control of the Federal Reserve Bank's gold stock. Eighteen cans of cordite, 18 rifles and 5,000 rounds of ammunition were discovered in their homes. Seven of the group, which was led by W. G. Bishop (*right*) and John Cassidy, were or had been connected with military organizations. Their first practice in bomb-throwing was to be held shortly.

Warned Mr. Hoover: "It took only 23 men to overthrow Russia." Laughed Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia: "I don't think the U. S. Government is in much danger from guys like these."



WILLIAM G. BISHOP, 39, AN UNEMPLOYED WRITER



"FUEHRER" JOHN FRANCIS CASSIDY, 29, A CLERK



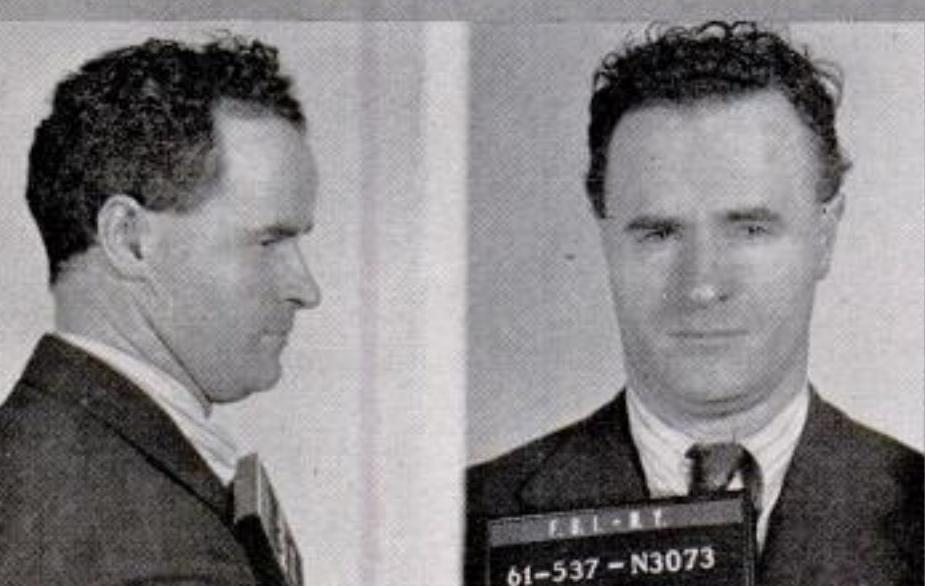
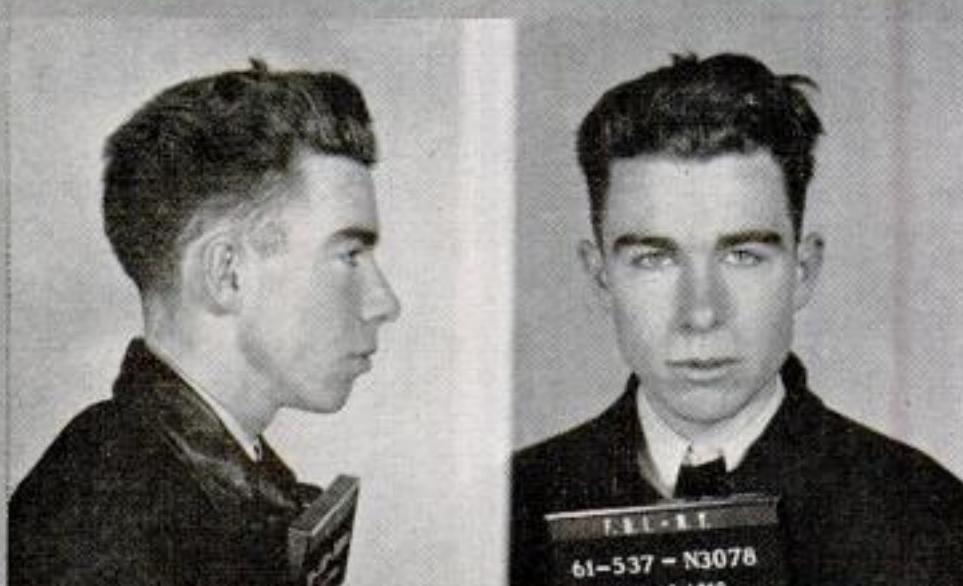
JOHN ANTHONY GRAF, 23, A CLERK IN BROOKLYN



MICHAEL JOSEPH BEIRNE, 33, TELEPHONE LINEMAN



WILLIAM HENRY BUSHNELL JR., 18, UNEMPLOYED



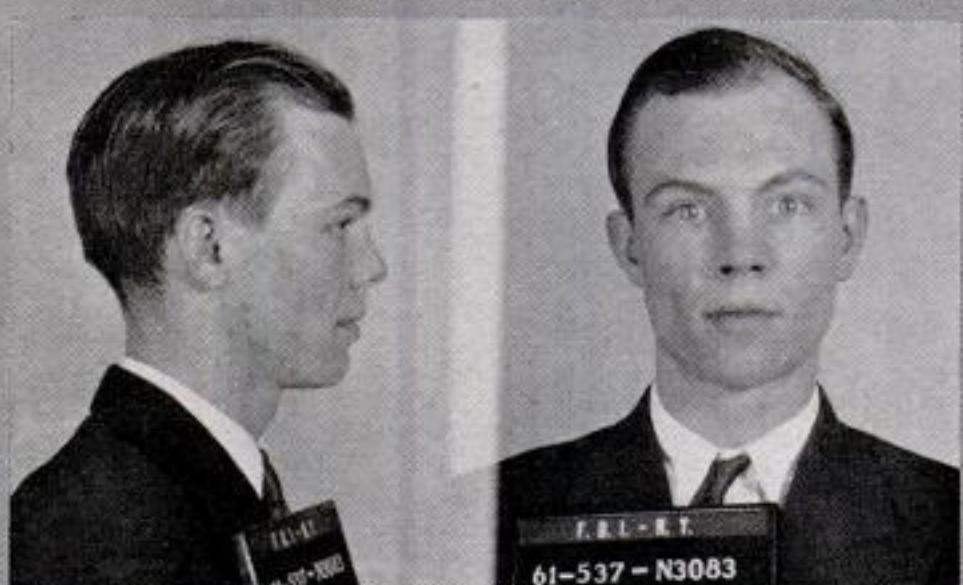
EDWARD LAWRENCE WALSH, 22, UNEMPLOYED

ANDREW BUCKLEY, 34, DEPARTMENT STORE TAILOR

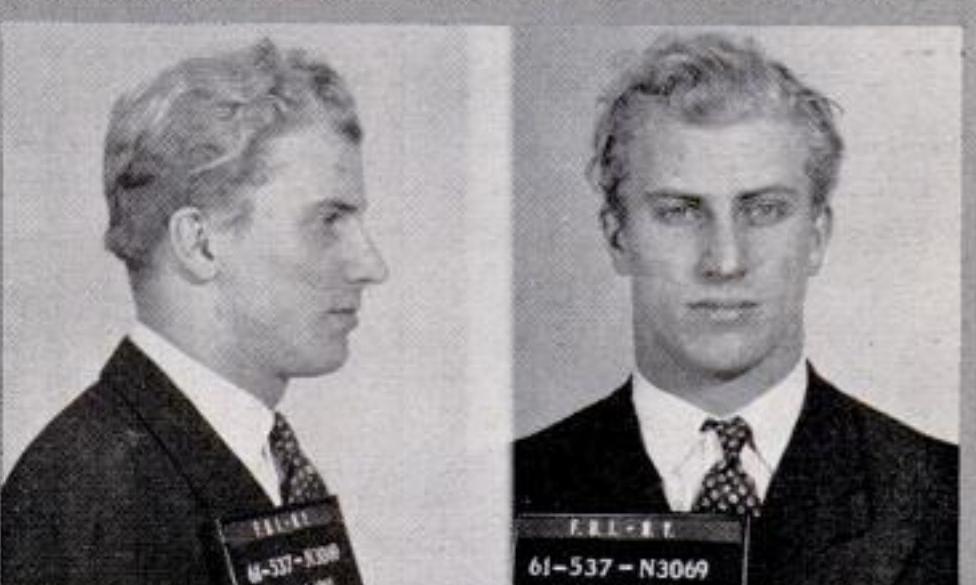
FRANK M. MALONE, 23, DEPARTMENT STORE RUG CLERK



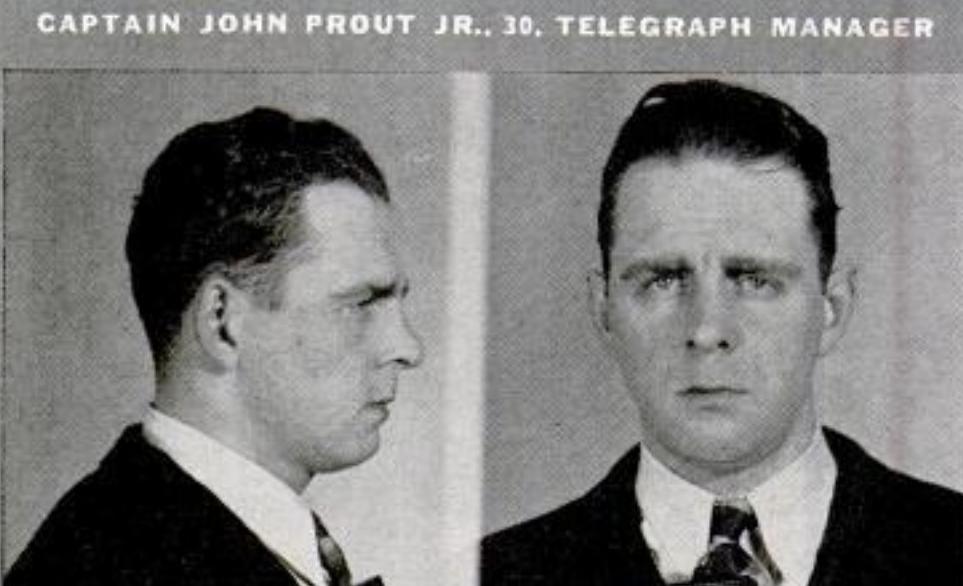
CAPTAIN JOHN PROUT JR., 30, TELEGRAPH MANAGER



JOHN ALBERT VIEBROCK, 33, ELEVATOR MECHANIC



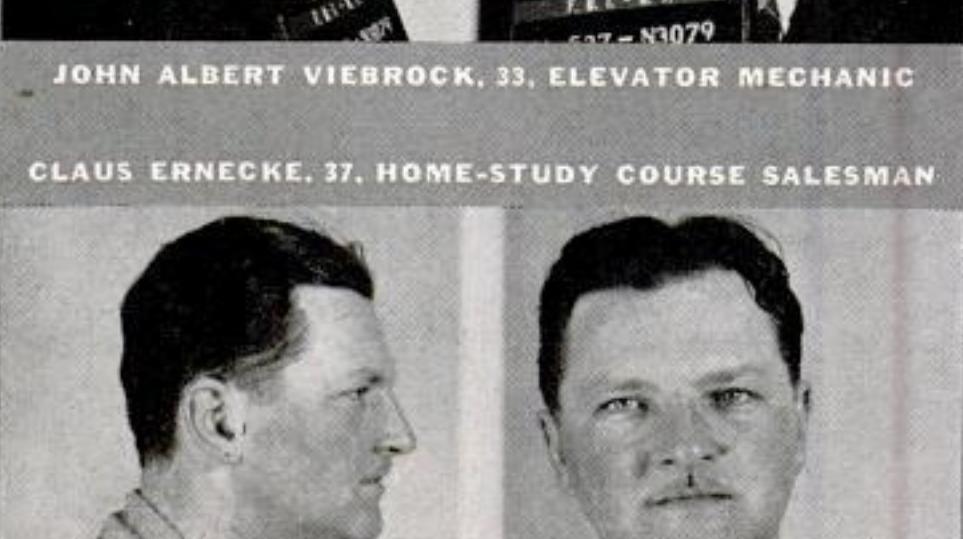
GEORGE KELLY, 26, HOTEL SWIMMING INSTRUCTOR



MICHAEL VILL, 35, A BROOKLYN BUS DRIVER



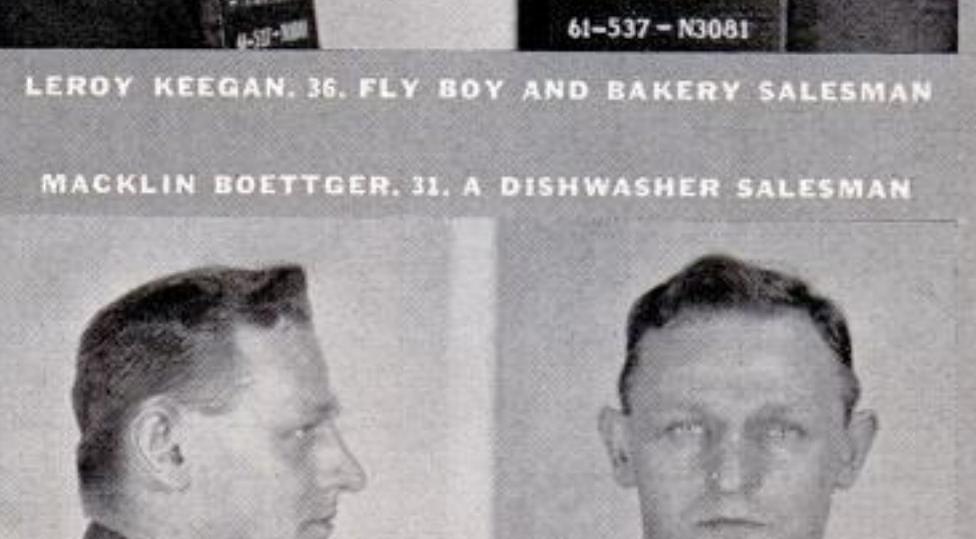
LEROY KEEGAN, 36, FLY BOY AND BAKERY SALESMAN



CLAUS ERNECKE, 37, HOME-STUDY COURSE SALESMAN



ALFRED J. QUINLAN, 22, A NEW YORK PRINTER



MACKLIN BOETTGER, 31, A DISHWASHER SALESMAN

AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS

Present "WORLD'S CHAMPION TRUCK DRIVER"



EDSON SMITH, driver for Kirk Transportation Co., associate of Geo. F. Alger Co. of Detroit, wins World's Truck Driving Championship second time in a row. Here he is being congratulated by Ted V. Rodgers, president of the A.T.A.

FRANK STEED—Runner-up from the Southland. The second-place winner, both 1938 and 1939, drives for Georgia Highway Express of Atlanta.

Both DROVE  
INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS  
IN THE FINALS AT CHICAGO

Three cheers for the men who make their living driving trucks—the "Gentlemen of the Highway" from whom we can all take lessons in courtesy and safety on the road.

To top that army of commercial drivers is an honor of which any man might well be proud! That is why the American Trucking Associations are honoring Edson Smith of Michigan, twice champion of the truck drivers' world.

The American Trucking Associations are keenly aware that manpower is the heart of the network of highway transport. A very important part of the Associations' organization work throughout the year is devoted to raising the standard of driver safety, morale, efficiency, and courtesy, culminating in the annual National Truck Rodeo, for which all drivers with a one-year accident-free record are eligible to compete.

International Harvester publishes this page in tribute and compliment to the highly constructive work of the A.T.A. and is justly proud that both the winner and the runner-up in the 1939 contest drove International Trucks.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY  
(INCORPORATED)  
186 North Michigan Avenue

Chicago, Illinois

Copyright 1940,  
International Harvester Company, Incorporated



Over Three Million Drivers  
are Employed by the Trucking  
Industry of the United States.

Powerful New  
Cab-Over-Engine Internationals  
Model D-500  
Nominal gross weight rating 18,000 lbs.  
Model DR-700  
Nominal gross weight rating 24,000 lbs.

## What it takes to be A CHAMPION DRIVER

Every year, in conjunction with its annual convention, the A.T.A. sponsors the National Championship Truck Rodeo as the final contest to select the National Truck Driver Champion of the year. To participate in state contests whose winners compete in this annual championship rodeo, a driver must have had an accident-free record for at least one year prior to entry.



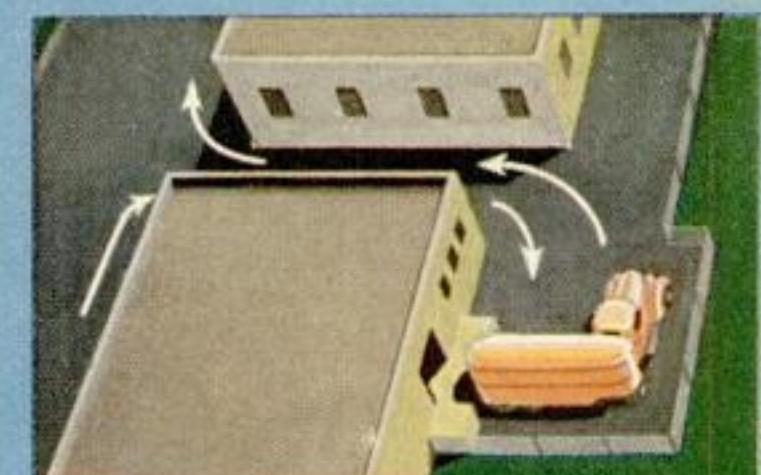
Each eligible driver is judged on his knowledge of Interstate Commerce Commission safety rules and safe driving practices, his mental alertness, and his familiarity with the basic principles of highway transportation.



The truck driver is a safe driver. One important test in the championship contest is a safety inspection—a thorough check-up of equipment having to do with safe operation.



In the above operating test in the 1939 finals, drivers were required to back the 8-foot-wide semi-trailer between two automobiles parked 10 feet apart, without touching either car, and at the completion of the test have the truck-tractor parallel with traffic.



In this test, drivers were required to drive a 35-foot tractor-trailer through a 16-foot alley leading to a court and back the 24-foot semi-trailer squarely against the loading platform, then drive into the street through the same alley as indicated in this diagram.

• • •  
**WRITE FOR FREE BOOK**  
The American Trucking Associations, an affiliation of 50 organizations in all the states, the District of Columbia, and Hawaii, will be glad to have truck drivers, everywhere, qualify and compete in the 1940 contests. The A.T.A. has prepared an illustrated booklet telling the intensely interesting story of the annual Truck Driver Championships. This booklet will be sent to you free, and postpaid. Send in the coupon or address a card as below:

### MAIL THIS COUPON

International Harvester Company  
(INCORPORATED)  
186 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois

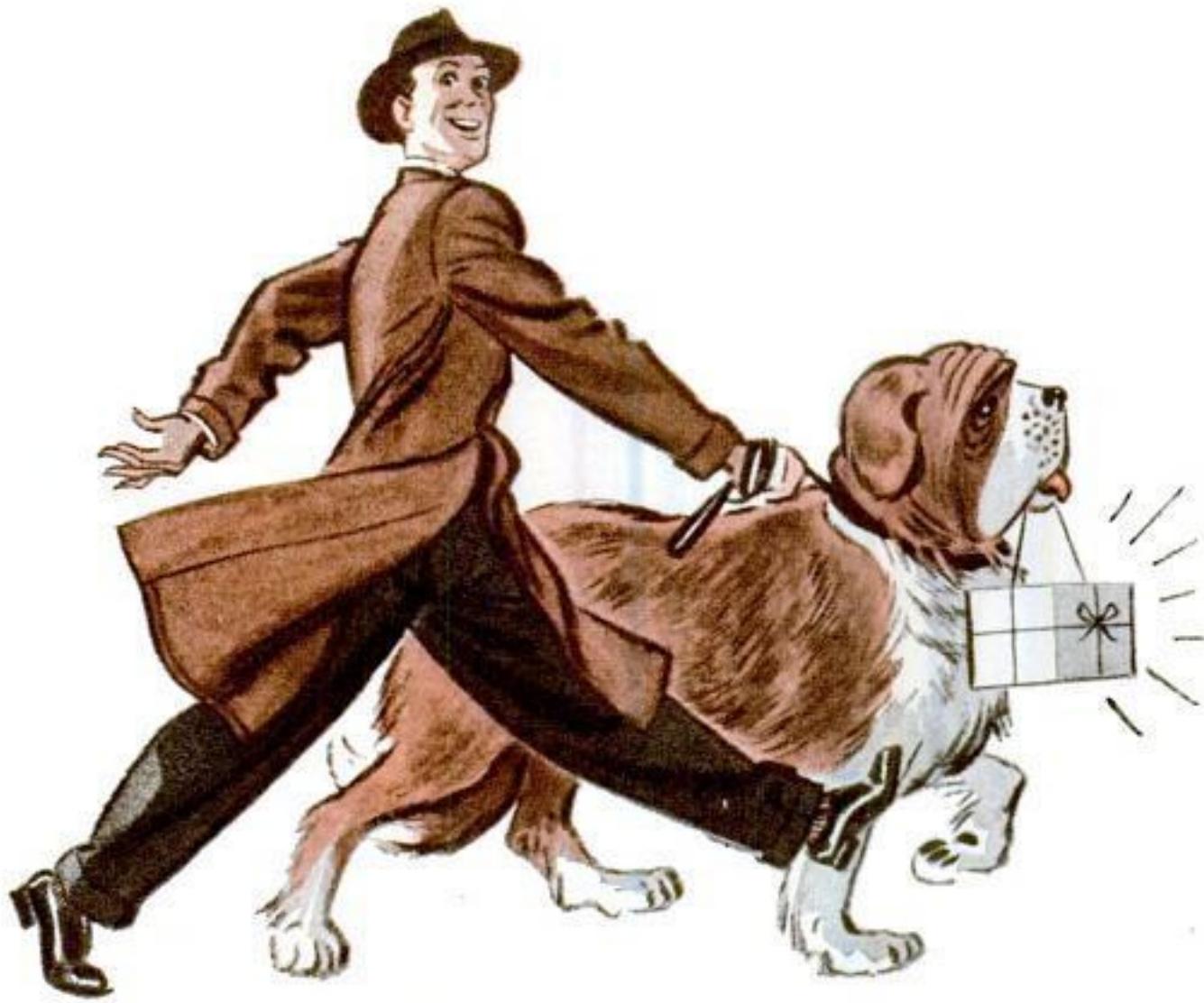
Without obligation, please send me the A.T.A. free book on the annual Truck Driver Championships.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS



**Do your pocketbook a great favor:** Hie yourself to your favorite package store and learn the swell news about Paul Jones!

Long known as one of America's finest whiskies—it has now been reduced to *a popular price!* Yet, it's still exactly the same "expensive whiskey" that used to cost so much more...still *DRY* (not sweet)...still *ALL whiskey*, every drop. You'll do your budget a real turn by buying a bottle of Paul Jones *today*.



**Do your palate a great favor:** Hurry home with that bottle of Paul Jones...pour yourself a jigger...and *try it!*

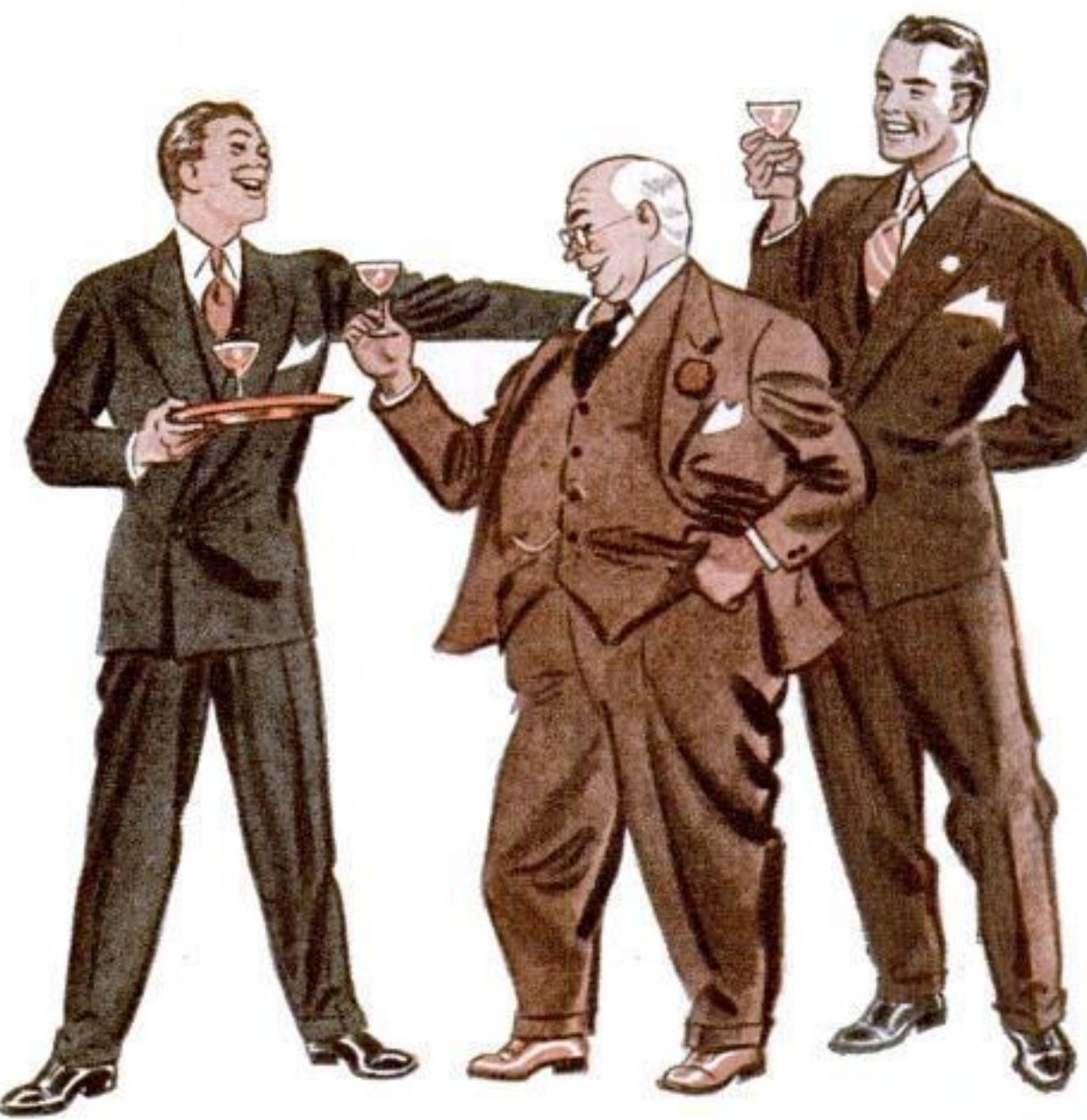
You'll beam over its rich, *ALL-whiskey* bouquet. You'll pat yourself on the back over its satiny smoothness...its *DRY* tang...its "tastes-like-it-cost-more" flavor. You'll agree that this introduction to *DRY* Paul Jones is the biggest favor you've done your palate in many a day!

## Instructions for doing yourself 3 great favors

1.

2.

3.



**Do a great favor to your popularity as a host:** Next time you have guests, serve Paul Jones...and get ready to take some bows!

That zestful *DRYNESS* will give the drinks a briskness and character your friends will cheer. And—if they're *very good* friends—do them a favor and let them in on the good news about Paul Jones' new low price! *Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.*

TRY  
**Paul Jones**  
AT ITS NEW LOW PRICE

**It's DRY**  
A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY SINCE 1865  
A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof



THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF "MALE ANIMAL" WAS POSED AFTER THE CARTOON BELOW. YOU CAN MATCH UP CHARACTERS MORE OR LESS, EXCEPT FOR DOG WHICH IS APOCRYPHAL

## THURBER REPORTS HIS OWN PLAY, "THE MALE ANIMAL," WITH HIS OWN CARTOONS

Here, better than any photographer could do, James Thurber conveys in his own cartoons the peculiar craziness of his new comedy, *The Male Animal*. Written in collaboration with Elliott Nugent, Thurber's show struck Broadway after a month of dreary plays, gave everybody an evening of good long laughs, established itself overnight as a hit.

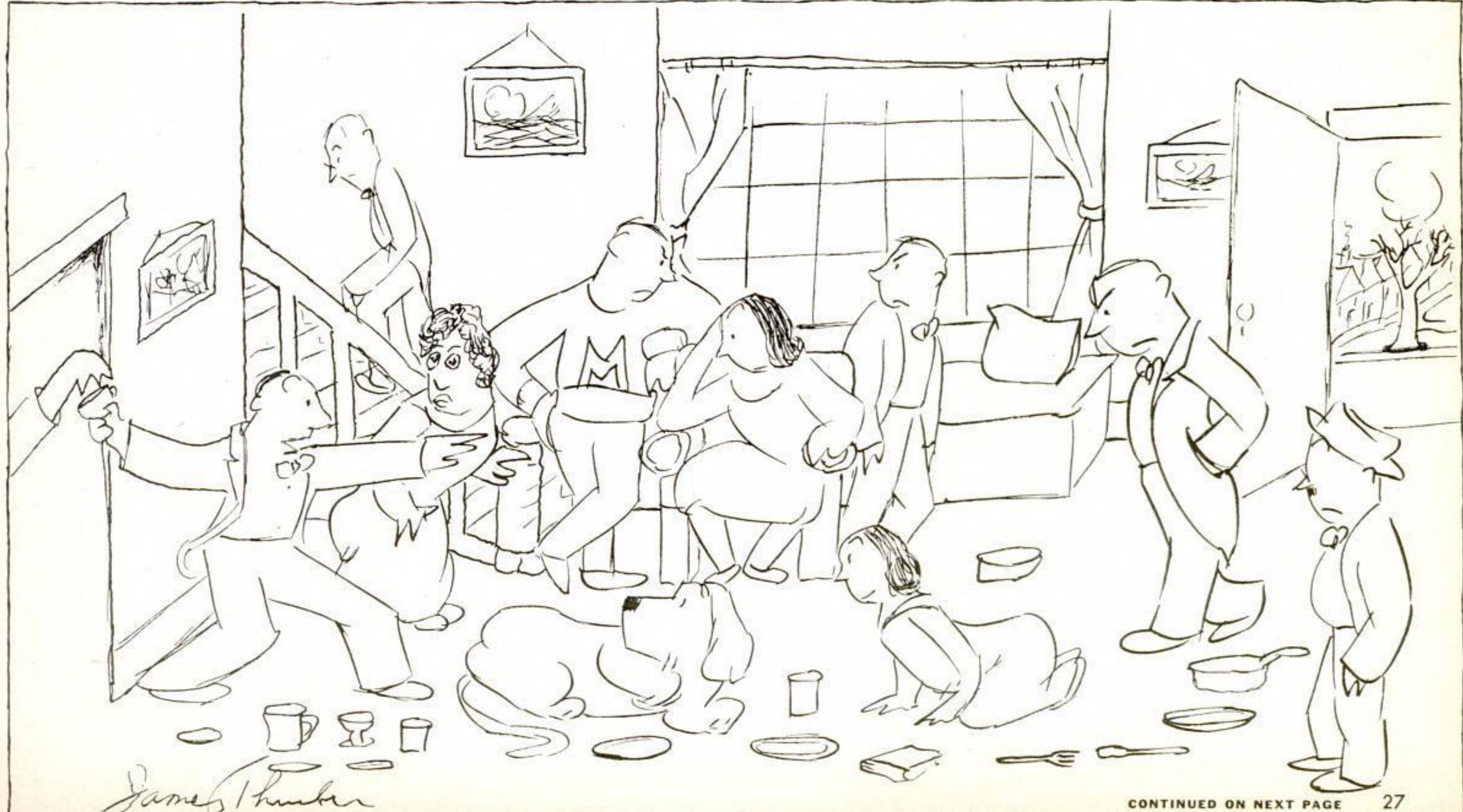
In *The Male Animal*, Thurber carries on the old battle of the sexes which he immortalized in his famous cartoons of leering females and bewildered males. Here the chief combatant is a mild young

English teacher in Midwestern university, played by Co-Author Nugent. All hell breaks loose in Nugent's quiet academic home when an ex-football hero tries to steal his pretty wife. In one of the funniest scenes ever written, Nugent drunkenly decides to battle for his mate, tries to awaken in himself the innate ferocity of all male animals—bull elephants, tigers, sea lions, hawks, penguins and brave little land crabs.

On the following pages in cartoons drawn especially for LIFE, Thurber shows the long struggle and final victory of the human male fighting for his mate.

THIS THURBER CARTOON SHOWS NO PARTICULAR SCENE BUT GIVES GENERAL IDEA OF THE PREVAILING BEDLAM.

DAZED MAN AT RIGHT IS PRODUCER HERMAN SHUMLIN



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

# CHOOSE YOUR SILVER as you choose your husband



A lot of things count, of course, when you're choosing a husband as a lifetime proposition. But two essential qualities always stand out above the rest:

He must be a man of fine character. And he must be a man you know you'll grow even fonder of as the years roll along.

Apply that same measure when you make another lifetime choice—the choice of your silver—and you'll surely decide on *sterling*.

For sterling silver has a character so widely recognized and admired that the finest thing you can say of a friend is that he has a "sterling" character.

Sterling silver, too, creates a tradition which gathers and grows. More and more sentiment attaches to each piece—as the years recall memories of how it was acquired and the history it has seen. And soon you will value your sterling far beyond price—for it will represent an integral part of your family "background."

"But," you say, "isn't sterling silver

prohibitively expensive?" No, it isn't—not even International Sterling, the solid silver made by America's foremost silversmiths. Complete place settings—knife, fork, salad fork, teaspoon, cream soup spoon, and butter spreader—are available for as little as \$16.75. Complete 36-piece services for six start at only \$100. And your jeweler will gladly arrange a convenient budget payment plan.

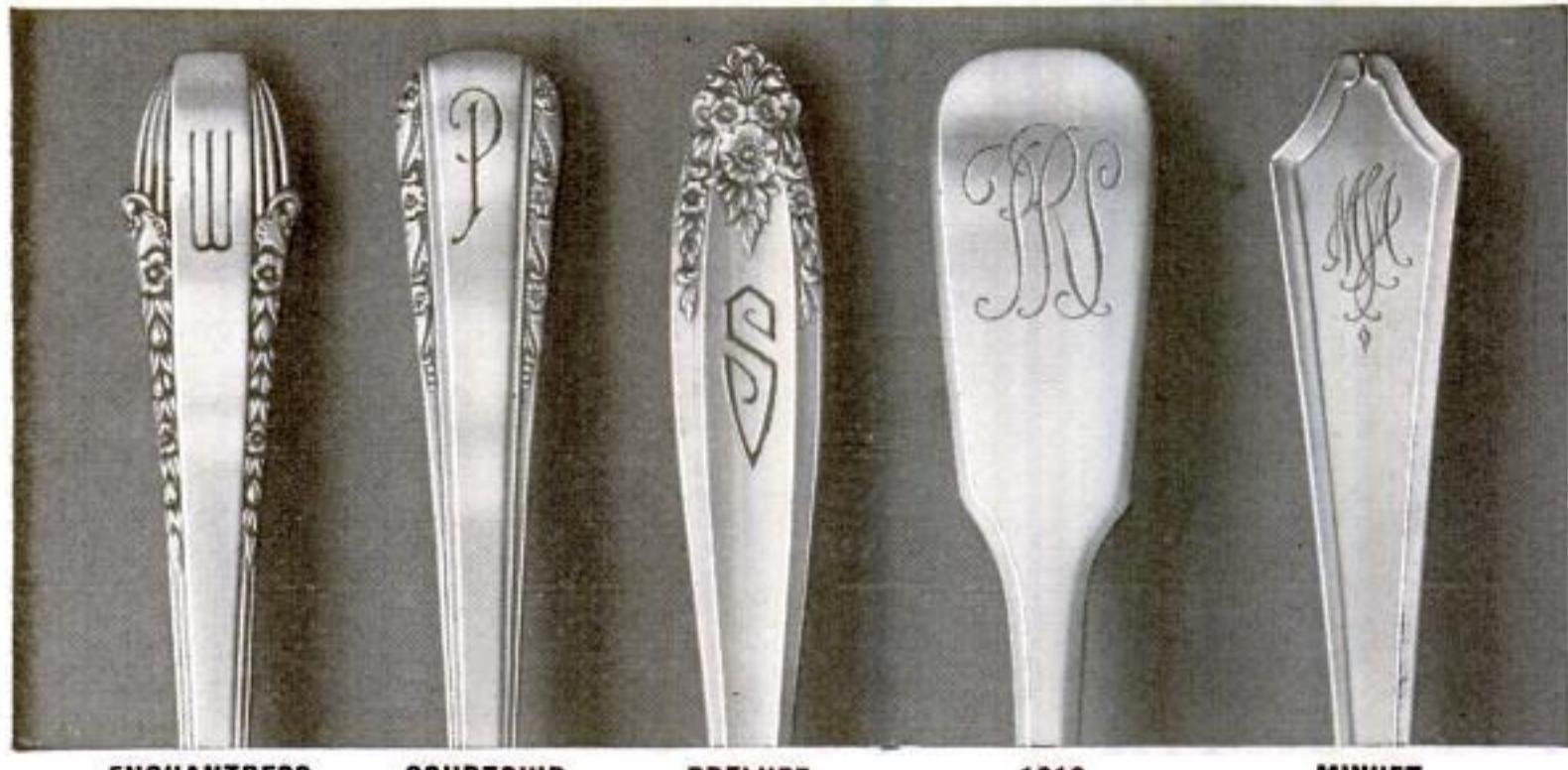
It's so easy to own International Sterling—when you acquire it little by little, as most people do. Stop waiting—start looking—at your jeweler's this very day!



## INTERNATIONAL STERLING

*Master Craftsmen for Five Generations.\**

\*Copyright, International Silver Co.



ENCHANTRESS

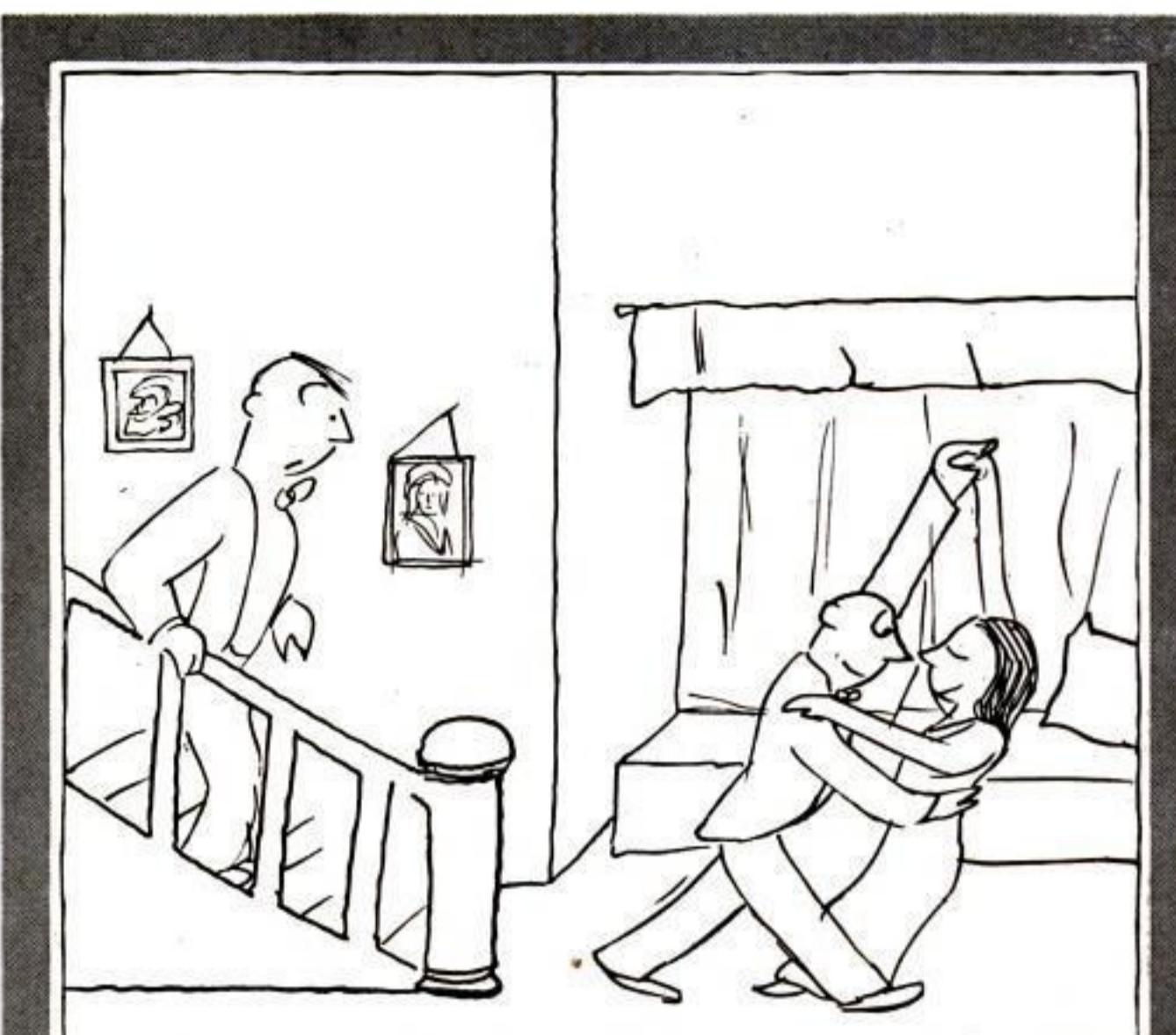
COURSHIP

PRELUD

1810

MINUET

## 'The Male Animal' (continued)



**Husband is deeply hurt** when he comes downstairs to see his wife dancing with an ex-football hero who once made love to her. He accuses them of dancing "like angels," says she never danced so blissfully with him.



**Wife bolts upstairs** sobbing and screaming at her husband's accusation. The two men confront each other angrily, then both begin to feel scared at the wife's outburst and wonder who should go upstairs to soothe her.



**Husband gets drunk** at home while wife goes to football game with ex-football hero. Here with his friend he resolves to fight for his wife like all the other male animals which he pictures in the cloud above him.



**"You can save money for yourself  
... and your tenants, too"**

ONE of several small manufacturing businesses located in the same loft building used a highly combustible material. Its presence created a serious fire hazard, not only to the user but to the building and its other tenants.

This was pointed out to the building's owner by the White Fireman\*, who advised that reduction of the hazard would entitle the owner and his tenants to a lower insurance rate. He suggested that the manufacturer be persuaded to store the bulk of his dangerous material elsewhere, keeping on hand only the minimum quantity necessary, and confine its use to a properly walled-in area.

The recommendations were followed... and not only did the owner of the building receive a 25% reduction in his fire insurance costs, but all the tenants benefited. They in turn were entitled to a lower fire insurance rate and enjoyed greater safety for their employees and their businesses.

\*THE WHITE FIREMAN symbolizes the loss-prevention engineering service maintained by this Company to the advantage of policyholders. It is available through any North America Agent or your insurance broker.

North America Agents may be found in the Classified Telephone Directories under the name and identifying "Eagle" emblem of...



**PROTECT  
WHAT YOU  
HAVE**  
© 1951 by  
INC CO OF NORTH AMERICA

## Insurance Company of North America



PHILADELPHIA

*This oldest American fire and marine insurance company and its affiliated companies write practically every form of insurance except life. FOUNDED 1792. LOSSES PAID: \$444,000,000*

"The Male Animal" (continued)

# Be one of the Crowd —and be Moderate, too!



Luncheon

**Going light?** Of course! Then enjoy the new Count Rossi cocktail—straight Vermouth, two ice cubes, slice of orange, twist of lemon peel. Tastes grand—and it's moderate, too!



Cocktails

**For that gay prelude** to dinner-time, the moderate choose a Vermouth Old-Fashioned—Vermouth instead of whiskey in a regular Old-Fashioned recipe without sugar. Tastes grand—and it's light!



After Dinner

**Pleasant companions**... and an Americano— $\frac{1}{2}$  small highball glass of Martini & Rossi Italian Vermouth with a dash of bitters, slice of lemon peel, seltzer to taste and plenty of ice. Moderation itself!



Late Evening

**Gaiety at its height?** Sip Vermouth and Soda. Two jiggers of Vermouth—ice and seltzer to taste. You're in with the crowd—and on the moderate side, too!



**Want to be a good fellow**—yet stay on the light side? Then let your choice be Vermouth. A favorite drink of the Roman Emperors—Vermouth is delicious—and moderate, too!

Ask for Martini & Rossi Vermouth—straight, in highballs or cocktails. Its flavor is always a delicious surprise—spiced with an infusion of rare Alpine herbs.

#### HOW TO ENJOY VERMOUTH

- 1 The colder it is, the better Vermouth tastes.
- 2 Keep your Vermouth in the refrigerator.
- 3 All Vermouth drinks should be served iced.
- 4 For greater enjoyment, always specify Martini & Rossi Vermouth—standard the world over.

America's Favorite  
Vermouth



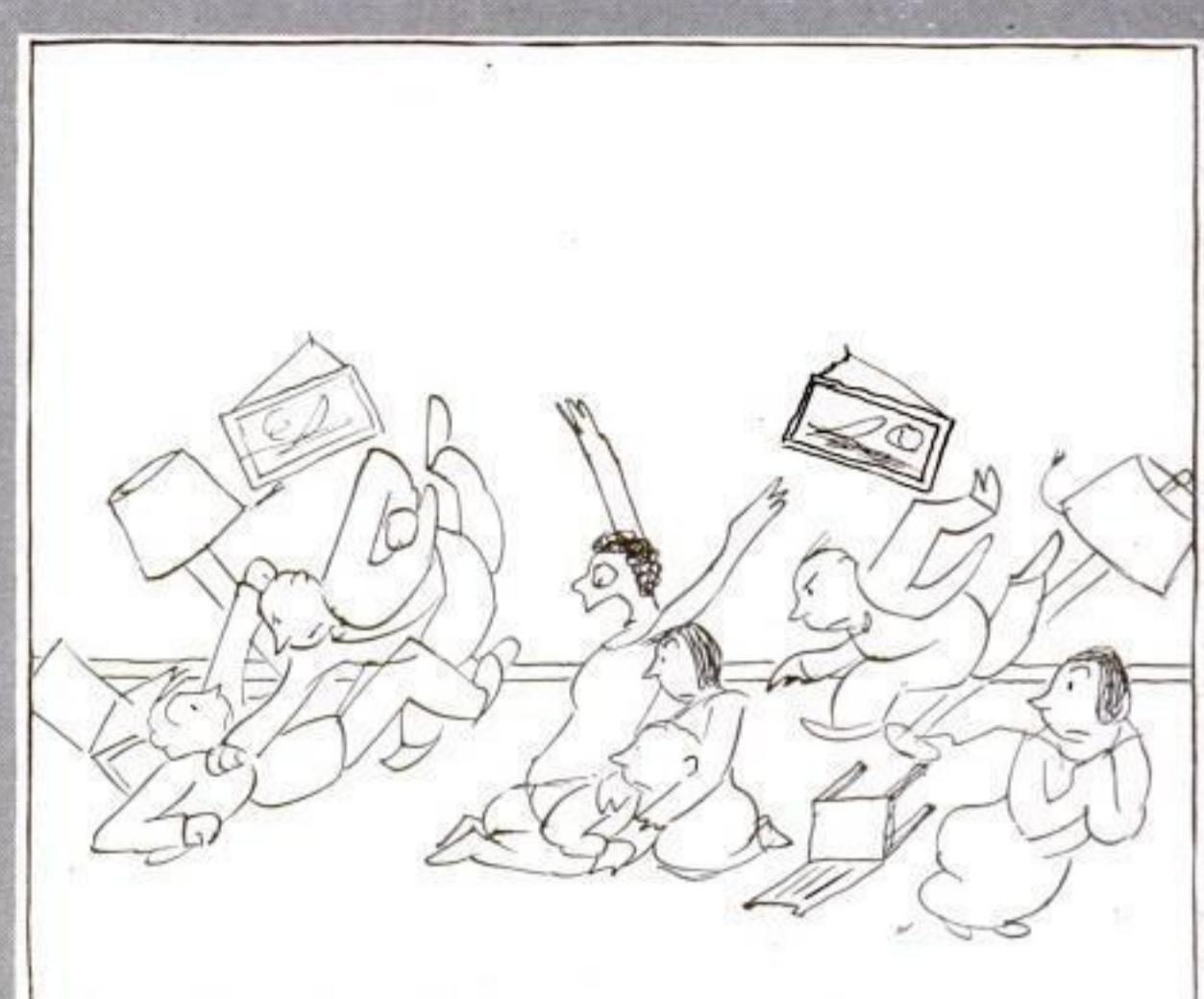
Vermouth Glass, de-  
signed by Count Theo  
Rossi—6 for \$1.25; 12  
for \$2—postpaid.  
W.A. Taylor, Dept. L,  
15 Laight St., N.Y.C.

## MARTINI & ROSSI VERMOUTH

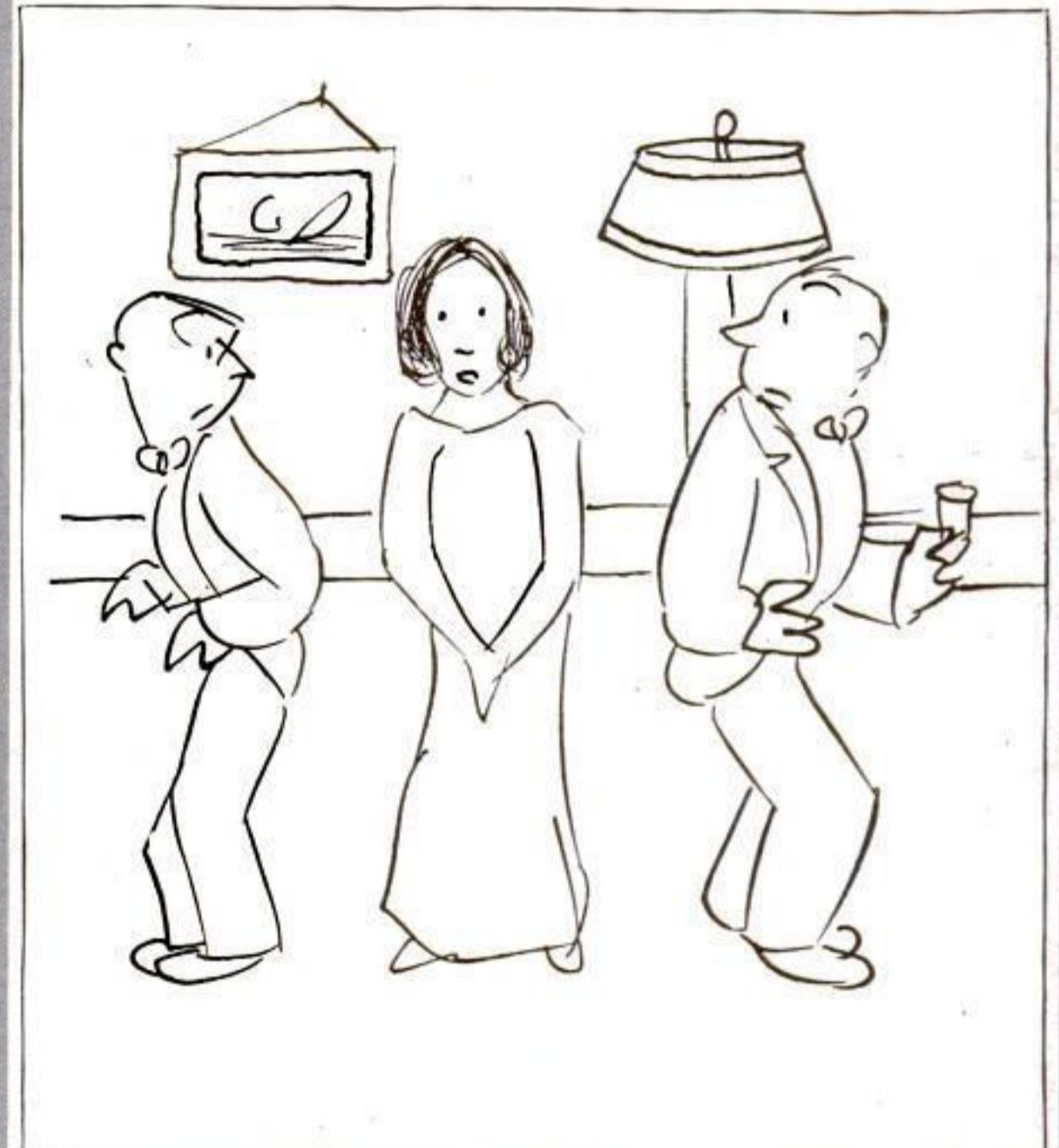
SOLE AGENTS IN U.S.A. W. A. TAYLOR & CO. NEW YORK

IMPORTERS SINCE 1888

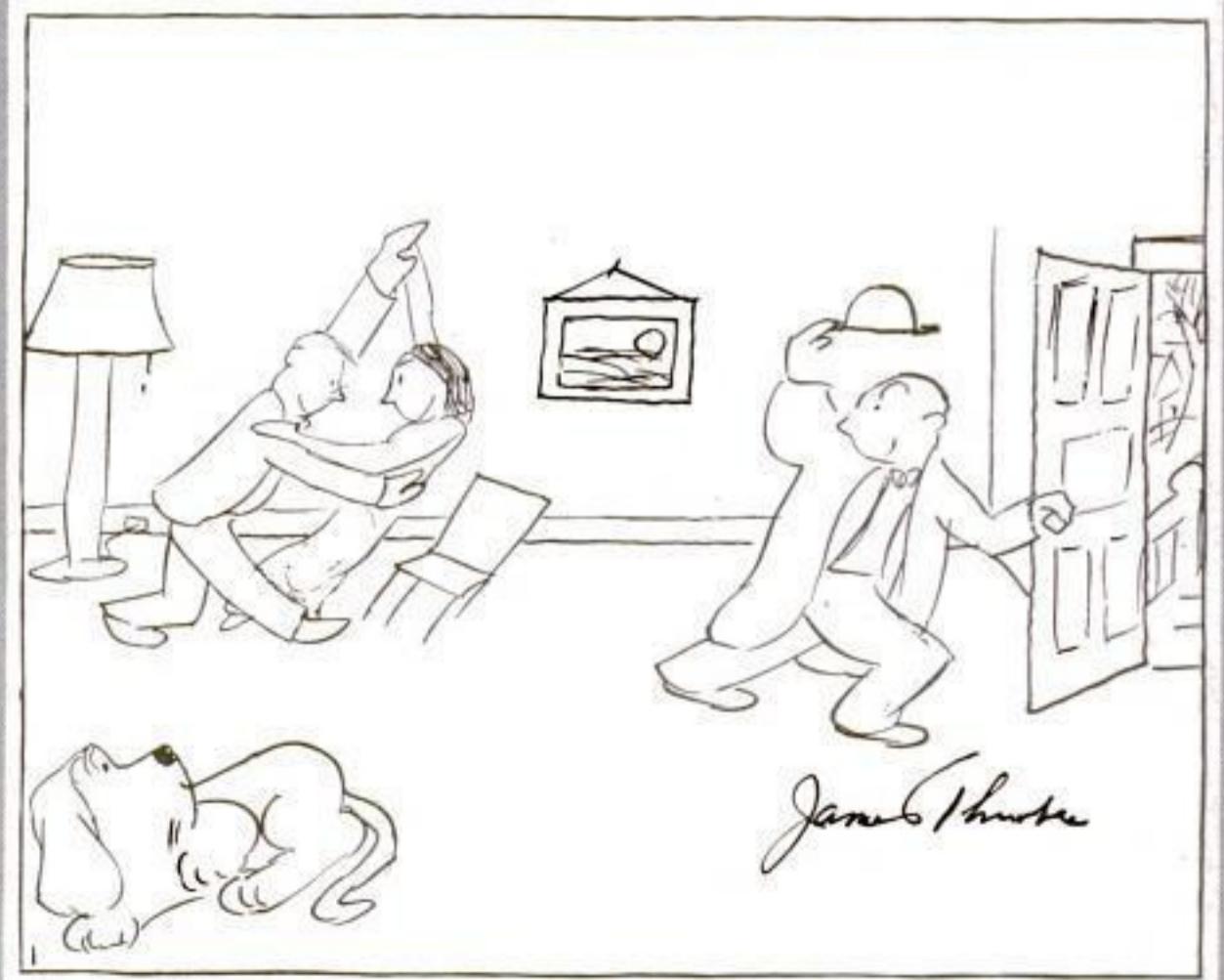
Alcohol 15.95% by volume



**The big fight**, drawn in Thurber's best madhouse style, begins when the drunken husband socks the ex-football player on the nose. The male animals scuffle ineffectively while the females scream with excitement.



**After the fight**, wife stands between her two warriors and announces dramatically she is going to live in sin with the ex-football player. He is horrified by this news because he wants to go back to his own wife.



James Thurber

**Husband dances** with his wife in this final scene of reconciliation, as the football player gladly ducks out, and the ubiquitous Thurber dog, who was not in the play, casts a baleful eye over the happy ending.

# 1940 MARCHES ON!

## THE REPUBLIC OF FINLAND

1919-1940

THE LATEST ISSUE of The March of Time, showing for the first time in U. S. theatres this week, tells the dramatic, up-to-the-minute story of the brave and unyielding people of Finland—today fighting to maintain their 21-year-old independence.

## CRISIS IN THE PACIFIC

In 1940, as never before, "the March of Time habit" is becoming contagious among U. S. moviegoers. They make a point of seeing each new issue at their favorite theatre—because they know The March of Time is the only screen feature that gives them clear, understandable, sense-making news in pictures.

Three exciting issues of The March of Time are now showing on the screens of 8,000 U. S. theatres. And as world events move swiftly forward during the coming year, The March of Time will continue to bring to the screen vivid, dramatic and entertaining stories of news-behind-the-news—every four weeks, as 1940 marches on!

## NEWSFRONTS OF WAR-1940

"One of the best issues March of Time has yet given us."—*Los Angeles Times*. ". . . it is one of the finest pieces of pictorial journalism in many a month."—*Washington Star*.

"The whole history of 1939, as well as what may happen in 1940, is documented accurately and pictured realistically."—*Washington Post*. "Brilliant."—*New York World-Telegram*.

YOUR THEATRE MANAGER CAN TELL YOU NOW WHEN HE WILL PLAY HIS NEXT ISSUE OF

# THE MARCH OF TIME

PRODUCED BY THE EDITORS OF TIME



# Which Odor in Bath Soap is Lucky for You?



**Before you use any soap to overcome body odor, smell the soap! Then instinctively, you will choose a soap with the fragrance men love!**

SUCCESS in love turns on such unexpected things! Just when you feel victory is yours, your luck deserts you—something happens to transform your confidence into confusion.

Nine times out of ten you blame the you that is deep in you. Your whole personality goes vacant and hopeless.

But, such disillusionments should only be temporary. Too bad, most women take them deeply to heart, when the trouble can be so easily avoided. It's too big a price to pay for ignoring this secret of arming yourself with loveliness.

Yes, go by the "smell test" when you buy soap to overcome body odor. Trust no soap for body odor until you smell the soap itself for daintiness.

Instinctively, you will prefer the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet. For Cash-

mere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind in the world, a secret treasured by us for years. It's a fragrance men love! A fragrance with peculiar affinity for the senses of men.

Massage each tiny ripple of your body daily with this delicate, penetrating lather! Glory in the departure of unwelcome body odor!

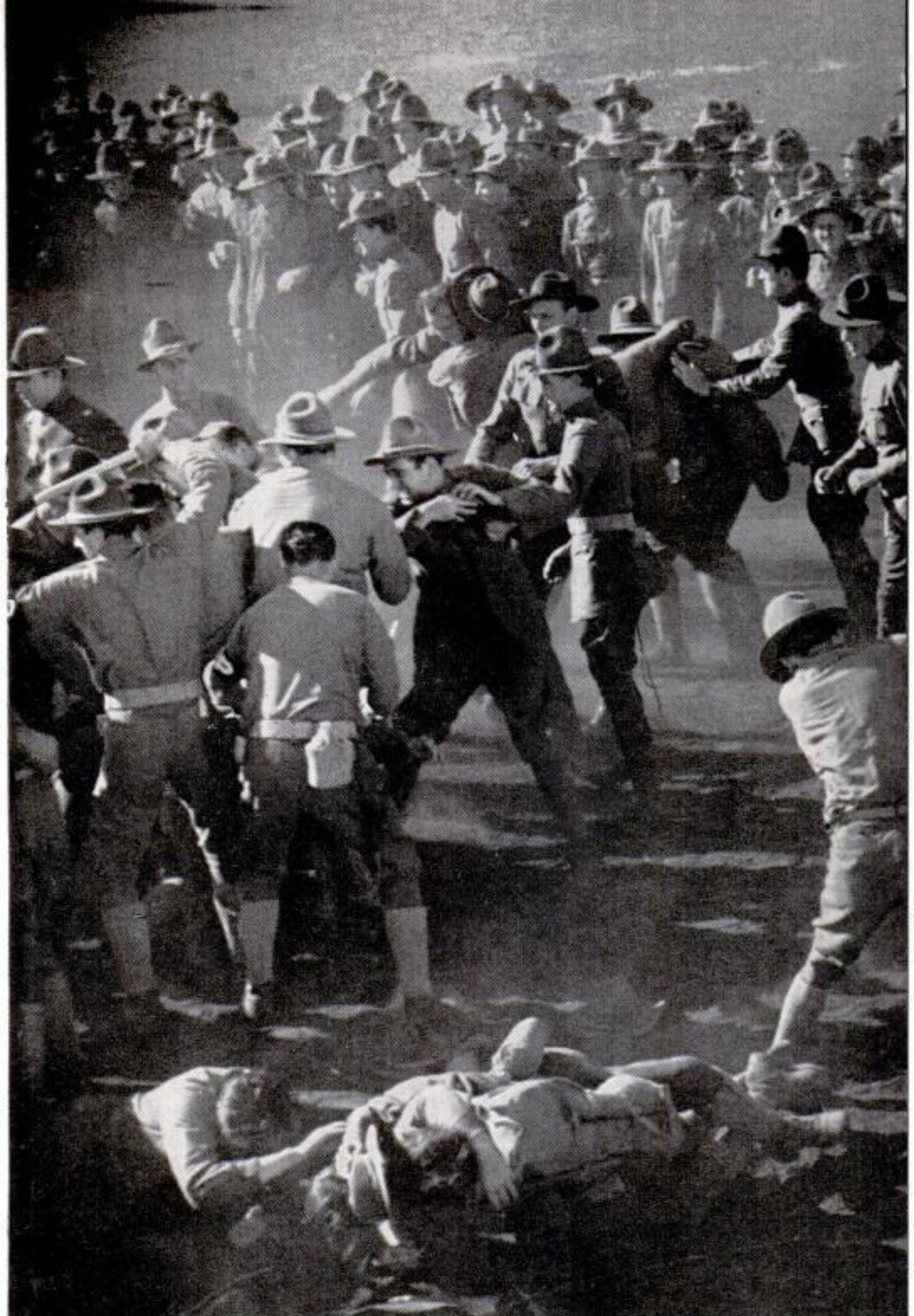
Thrill as your senses are kissed by Cashmere Bouquet's exquisite perfume! Be radiant, and confident to face the world!

You'll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too! Its gentle, caressing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, and leaves skin smooth and radiant.

So buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap before you bathe tonight. Get 3 cakes at the special price featured everywhere.



3 for 25¢ Wherever fine soaps are sold



A FREE-FOR-ALL OCCURS WHEN NEW YORK'S FIGHTING 69TH AND THE 4TH

## MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

### *The Fighting 69th*

**Warner Bros. dig into World War history for a movie tribute to New York's Irish soldiers**

This is Hollywood's tribute to a regiment of great civilian soldiers. Their World War history was a shining page in the record of U. S. military exploits. Their comrade was the poet Joyce Kilmer, who wrote the lovely lines on *Trees* and who died in battle. Their chaplain was Father Francis P. Duffy, whose bronze statue now looks out across Times Square. Their leader was the gallant Col. William J. ("Wild Bill") Donovan, who was four times wounded and repeatedly cited for courage. Now, with shells again gutting the soil of Europe and war in the minds of the

**Col. William J. Donovan**, known from football days as "Wild Bill," led the 69th into battle in a steel helmet (*left*). His movie role is acted by George Brent (*right*).





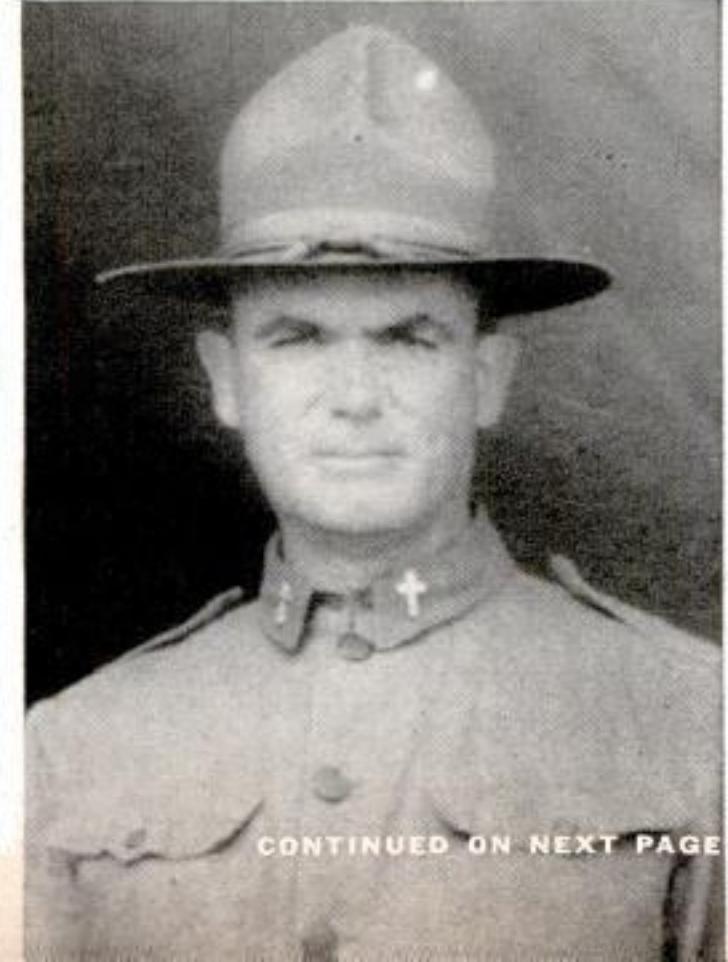
ALABAMIANS MEET IN CAMP MILLS, LONG ISLAND, AND REFIght THE CIVIL WAR

people, Warner Brothers have chosen a fit time to lay this cinematic wreath at the feet of New York's "Fighting 69th."

Known as "the Fighting Irish" as far back as the Civil War, this regiment of Celtic national guardsmen had scarcely returned from the Mexican border in 1917 when it was summoned into training at Camp Mills, Long Island. Incorporated into the Rainbow Division, it reached France in November 1917. On Feb. 21, 1918, it was first baptized in fire at Rouge Rouquet in the Lunéville sector. On July 14 and 15, 1918, it resisted six terrific assaults by Ludendorff's crack battalions on the Champagne-Marne sector, helped break the backbone of the German offensive, infuse new morale into the weary Allies and turn the tide of war. Then followed months of furious fighting along the River Ourcq, at St.-Mihiel and the Argonne, until the Germans were whipped before Sedan, and on Dec. 3, 1918, the remnants of the 69th marched with the Army of Occupation into the Rhineland.

Much of this history and some of these characters are reproduced with fidelity in Warner Brothers' war movie. Fictitious is the character of Jerry Plunkett (James Cagney) a tough little red-headed Irishman from Brooklyn, who sneers at the regiment's traditions, jeers at its chaplain, defies its colonel, twice brings death down on his comrades by his cowardice. But before he dies he proves himself a soldier worthy of the fighting 69th.

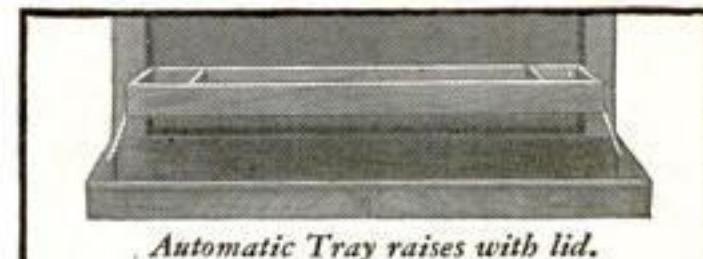
**Father Francis P. Duffy**, the regiment's chaplain, was one of the best-loved figures in the A. E. F. Left, as acted by Pat O'Brien; right, as he looked in France.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Caswell-Runyan No. 9324—Beautiful waterfall front design—modern round corner construction. Front veneered with combination of Butt Walnut, Sliced Walnut and Figured Oriental Wood. Five-ply sliced Walnut top lined with cedar—lacquered and rubbed. Equipped with Caswell-Runyan Automatic Tray.



## She will adore her CASWELL-RUNYAN Valentine

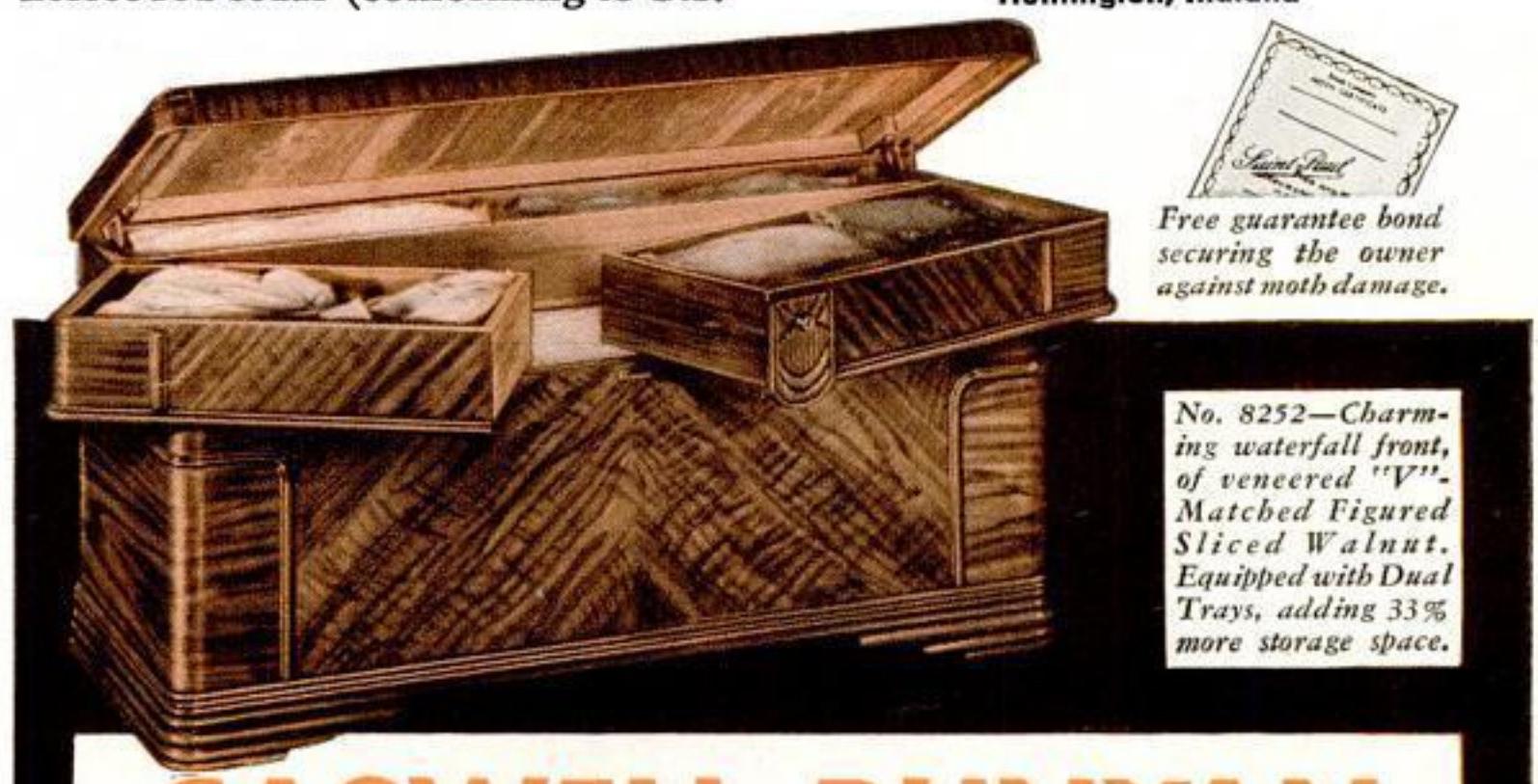
LET YOUR Valentine, for her, be one that will fulfill a deep desire—one that she will enjoy and be proud of in the future, as well.

Romantic beauty has been combined with outstanding convenience features in the special Caswell-Runyan Valentine chests. Protection against moth damage is guaranteed. The genuine Yale lock, with individual keys, assures the safekeeping of her personal treasures.

Caswell-Runyan chests are made by craftsmen from  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch solid Tennessee red cedar (conforming to U.S.

Government recommendations) and veneered in attractive maples, walnuts, mahoganies, etc. They are airtight and dustproof. Their Techni Form corners, sealed against moisture, will not blister, warp or work loose. A patented interior finish controls aroma flow and protects against sticky, oily interiors. Yet the cost is no more than that of ordinary chests. And you can make your selection from dozens of styles—several sizes. No line is more complete.

**THE CASWELL-RUNYAN COMPANY**  
Huntington, Indiana



No. 8252—Charming waterfall front, of veneered "V"-Matched Figured Sliced Walnut. Equipped with Dual Trays, adding 33% more storage space.

**CASWELL-RUNYAN**  
*Cedar Chests*  
MODERATELY PRICED . . . FROM \$17.75 TO \$55.00

"The Fighting 69th" (continued)

# THANK YOU, AGAIN!

**THIS ADVERTISEMENT →**

appeared just a year ago in appreciation of more than 2,000,000 users' quick acceptance of the Schick Injector Razor.

## THANK YOU Mr. America

You're fast making the Schick Injector the most popular razor in the country

America is fast swinging over to the Schick Injector Razor. Already, more than 2,000,000 men have switched to its quicker, closer, more comfortable shave—every day new thousands are joining the Schick Injector parade! Why this growing popularity? Simply that men have discovered an easier way to shave than they ever

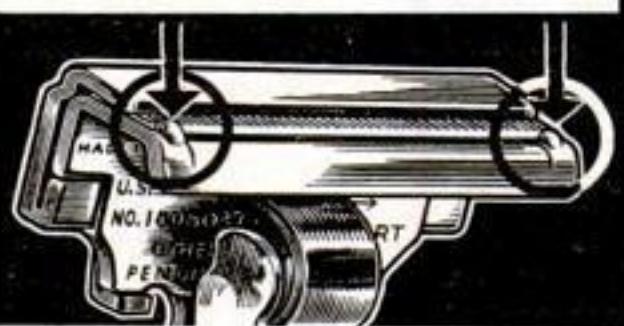
knew before. A razor with a new and properly designed guide bar that controls the "flow" of the skin ahead of the blade, for a close, yet comfortable shave. A razor that saves minutes every morning because it changes blades automatically. Features that can't be found in any other razor at any price!

**These Features have sold this razor to more than 2,000,000 men**

Today—not 2,000,000—but *more than* 5,000,000 men have switched to the Schick Injector Razor. Its unique advantages, its unusual shaving results have taken another long step toward making it America's most popular shaving instrument.

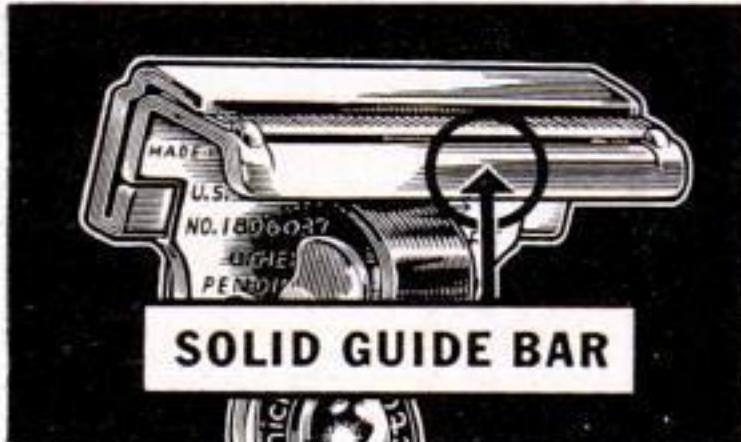
**THESE FEATURES WILL HELP YOU START THE NEW SHAVING YEAR RIGHT!**

**BLADE CORNER GUARDS**

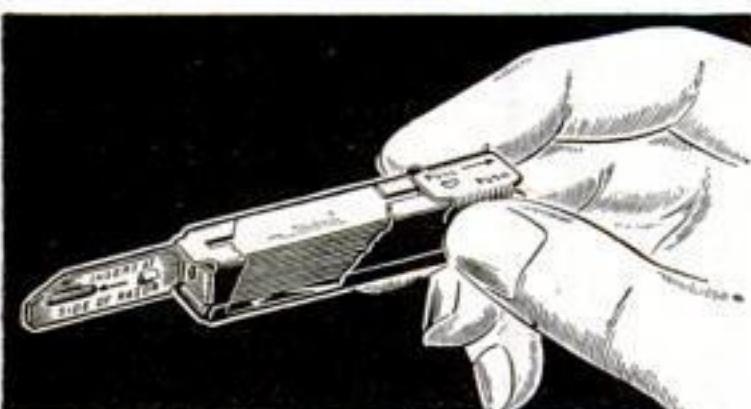


Do you ever nick and scratch your face when shaving? You'll welcome the way sharp blade corners are covered on the Schick Injector Razor. These blade corner guards also help prevent blade vibration. It's almost impossible to cut yourself with this razor.

**SOLID GUIDE BAR**



Can you shave "against the grain" in comfort with your present razor? You can with a Schick Injector because its solid guide bar S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-S the skin taut just ahead of the blade edge, sets up each whisker for a close, clean but comfortable shave.



Is the sharpness of your present blades protected? Schick double-thick blades come sealed in a bath of oil in a metal cartridge... their keen edges actually suspended in space. Twice as thick as most other blades—more than 3 times heavier than flimsy tissue-thin ones.



Can you change blades in less than a second? Blade-changing with a Schick Injector is automatic. Just a pull and push on the Injector cartridge shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one. Saves valuable time when you're in a hurry.

### THE "POPULARITY" KIT

A trim, pigskin-grain case containing gold-plated Schick Injector Razor and Injector cartridge of 12 double-thick Schick Blades.

**Only \$1.00**

### 20-YEAR GUARANTEE

The Schick Injector Razor is guaranteed for 20 years of good shaving service. This guarantee is stamped into the bottom of every "Popularity" Kit.



Magazine Repeating Razor Company, Bridgeport, Conn. and Niagara Falls, Ont.

**Inject a new thrill into shaving today**



Hand grenade explodes under Jerry Plunkett (foreground) after he has singlehandedly ripped up German wire entanglements with a Stokes mortar in a shell crater.



Jerry lies dying when Col. Donovan creeps up (left) and is told by the sergeant that the lad he considered a coward has enabled the 69th to capture the German lines.



The last rites are administered by Father Duffy to the fatally wounded Irish boy from Brooklyn who had once defied both the regiment's colonel and its chaplain.



Exhaustive laboratory tests prove coffee sold in the bean, ground at the moment you buy, has finer flavor than pre-ground coffee.

## EVER KNOW WHY YOU SHOULD BUY COFFEE IN THE BEAN

**L**et a coffee expert answer: "I know good coffee! If that sounds conceited, let me say that for thirty years I've earned my living by tasting and selecting coffees. Day after day I sip, taste and approve or disapprove from 100 to 300 cups of coffee—and when I go home I make myself a pot of coffee, coffee the way I like it, coffee that I drink for pleasure.

"And when I make my coffee I am sure the coffee I use is freshly ground.

"Right there, no matter what blend of coffee you like best, is the secret of a cup of perfect coffee. *Be sure that the coffee you drink is coffee that has been kept in the bean until the moment you buy it.*

"Here's the reason: Coffee is a vegetable and, as with other vegetables and fruits, Nature has supplied it with a protective covering. When this covering is broken, any vegetable or fruit starts to lose its flavor, some of its goodness starts to go. Remember the half apple you left beside the whole one—how discolored and shrivelled it was, how good the whole apple was? Scientists call it oxidation; you and I call it spoiling.

"So when coffee is ground way off in a distant factory, long before it gets to you, some of its wholesome flavor has been lost. But when you buy *A&P Coffee in the bean* and have it ground to your order, you get all the fine full flavor of fresh coffee—and coffee that is the pick of the plantations."

AT ALL A & P FOOD STORES



Order A&P Coffee ground coarse for Regular Pot; medium for Percolator; fine for Drip Pot; and extra fine for Vacuum Pot.

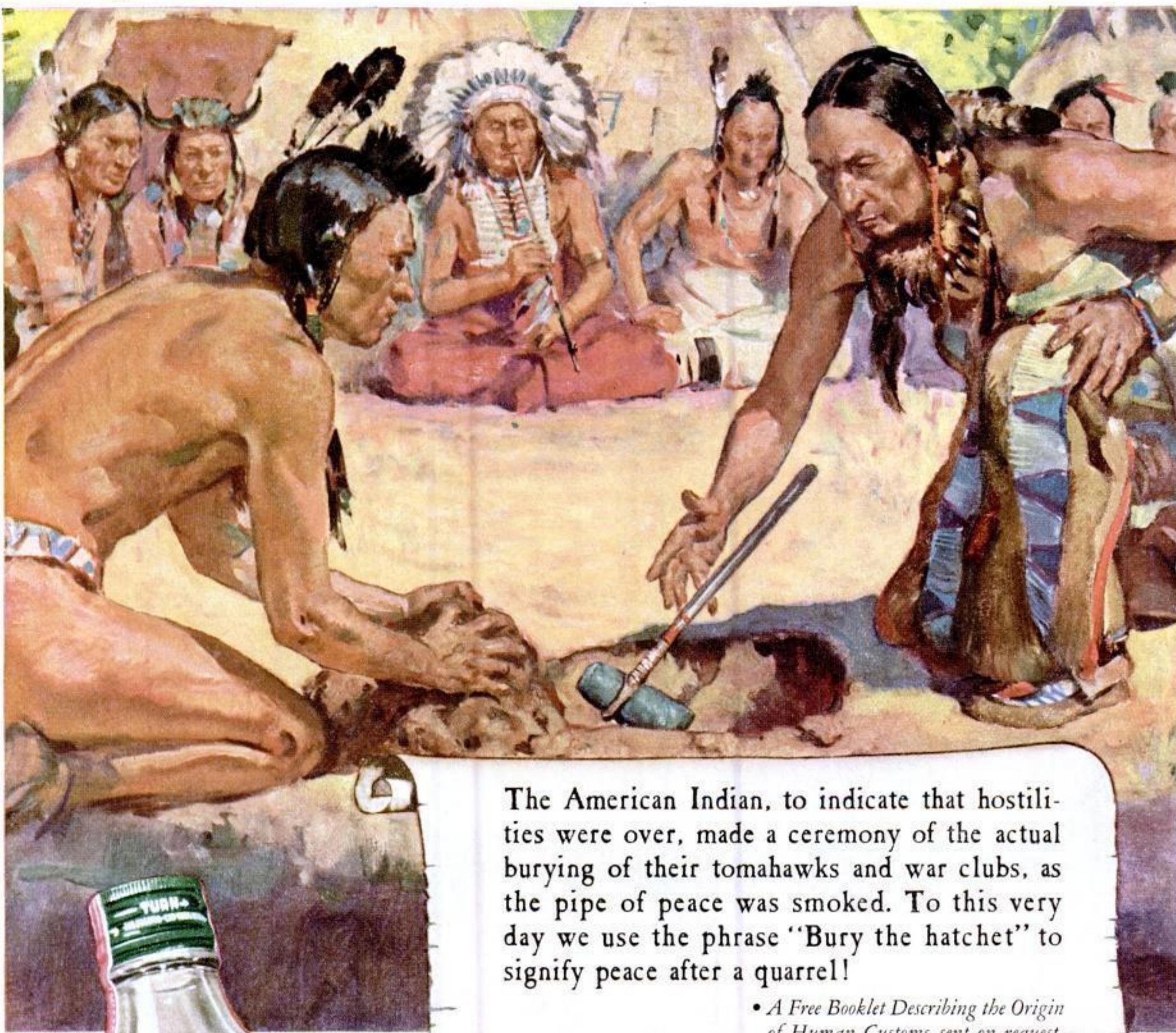


Every 7th family in America buys A&P Coffee. This very day, more than 21,000,000 cups of this grand coffee are being enjoyed.



Thousands save up to 10 cents a pound on this fine, fresh A&P coffee. There are three distinctive flavorful blends—each of the same high quality—to suit every individual taste.

# *Do you know* WHY WE SAY "BURY THE HATCHET"?



The American Indian, to indicate that hostilities were over, made a ceremony of the actual burying of their tomahawks and war clubs, as the pipe of peace was smoked. To this very day we use the phrase "Bury the hatchet" to signify peace after a quarrel!

• A Free Booklet Describing the Origin of Human Customs sent on request.



## Make Friends With This Rare Kentucky Whiskey

Those who appreciate fine whiskies turn to GLENMORE, a Kentucky Straight Bourbon. Its rare flavor...the true flavor of Old Kentucky...has made GLENMORE the only distillery to have produced more than a Million Barrels of Fine Kentucky Bourbon. Such outstanding popularity comes *only* from outstanding quality.

FREE—we will gladly send you a copy of the Old Colonel's recipe booklet of famous Kentucky drinks.

*Pour*  
**Glenmore**  
*...you get more*

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LOUISVILLE—OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

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Gold Label—100 Proof  
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FACTS  
BEHIND OUR  
HUMAN CUSTOMS



Look for the Glenmore Colonel . . . symbol of the proudest names in Kentucky whiskies.



*The Aristocrat of Bonds*  
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey—  
Bottled in Bond—100 Proof



*You ought to know*  
**TOM HARDY**  
A Blend of Kentucky Straight Whiskies  
90 Proof



*Change to MINT SPRINGS  
and keep the change*

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey  
86.8 Proof

## STARLETS ARE WORLD'S MOST ENVIED OF GIRLS

To millions of young girls the world over, the ultimate pinnacle of achievement is to be a movie star. Of these millions, perhaps a hundred each year crash the magic gates of Hollywood. Of this 100, perhaps 25 survive initial training, get better parts, move up the ladder to stardom. Of the 25, three or four at best reach the top.

On this and the following pages, LIFE presents a cross-section of the newest crop of starlets. Some are brand new, some have been rediscovered. All have been singled out for notable miming in 1939. One, Linda Darnell, has in her first year practically scaled the heights.

All seven, strangely enough, come from the South or the West. They average 5 ft. 4 in. in height, 109 lb. in weight, 20 years in age. Most of them cut their acting teeth in high school or little-theater plays, where they were spied by roving talent scouts. Now they are being tempered in training that would wilt all but the most determined. Their days are filled with acting, singing, dancing, diction, school studies (if they are under 18). In "spare" hours they pose for fashion pictures, "leg" pictures, sports pictures. At all times they are told what to do, what to say, how to dress, where to go, whom to go with. For enduring this discipline, they get at first about \$75 a week. Only if they obey implicitly and only if, in addition, by some magic of beauty, personality or talent, they touch off an active response in millions of movie fans, will a few of them know the full flower of stardom, with its fabulous rewards of fame and wealth. Turn page to see how they look morning, noon and night.

**Lana Turner in evening gown** was the most popular girl at the gala opening of Arrowhead Springs Hotel, super-

swank movie resort. Originally groomed for glamorous Jean Harlow roles, she is now billed as "typical American girl."



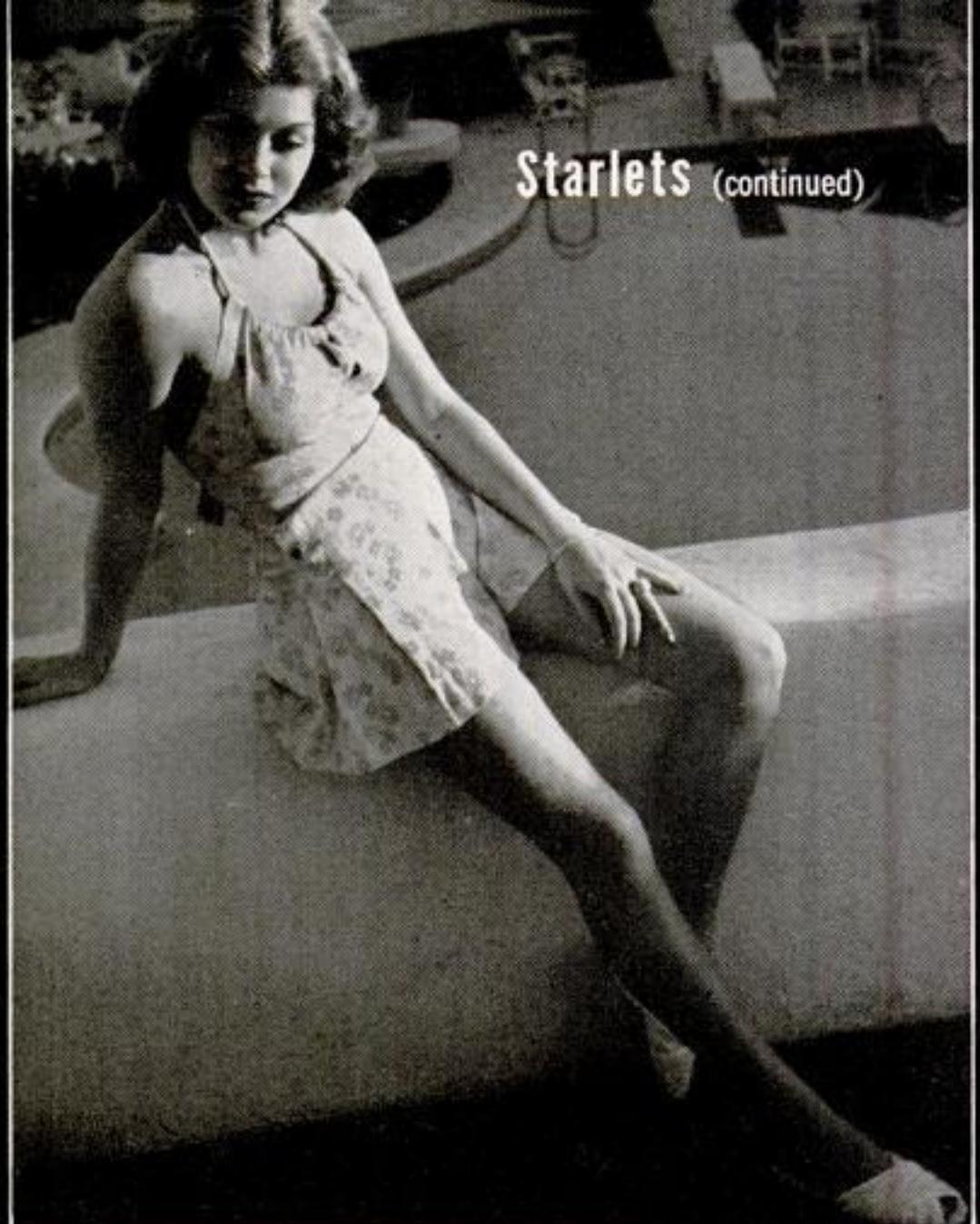
**Mary Healy in play suit** was once a New Orleans typist. Lovely voice and figure now rate her high among starlets.



**Doris Bowdon in street dress**, stylish here, played homespun girls in *Young Mr. Lincoln* and *The Grapes of Wrath*.



**Linda Darnell in slacks** is considered Hollywood's most beautiful girl. She started playing leads in first two films.



Starlets (continued)

## LANA TURNER: "GLAMOR PLUS" GIRL

**R**EAL NAME: Julia Jeanne Lana Turner. BORN: Feb. 8, 1921, Wallace, Idaho. DISCOVERED: in a Hollywood tea room. HOBBY: water colors. LIKES: clothes, lemon-chiffon pie, china elephants. BEST MOVIE: *Dancing Co-ed*. SPECIALTY: once Harlow "oomph" roles, now "typical girl."



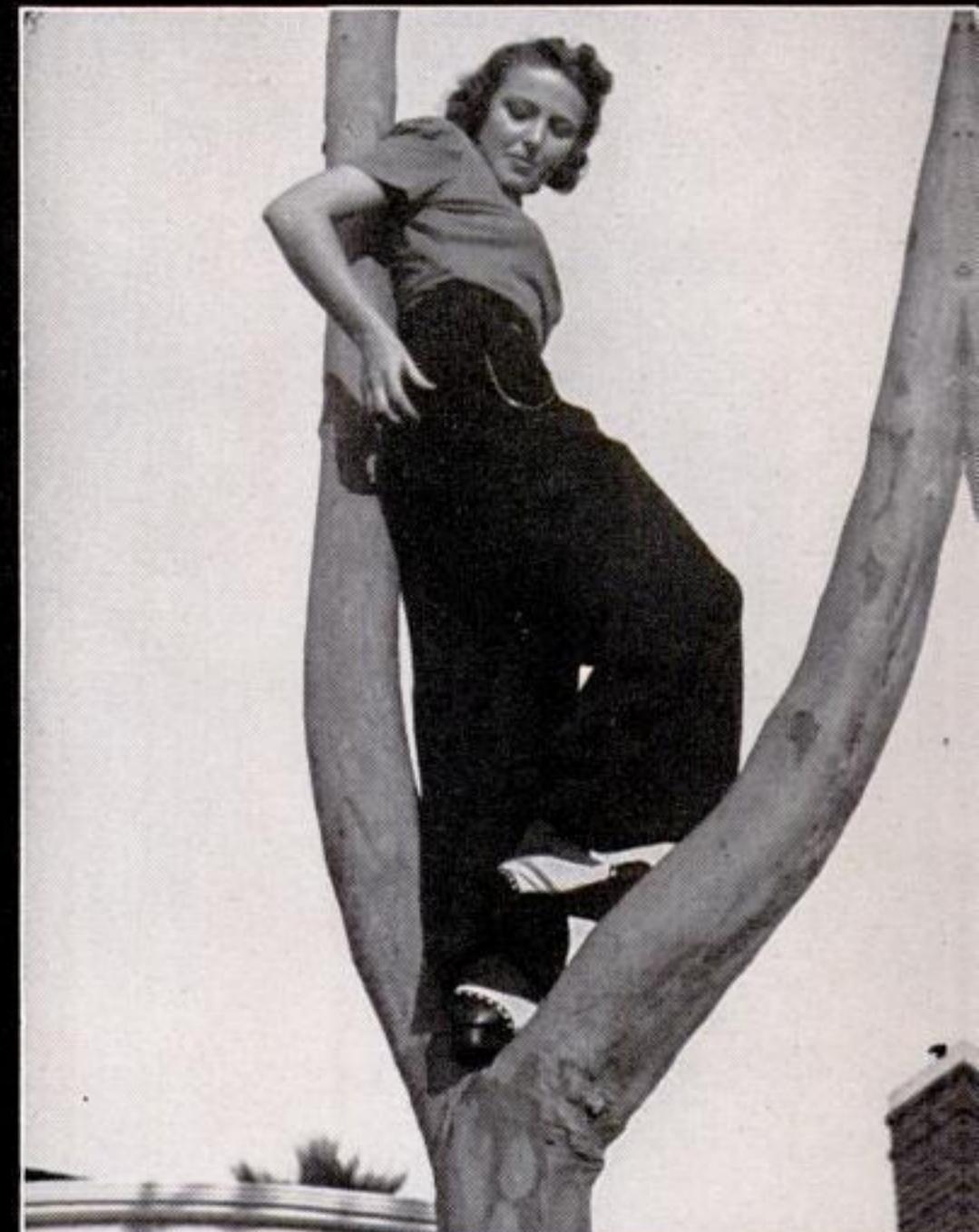
## LINDA DARNELL: CHARMING BEAUTY

**R**EAL NAME: Monetta Eloyse Darnell. BORN: Oct. 16, 1923, Dallas, Tex. DISCOVERED: movie scout. HOBBY: painting. FAVORITE SPORT: roller skating. LIKES: rabbits, but they give her hay fever. BEST MOVIE: *Daytime Wife*. SPECIALTY: sophisticated charm, youthful beauty.



## LARAINA DAY: WISTFUL INGENUE

**R**EAL NAME: Loraine Johnson. BORN: Oct. 13, 1917, Roosevelt, Utah. DISCOVERED: Long Beach little theater. HOBBY: own little theater. FAVORITE SPORT: riding roller coasters. LIKES: eating hamburgers. BEST MOVIE: *Dr. Kildare* series. SPECIALTY: playing a lovely young nurse.





HELEN PARRISH: PERT YOUNG MISS

**R**EAL NAME: Helen Virginia Parrish. BORN: March 12, 1923, Columbus, Ga. DISCOVERED: at 3, in *Our Gang* comedies. REDISCOVERED: at 15, in *Mad About Music*. HOBBY: collecting charms for bracelet. LIKES: fried chicken. BEST MOVIE: *First Love*. SPECIALTY: many parts.



DORRIS BOWDON: HOMESPUN HEROINE

**R**EAL NAME: Dorris Estelle Bowdon. BORN: Dec. 27, 1917, Coldwater, Miss. DISCOVERED: playing at Louisiana State University. FAVORITE SPORT: walking. LIKES: sleep. AMBITION: to be as good as Helen Hayes. BEST MOVIE: *The Grapes of Wrath*. SPECIALTY: unglamorized girls.



JUDITH BARRETT: DRAMATIC GIRL

**R**EAL NAME: Lucille Kelly. BORN: Feb. 2, 1915, Venus, Tex. DISCOVERED: on Los Angeles stage. FAVORITE SPORT: horseback riding. LIKES: home, bicycling, eggnogs in the morning. AMBITION: to have lots of money. BEST MOVIE: *The Great Victor Herbert*. SPECIALTY: dramatic roles.



# THE KREMLIN

WITHIN ITS SECRET CHAMBERS,  
STALIN RUNS HIS FINNISH WAR

Behind the Kremlin's walls, barred to visitors since 1934, lie the scars of seven centuries of Russian history. Today more history is being made as Joseph Stalin directs the Soviet invasion of Finland from his unpretentious four-room flat in the Great Palace (No. 1 on the Kremlin chart below), which housed Russia's royal family from 1849 to 1917.

The Kremlin stands at the very center of Moscow. Its 25-odd buildings and 30 churches, shown in detail in the drawing on these pages, make it the world's most centralized seat of government. According to legend, girls were buried alive in the Kremlin's walls when they were reconstructed in 1550.

The Kremlin's 90 acres are bounded on the south by the Moscow River and Kremlin Quay (No. 2). To the east lies Red Square (No. 3), with Lenin's Tomb (No. 4), the Moscow Historical Museum (No. 5) and St. Basil's Cathedral (No. 6), which is a bizarre conglomeration of nine separate chapels. To the west and south, the Kremlin converges on the old Alexander Gardens (No. 7).

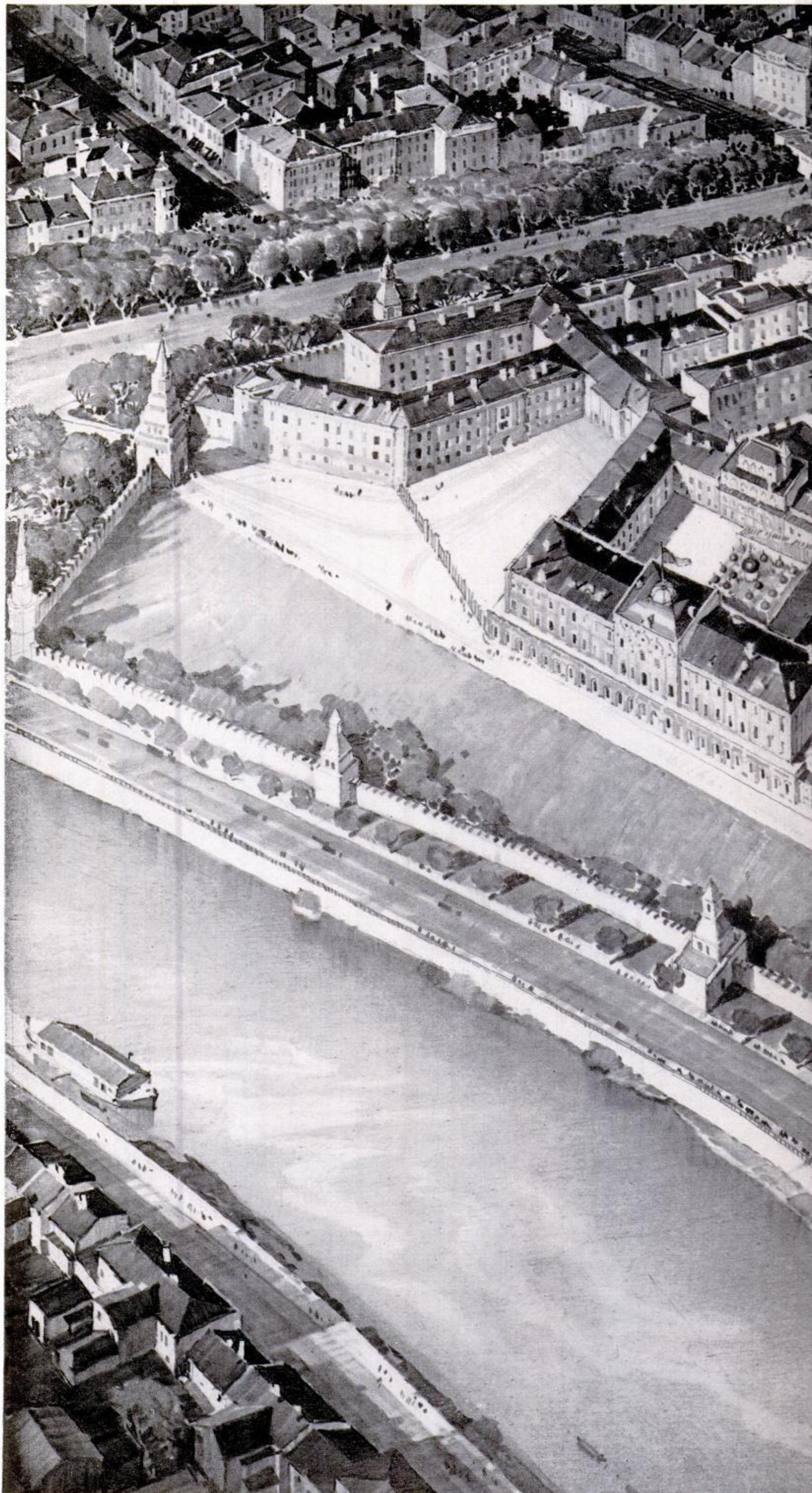
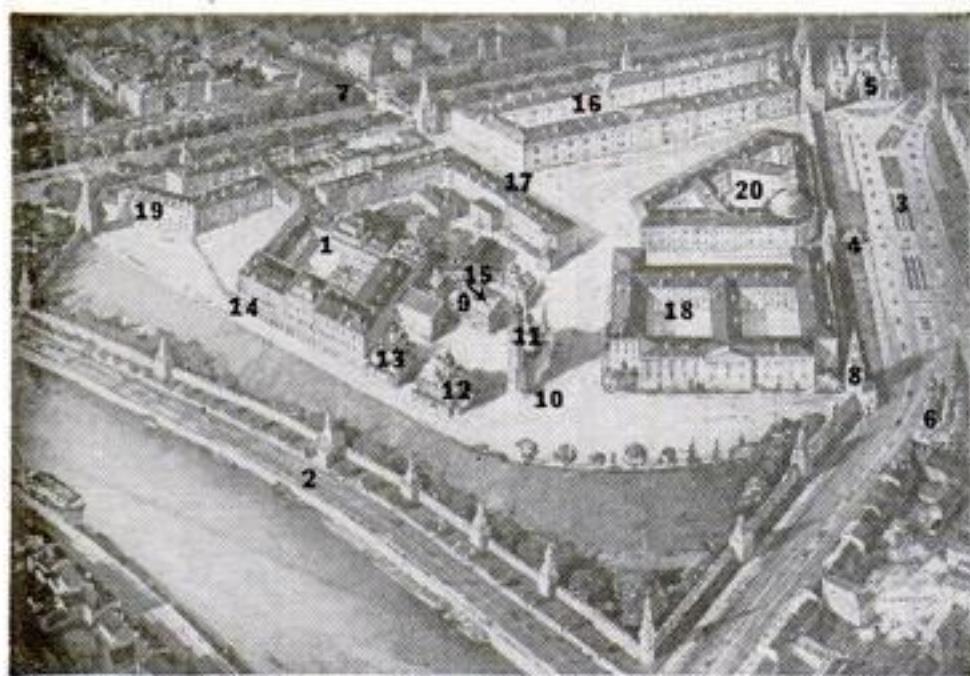
Cars enter the Kremlin by the Spasski Gate (No. 8), which in Czarist days was decorated with a picture of the Redeemer of Smolensk and before which criminals were publicly beheaded.

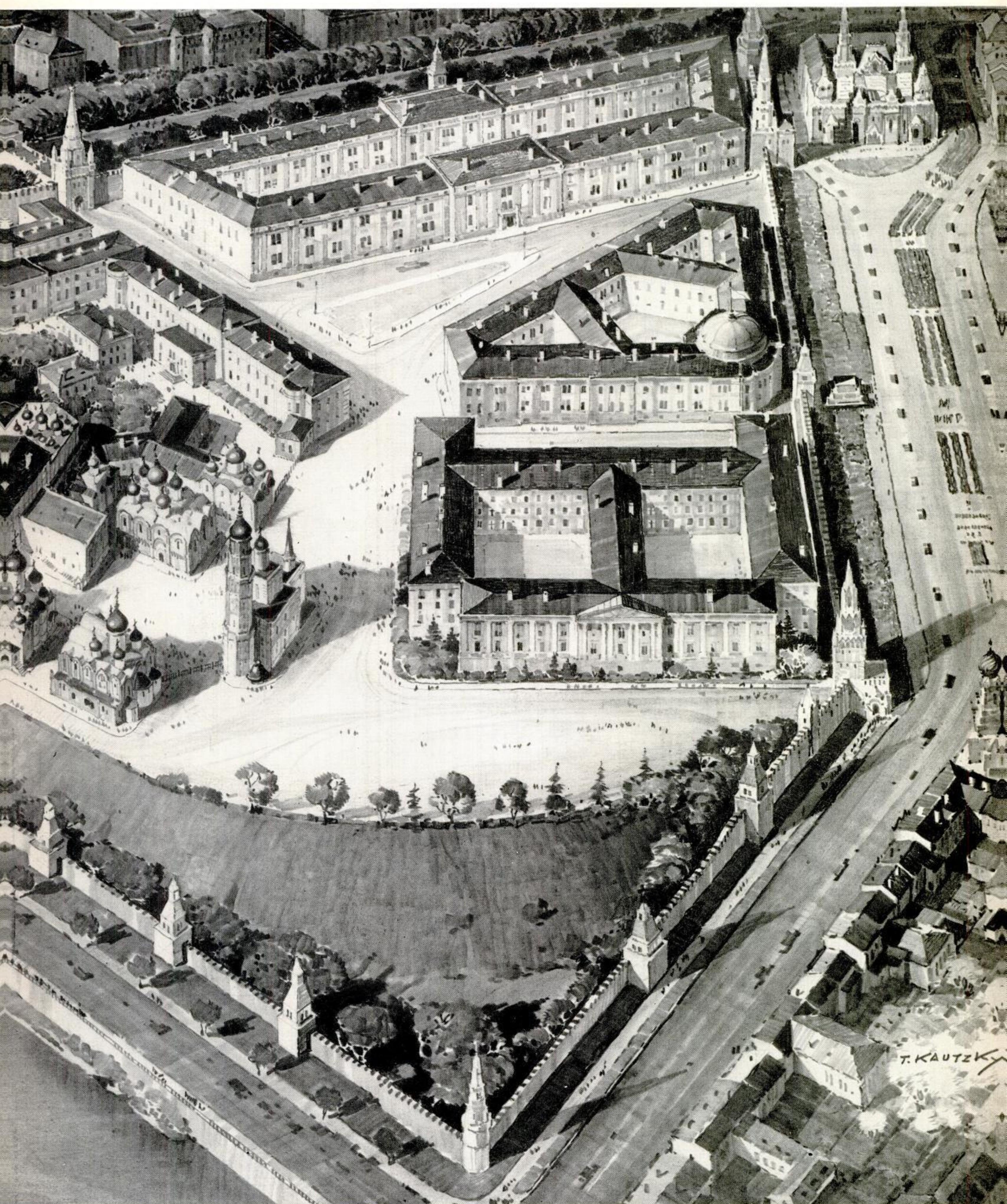
Historical heart of the Kremlin and oldest of its buildings is the Cathedral of the Assumption (No. 9), built in 1475, and used for the coronation of Czars. The Czar Bell (No. 10), 26 ft. high, stands nearby. After it was cast in 1735, it was found to be too big for the Bell Tower of Ivan the Terrible (No. 11). To the left are the Cathedral of the Archangel (No. 12), where 47 Czars lie buried, and the Cathedral of the Annunciation (No. 13), famed for its nine onion-shaped domes.

St. Andrews Hall (No. 14) in the Great Palace, which was used by the Czars as a throne room, now serves the Supreme Soviet of the U. S. S. R. On the "Red Staircase" (No. 15) leading down to Cathedral Square, Ivan the Terrible threw spears through the feet of messengers if they brought bad news.

The Arsenal (No. 16), used as a munitions dump until 1917, is now a residence for government workers. The old Barracks (No. 17) is now a school. The Soviet of Nationalities has taken over the Little Palace (No. 18). The imperial Treasury Palace (No. 19) is now a museum containing the imperial corona-tion throne and crown.

Lenin's study in the former Court of Justice (No. 20), where the Nazi-Soviet Pact was signed, is now reportedly occupied by Premier Molotov. Above its dome, the Red flag flies continuously night and day.







**"Joe Sharpe, the Mission Drunk,"** billed also as *He's Got 'em (Snakes)*, is acted in Brooklyn's Pillar of Fire

Church by Reverend Mr. Hopkins in the title role. Joe, wearing a red wig, imagines he sees snakes in his boots.

### "The Drunken Son's Revenge"



**1** Father comes home drunk, after selling the family furniture to buy his liquor. Father terrorizes the family with his roaring and cursing, kicks over the baby carriage.



**2** "Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, Jack jump over this here stick," shouts the drunken father to his son, Jack, brutally forcing him to jump over and over the broomstick.

## PILLAR OF FIRE DRY LEGION ACTS OUT EVILS OF LIQUOR IN BROOKLYN CHURCH PULPIT



BISHOP ALMA WHITE

There are still plenty of good churchfolk throughout the U. S. today who are seriously and earnestly fighting what they call the evils of drink. But even in rural communities oldtime anti-liquor plays in churches are relatively rare. Even rarer are such dramatic endeavors in large, wide-open centers like Brooklyn, N.Y., where the scenes on these pages took place during the holidays.

In the Pillar of Fire Church there, 300 persons gathered to see the Dry Legion Crusaders stage *The Drunken Son's Revenge* and *Joe Sharpe, the Mission Drunk*. Featured performer in both playlets was the Reverend Byron E. Hopkins who came on from Denver, where he heads another Pillar of Fire Church. In the first, Reverend Mr. Hopkins makes a startling transformation from the babbling drunkard in the first scene to a white-haired old gentleman in the final scene. In the second he gives practically a solo performance. Audiences giggle and gasp at his impersonation of poor Joe Sharpe in the last stages of d. t.'s. His heart softened by a band of street urchins who remind him of his own unfortunate sons, Joe bemoans the woe-ful state to which Repeal has brought him and sobbingly begs their prayers.

These plays are written only in outline by the founder of the Church, 77-year-old Bishop Alma White (see inset). The actors improvise their parts as they go along, giving the plays a gusto and spontaneity which sometimes surprises even the performers.

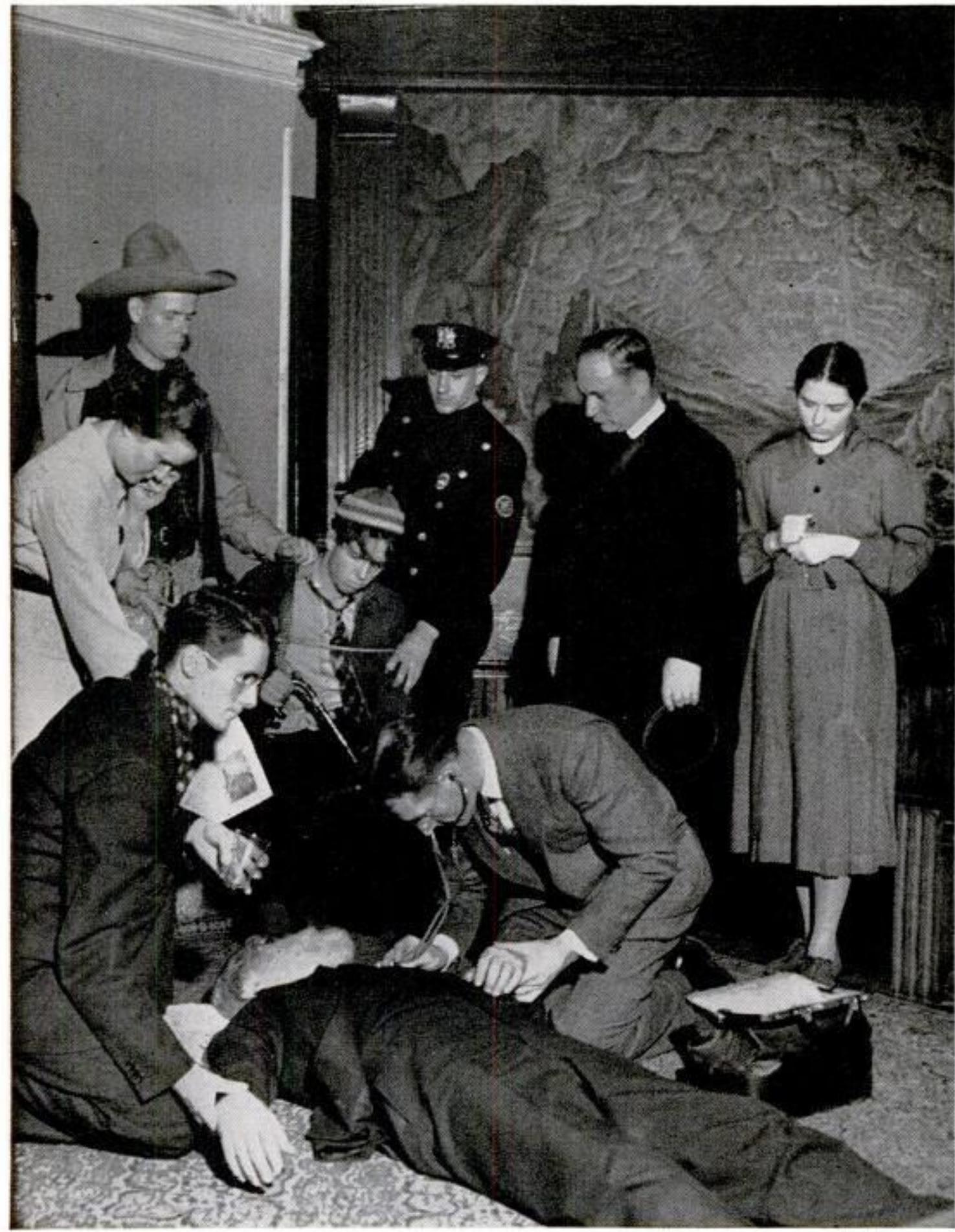
Bishop White broke away from Methodist faith 40 years ago, started the Pillar of Fire Church and soon became bishop. Today she heads 49 churches all over the country, three colleges, six magazines, a religious community at Zarephath, N. J., and two radio broadcasting stations.



**3** Years later son comes home drunk after a football game. He grabs his old father, who is now white-haired and respectable (thanks to Prohibition), threatens to punish him.



**4** Father jumps the cane as the tables are turned and revengeful Jack now browbeats the helpless old man. The drunken son personifies the evils of legalized liquor since Repeal.



**5** Father collapses from his cane-jumping and the local pastor rushes in to console the distraught family. The doctor says that Father's condition is serious but not fatal.



**6** Uncle Dick, the cowboy, drops in just as Jack is running amuck, and ties him to a chair with his handy lariat. Drama is ended by singing *Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight*.



MRS. KING, IN DARK DRESS IN CENTER, SITS ON THE FLOOR AT A RUG-HOOKING PARTY GIVEN IN JONESBORO AT THE HOME OF MRS. HORACE SLOAN, AT EXTREME RIGHT



DAUGHTER CAROL HELPS WITH STENCILING, ALWAYS GETS THOROUGHLY SMUDGED

## OLD ART OF RUG HOOKING REVIVED BY PARTY-LOVING SOUTHERN WOMEN

The scene of hooking housewives pictured above is a busy example of a new kind of party to which women in New England and the South are flocking. That hooking parties have in recent years encroached on the popularity of the knitting bee and sewing circle is due in great measure to the efforts of Mrs. Harry King of Beebe, Ark.

The actual hooking of a rug requires no great skill. With a hooked steel needle, almost anyone can pull strips of colored cloth through a piece of burlap on which the design has been stenciled in advance. But to produce rugs such as those shown on the page opposite, one must have an interesting pattern as a basis, skill in selecting or dyeing the rags to be used, dexterity in actual hooking. Mrs. King's great contribution is in making available to hookers more than 2,500 patterns, many copied from museum pieces.

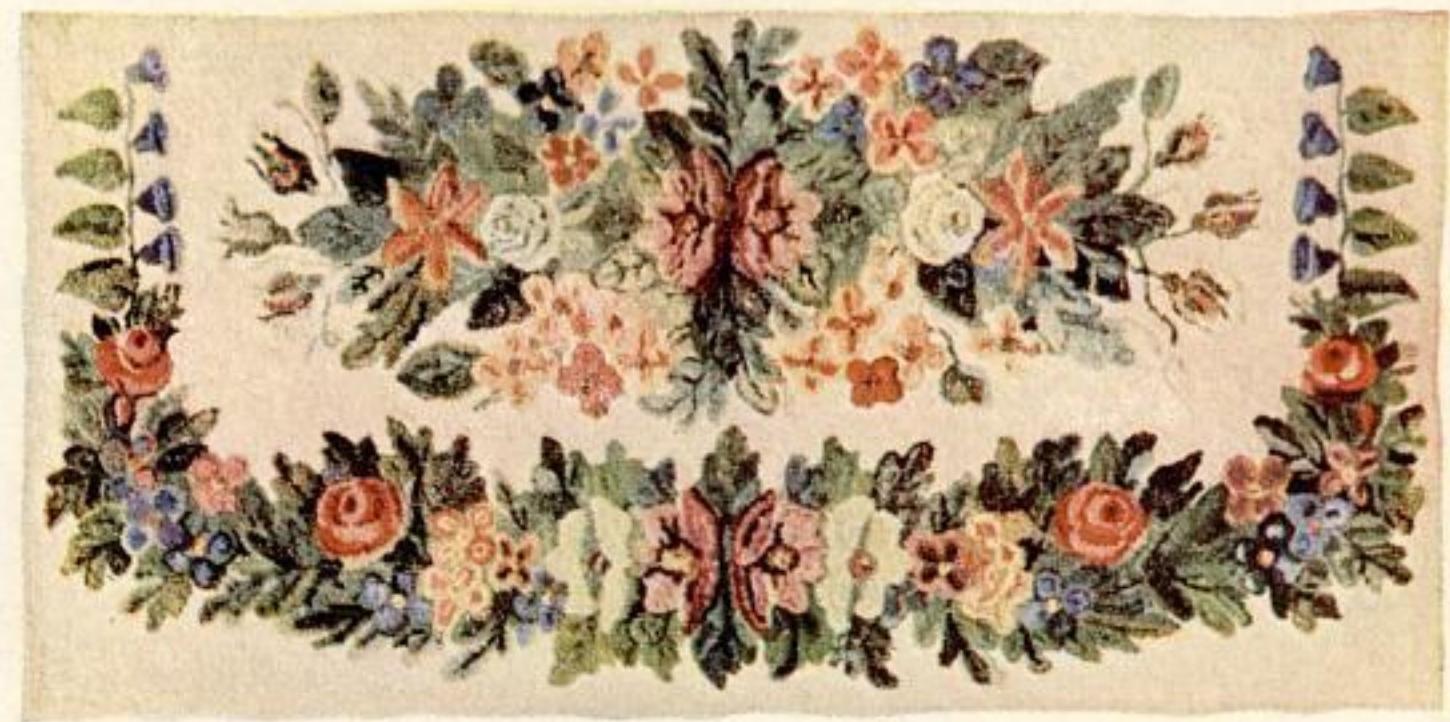
Six years ago Mrs. King wanted to make an early American hooked rug for the floor of the remodeled Colonial house in Hoxie, Ark., to which she had just moved. Because she could not find any ready-made pattern she liked, she decided to make her own, copying it from a photograph of a rug in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. It was so attractive her friends clamored for copies of her design. That was the beginning of a flourishing business. Mrs. King now travels about the country giving free advice on hooking to groups of women who find this a highly satisfactory medium for self-expression. She sells her standard patterns for \$1 to \$17.50, according to size, will make to order any pattern desired by a prospective hooker. The picture at left shows pattern being stenciled on burlap on which rug is made.



HOOKED RUGS ADD OLD-FASHIONED FLAVOR TO MRS. J. D. KINLEY'S LIVING ROOM IN BEEBE, ARK. RUG AT RIGHT HAS 150 COLORS, INCLUDES HUSBAND'S OLD SUIT



THIS RUG, MRS. HARRY KING'S FAVORITE, USES THE BROKEN-WREATH PATTERN



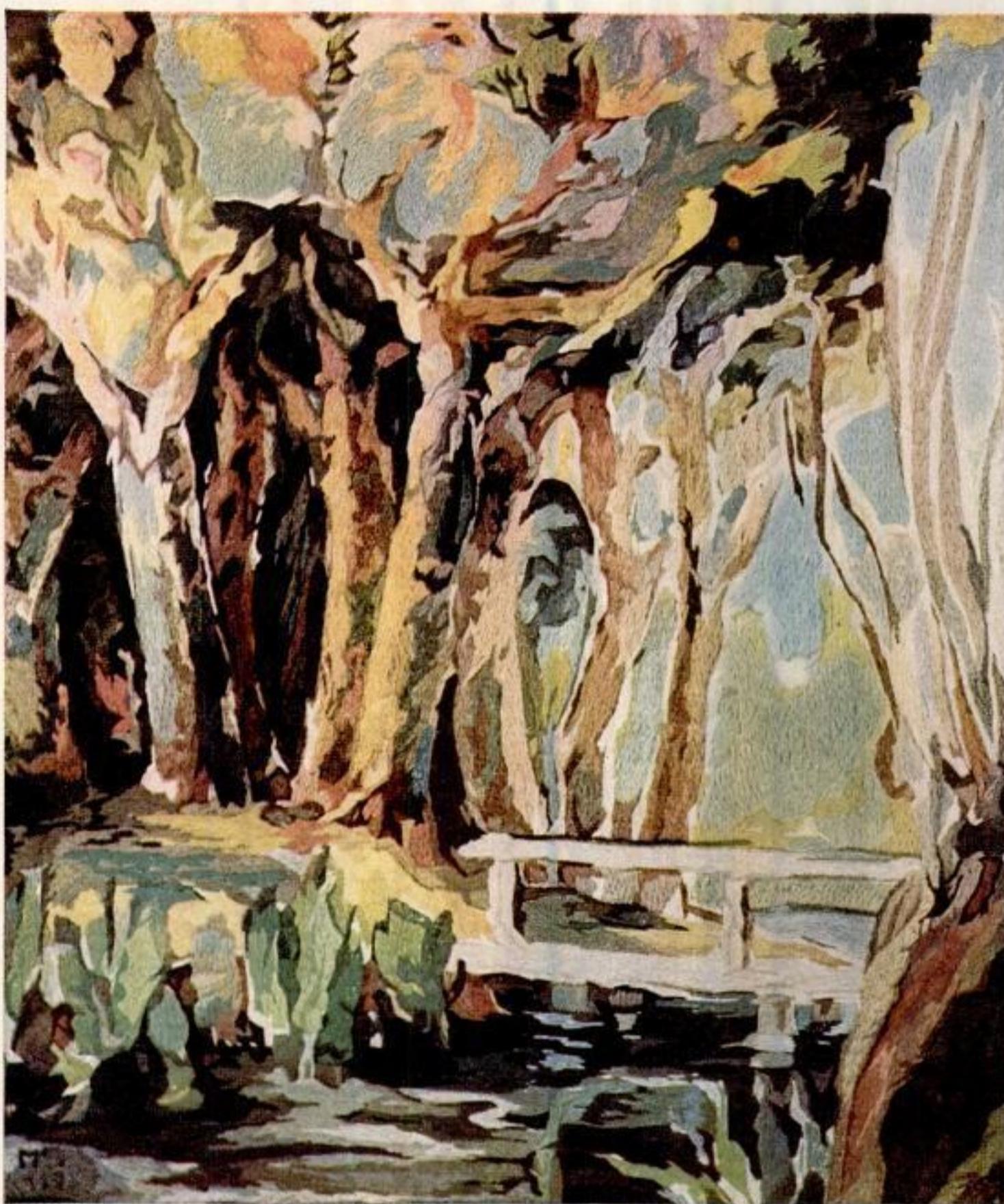
HEARTH RUG HAS BORDER ON THREE SIDES ONLY. BACKGROUND IS OLD BLANKET



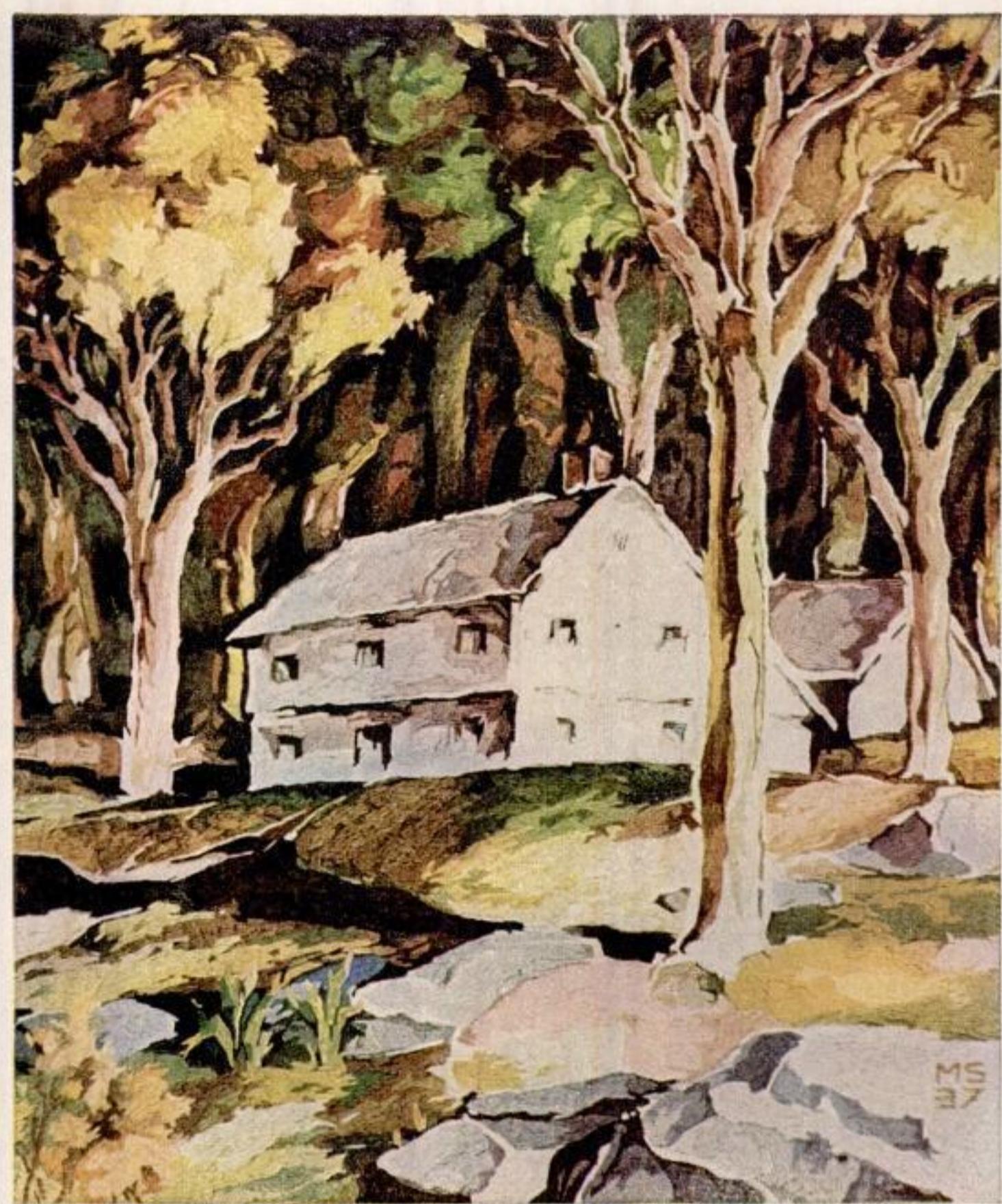
ROSES AND SCROLL ARE COMBINED TO MAKE THIS OLD FRENCH-DESIGN RUG



HOOKERS CALL THIS RUG "HELL ON THE BORDER" BECAUSE OF INTRICATE DESIGN



A STREAM IN THE WOODS OF CONNECTICUT "PAINTED" WITH WOOL EMBROIDERY



PLAY OF SUNSHINE ON A NEW ENGLAND SALTBOX HOUSE. "PAINTINGS" COST \$275

TO ATTAIN EFFECTS IN THESE PAINTINGS IN WOOL, MARIAN STOLL HAS BEEN COLLECTING WOOL TINTS FOR 25 YEARS. PAINTING BELOW: CURTISS BARN





## Marian Stoll uses thousands of tints for her paintings in wool

A highly specialized medium of self-expression is illustrated in the paintings shown on the opposite page, embroidered in wool by Marian Stoll. She studied needlework in Vienna and Paris, developed her own technique of getting brush effects with wool. She works on linen, "painting" with 50 needles at hand,

strung with different threads. Her pictures have been exhibited in Edinburgh, London, Antwerp, Paris, and are currently at Arden Galleries in New York. They include among their purchasers Alexander Woollcott and Moss Hart. Mrs. Stoll now lives at North Woodbury, Conn., where above photograph was taken.

# CHESSMEN OF EVERY AGE AND NATION ARE AMONG WORLD'S ART MASTERPIECES

For more than 1,600 years, in every civilized country, men have been playing chess. Nobody knows for certain where it started. Best indications point to Hindustan. But in very early days, kings and their attendants were playing it in Persia, Tibet and Arabia. Conquerors from the East brought it into Europe. There the Spaniards received it from the Moors, the Italians got it from the Byzantines. Quickly it spread north into France and Scandinavia.

Everywhere chess has been an inspiration for artists. There is something fascinating about figures of men marching off to war on a small, bloodless battleground. From marble, amber and crystal;

from brass, silver and gold; even from paper and basketwork, artists of every age and nation have wrought delicately beautiful little figures. Always these figures reflect the country's history, tastes and religions. Orientals, who believed a woman had no place on a battlefield, used a vizier or general instead of a queen. After game's introduction into Europe, bishops appeared in place of elephants. In China and India, little pagodas and Buddhist shrines are used as rooks. In Eskimo sets, sled dogs and igloos appear. George III of England had a set showing a stag and bear hunt. In the 1900's, Alice in Wonderland sets were popular. Today, Russia is using

sets of Communist workers to spread propaganda.

The chess pieces on these pages are among the art masterpieces of the world. Taken from private collections, they clearly reflect the national characteristics of the nations which produced them. Pieces like them have been bought for as much as \$7,000 each. Most interesting is the piece in top row, second from left. Carved from painted ivory by Siamese artists about 1680, it is the king of a set depicting a fight between English and Indian armies. The set is supposed to have been presented to King Louis XIV of France by the Siamese ambassador. Oriental influence is shown by the almond eye and the elephant.



**English ivory set** of the 18th Century shows battle of Constantinople. Above: The king, rook.



**Siamese painted ivory set** was given to King Louis XIV of France in 1686. This is the king.



**Old Japanese ivory chess set.** All of the pieces are mice. Above: queen, a pawn.



**Old Chinese ivory chess set** belonged to Emperor Tao-Kwang. This is king, 12½ in. high.



**French chess set**, carved in 1750, is made of polychrome ivory. The two kings (fifth and seventh from the left) represent Louis XI and

Charles the Bold. Other figures represent their respective armies. Little figures are pawns; the big figures are castle, queens, knight.



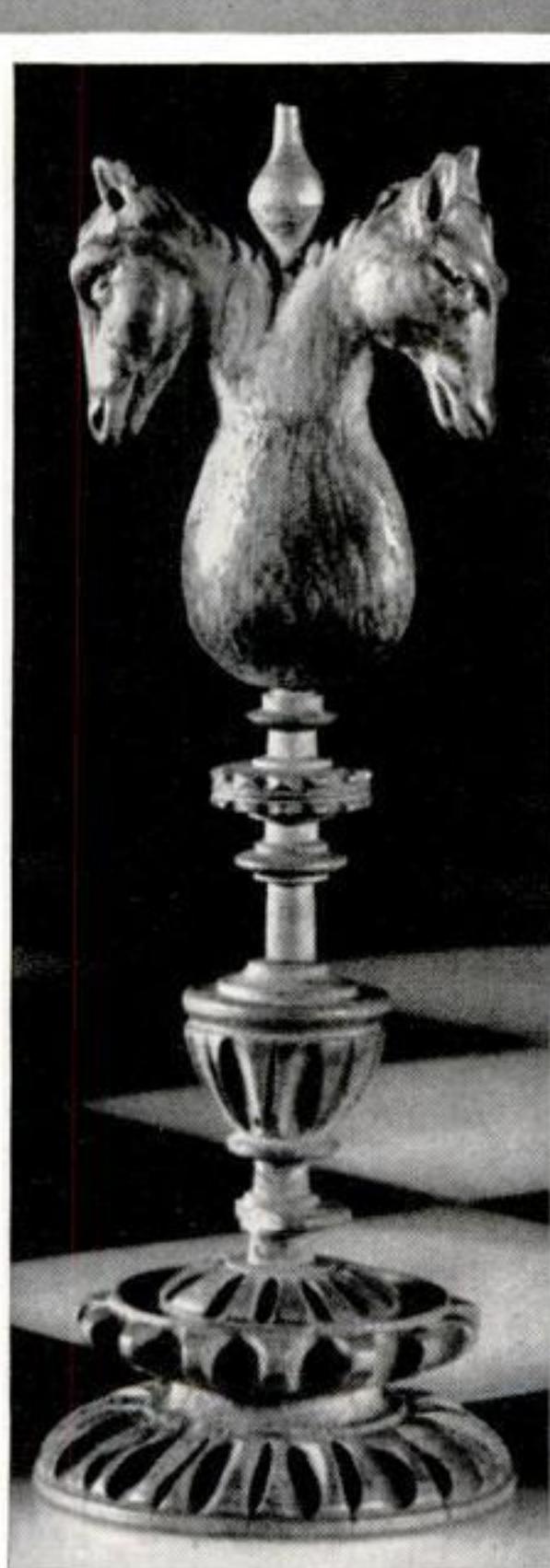
**A modern American chess set**, made in ceramics by Peter Ganine, is simple and dramatic. Each figure



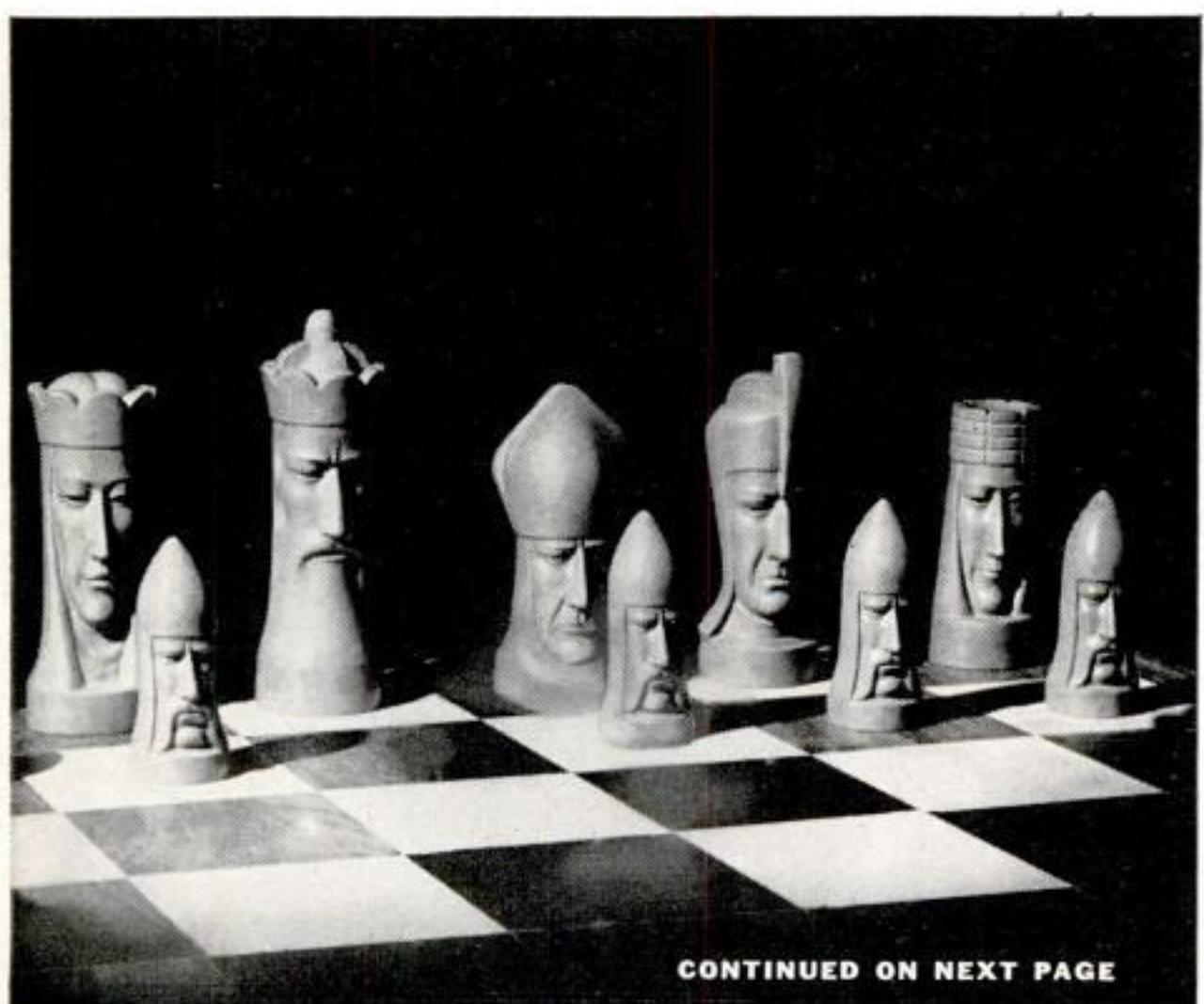
At New York's Marshall Chess Club, where many sets are exhibited, Frank Marshall (right) plays with Member Clarence Hewlett. For more on Marshall, turn page.



Indian ivory chess set (1800) is ornate but beautiful. This piece is the king.



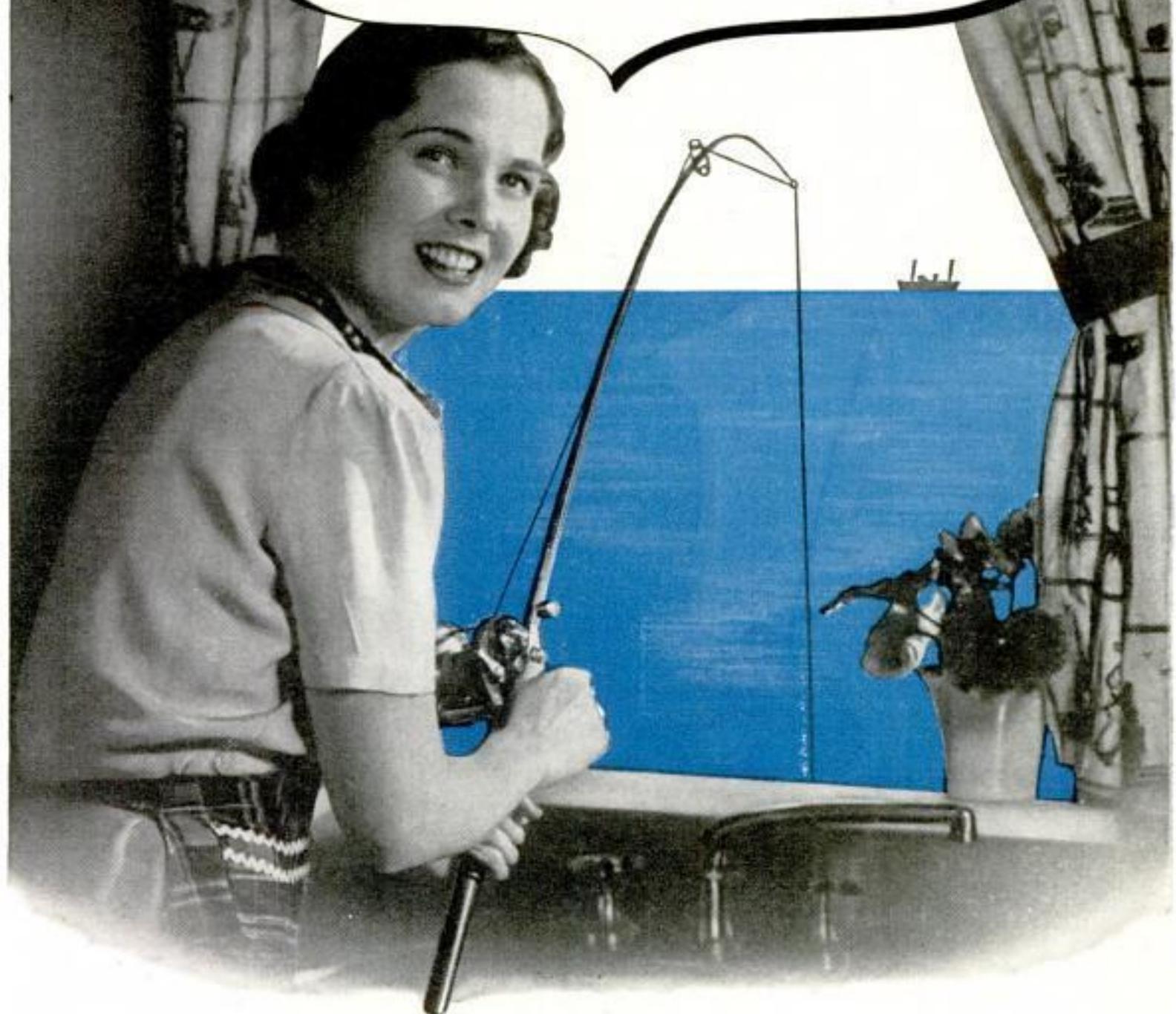
German set copies illustration in book by Selenus. This is a knight.



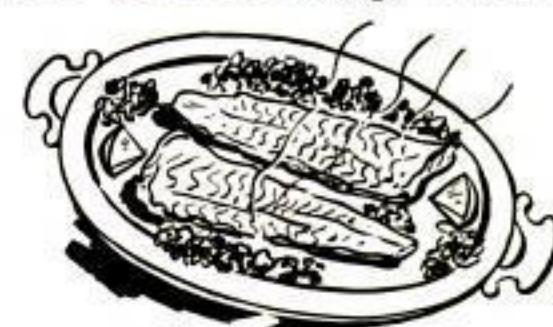
CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

is easily distinguishable from the others. Ganine planned to reproduce the set, for popular sale, in bakelite, but the war prevented it. This set is worth \$200.

## WATCH ME CATCH A HADDOCK FOR DINNER



You don't have to live on the ocean to serve seafood with that real smack-out-of-the-ocean tang. Thanks to 40-Fathom and quick-freezing, your own market\* now gets plump, meaty haddock . . . delicate sole . . . sweet ocean perch . . . and other favorite seafoods as fine and tasty as the day landed.



Quick way to man's heart: Unwrap 40-Fathom Haddock Fillets. Roll in seasoned flour. Fry 10 to 15 minutes in heavy skillet using small amount of fat. Turn to brown both sides. Serve piping hot with lemon and parsley (or tartar sauce) and sliced cucumbers (or grilled tomatoes).

Their *fresh-caught flavor* will make your fish dinner as good as anything the best seaside restaurant can offer. Don't put off enjoying this ocean treat. Go fishing now where you see the 40-Fathom trade-mark.

### DO YOU KNOW —



Powerful diesel trawlers have replaced the fishing schooners of yesterday. Speeding back and forth from the fishing banks, the big 40-Fathom fleet keeps a continuous flow of fresh fish coming into its Boston plants.



Fillets (pronounced fill'-etts) are solid, boned cuts of meat from the top sides of the fish (any variety). 40-Fathom Fillets, wrapped in sparless cellophane or parchment, are ready to cook. Look for trade-mark.



Ocean fish is a rich source of vitamins, protein and body-needed minerals lacking in fresh water varieties—calcium and phosphorus for healthy bones and teeth—iodine that prevents goitre. Fish is quickly, easily digested.



\*If your dealer is not yet stocking 40-Fathom Fish, he can quickly get it for you. And it's worth getting! If it's 40-Fathom, it's the pick of the catch. Look for the big "40" on the wrapper.

40-FATHOM FISH, INC., BOSTON

**FRESH CAUGHT FLAVOR**

(continued)

## MARSHALL IS GREAT CHESS TEACHER

Frank Marshall is one of America's greatest chess players and teachers. Born 63 years ago in New York, he learned chess at 10, has played at least one game every day since then. In the last 40 years he has competed in some 300 major tournaments. Seven times he has won international tournaments without losing a game. From 1909 to 1936, he was national champion and in 1937 he retired undefeated.

Today Marshall is instructor at New York's Marshall Chess Club, named in his honor. He is a preoccupied old gentleman who looks like a Shakespearean actor, smokes strong cigars incessantly and takes a chessboard to bed with him so he can record any plays he may think up. He is fond of telling stories. His best one is about the time he played chess with an inmate of an insane asylum. After the game, the inmate wanted to do something noble, so he wrote Marshall a check for \$1,000,000.

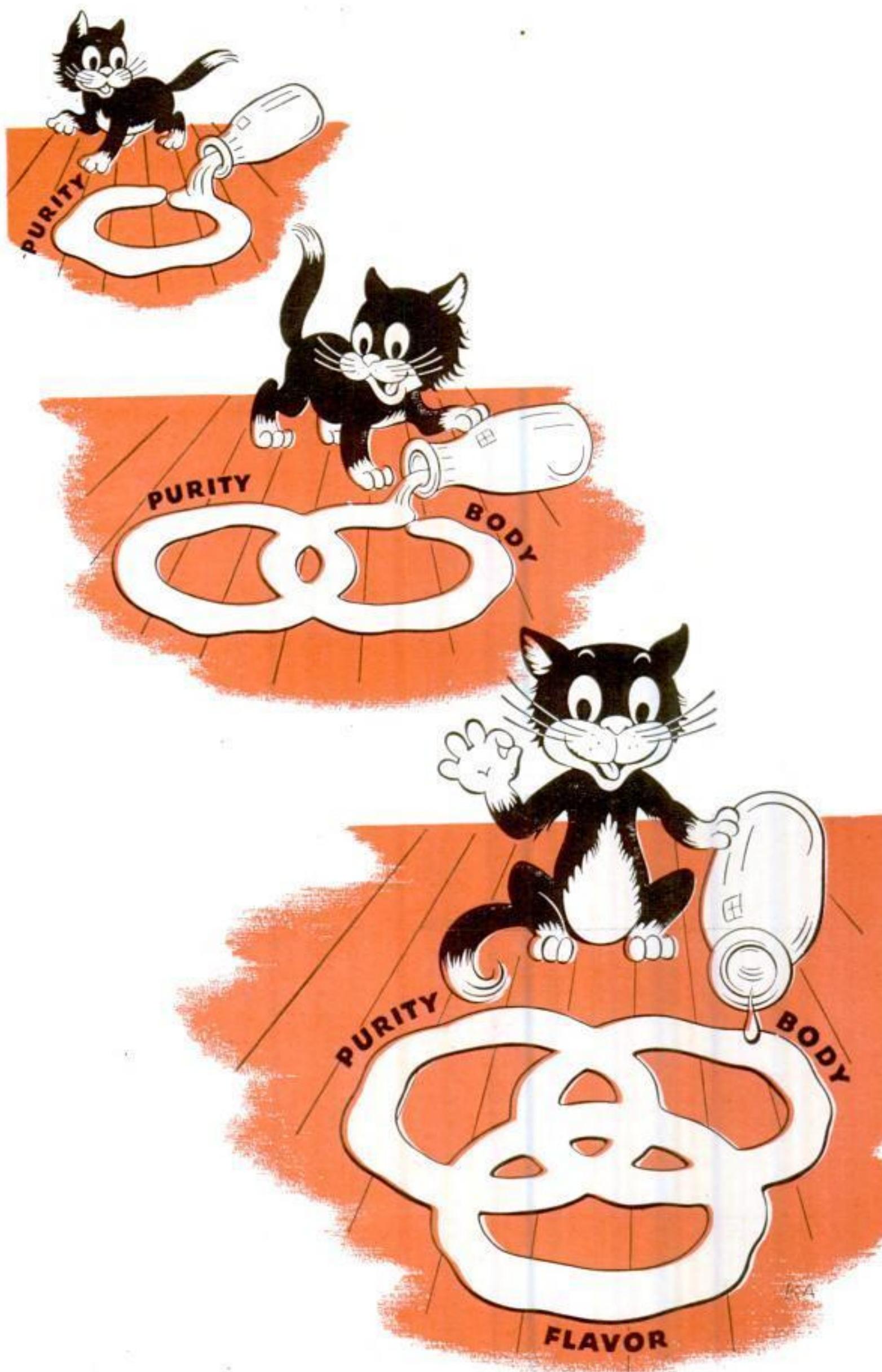
The game shown in sequence on these pages, called the scholar's mate, is one Marshall likes to show to beginners. He says that every player has made the mistake shown in the game at least once. On pages 52 and 53 is the shortest international game Marshall ever played—against M. Tschigorin in the Casino at Monte Carlo in 1902. By one of his famous "swindles," Marshall, at 25, made the great Russian champion resign in eight moves.



Of the scholar's mate, Marshall says: "White opens with pawn to king 4, and black does the same thing. This is almost a standard opening used by all good players."



"White plays queen, most powerful piece on board, all the way to rook 5. To defend his king's pawn, black quickly moves his knight up front to queen's bishop 3."



MANY A MAN DATES HIS PARTIALITY to ale from the day he first tasted Ballantine's. This, you know, is the light, creamy ale brewed to the American taste.

Test it as Peter Ballantine did in 1840. He took one drink to judge the PURITY of his ale...a second for BODY...a third for FLAVOR. The 3 moisture rings left by his glass, as he made the tests, became his famous trademark.

*More people get more enjoyment from Ballantine's Ale than from any other... Try it yourself.*

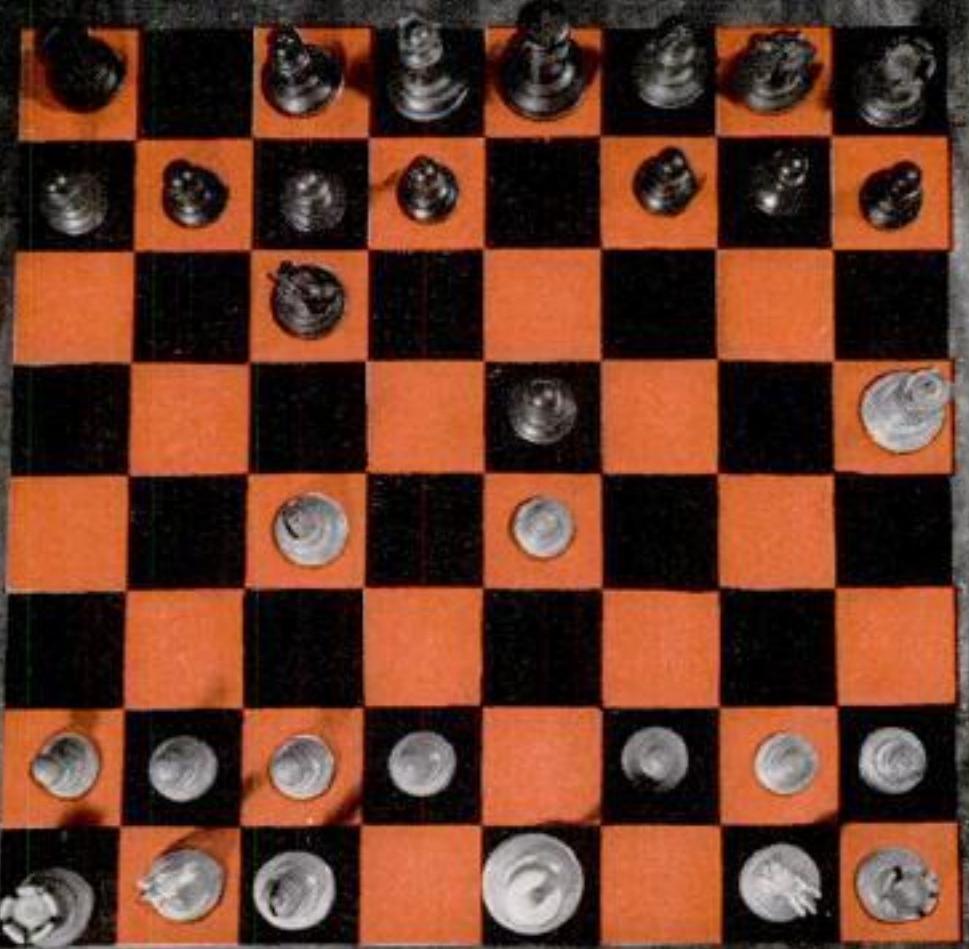
AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING ALE

**BALLANTINE'S ALE**

Order the  
"Handy" way

3 RINGS.  
GET IT?

Copr., 1940, P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.



"White plays king's bishop to queen's bishop 4. King's bishop came out on the board diagonally and stopped on the fourth square in front of the queen's bishop."



"Black plays knight to king's bishop 3, totally overlooking the checkmate that is possible on his king. He should have quickly moved pawn to king's knight 3."



"White queen moves diagonally across the board, promptly takes bishop's pawn, checkmates the king. In this position the king cannot move. The game is over."

**WHAT CAN I COOK WITHOUT MUCH FUSS?**

**SPAM BAKE WOULD TICKLE ALL OF US!**

**BAKED SPAM** — Score Spam and stud with whole cloves. Spread with dressing of  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon water. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 30 minutes. Baste once after 15 minutes. An easy way to have a superb dinner!

**HOT SPAMWICH** — Place two thin Spam slices on toast. Top with sliced cheese, tomato, Bermuda onion or pickle. Heat in oven until cheese melts.

**SPAM & EGGS** — Cut Spam in slices a fourth of an inch thick. Brown quickly in hot frying pan. Arrange Spam around fried eggs as shown. Perfect for Sunday breakfast.

**LOOK** at all the fun you can have with SPAM, the Hormel meat of many uses. You can serve it cold. You can serve it hot. You can slice it, dice it, bake it, fry it. You can enjoy it for breakfast, lunch, supper or dinner. You can make it into delightful sandwiches and canapes. SPAM is made of pure pork shoulder meat with ham meat added . . . comes only in handy 12-ounce cans that need no refrigeration. Let your next word to the grocer be SPAM!

**Free!** New recipe book containing nearly 50 suggestions for serving SPAM. Write for your free copy today. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Dept. U01, Austin, Minn. (Marbles, Jones & Co., Ltd., agents for the U. K.)

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**SPAM HITS THE SPOT!**

**SPAM**  
PORK SHOULDER MEAT  
with HAM MEAT ADDED  
NET WEIGHT INCLUDING JUICES 12 OZ.  
1959  
Good Housekeeping Bureau  
COLUMBIA RECORDS

LISTEN! "It Happened in Hollywood." Each afternoon Mon. thru Fri. Columbia Network

# IS THIS A CITY SLICKER TRICK? —ASKED GRANDPA



*"... You mean to tell me you bought this chili sauce at a store?"*

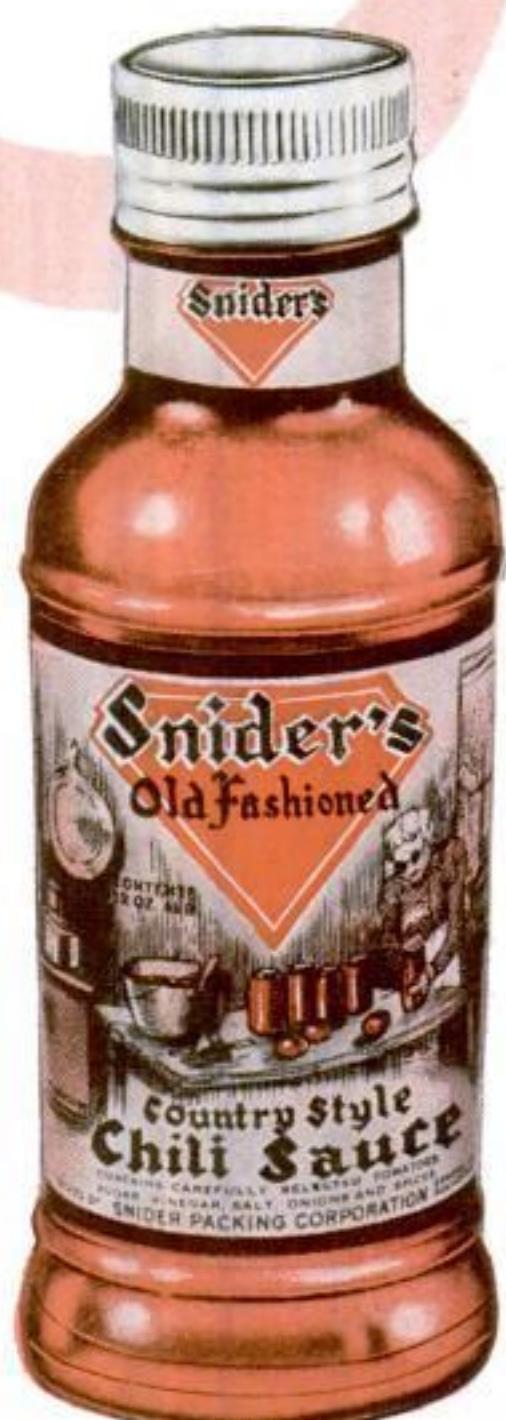
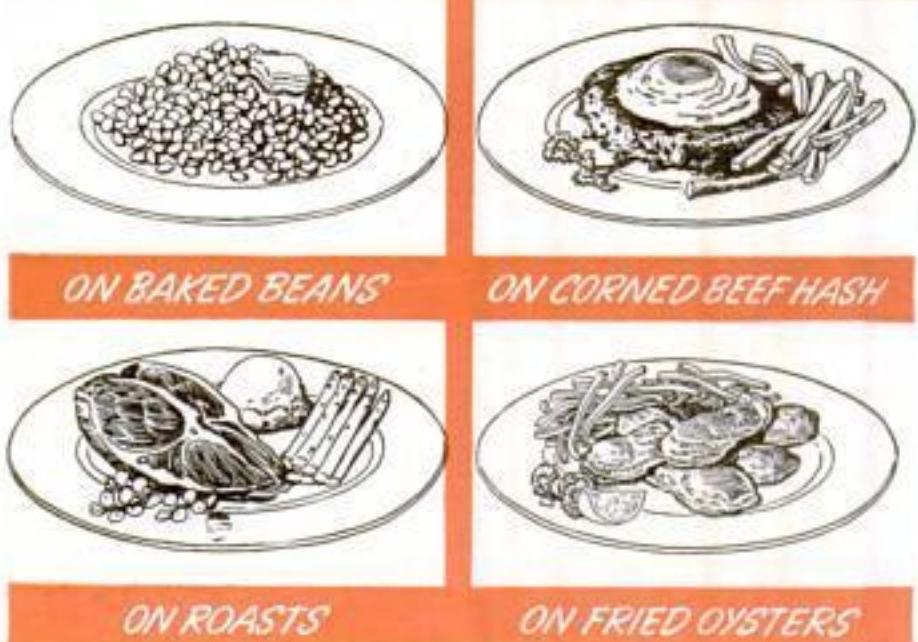
For 50 years Grandpa, who comes from the country, has been saying that chili sauce must be homemade to be worth eating . . . Now he's just tasted a chili sauce that has the real old-fashioned flavor . . . yet his granddaughter swears it came from a bottle labeled "Snider's Old Fashioned Chili Sauce."

Yes, Snider's Old Fashioned Chili Sauce will prove a grand surprise to city folks as well as country folks. It's so full of ripe tomato flavor . . . unclouded by overspicing. Perhaps you're not interested in all the "dos and don'ts" we have to observe in handling and cooking the tomatoes . . . but you will be interested in the flavor we achieve.

Because of the home-cooked character of Snider's Old Fashioned Chili Sauce, only a limited quantity can be put up in a season. Ask your grocer today for your bottle of Snider's Old Fashioned Chili Sauce. Snider Packing Corporation, Rochester, N. Y.

# Snider's OLD FASHIONED CHILI SAUCE

USE IT AS A CHANGE FROM  
**CATSUP-**



Other Snider Garden and Orchard Products: SNIDER'S CATSUP—SNIDER'S TOMATO JUICE—SNIDER'S COCKTAIL SAUCE—SNIDER'S VEGETABLES AND FRUITS (in glass or tins).

(continued)

This is the famous game Marshall played



Marshall describes the game like this: "I was scared stiff. Tschigorin was the great Russian champion. Nobody expected me to win. I was playing the white, therefore had first move. I moved my pawn to queen 4. Tschigorin replied with same move."



"I now offered the queen's gambit pawn. That is, I moved my pawn to my queen's bishop 4. Tschigorin moved his knight to queen's bishop 3. He was fond of avoiding beaten track by just such moves as this. His style was of the attacking order."



"I played my knight to queen's bishop 3. He played pawn takes pawn. This was a bad move. Perhaps pawn to king 4 would have given him some counterattack. Below: I carefully played pawn to queen 5. Tschigorin moved knight over to rook 4."



with Tschigorin at Monte Carlo in 1902



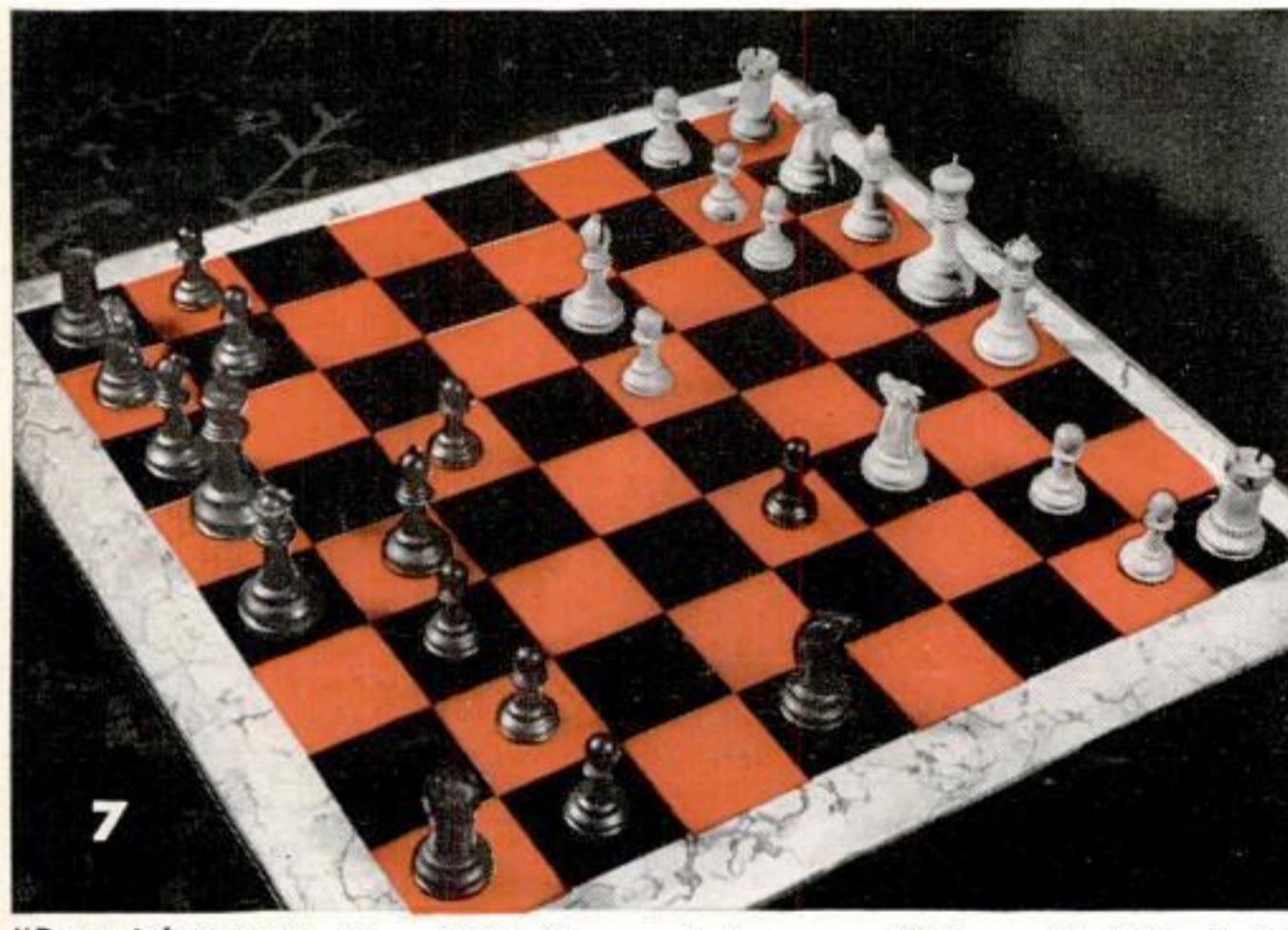
5

"I moved my bishop to king's bishop 4. He replied with bishop to queen 2, where his pawn was at beginning of game. By now, I am in the better position. If I could take an important piece, without giving compensation, he would have to resign."



6

"To open my game, I now played my pawn to king 4, thus freeing my king's bishop. Tschigorin went pawn to king 3. He should have played pawn to king's knight 3. He was beginning to leave his knight too unprotected. He seemed overconfident."



7

"Pawn takes pawn. He replied with pawn takes pawn. This was fatal. He should have used bishop to take pawn. Below: I have him beaten. My queen moves to rook 5, checks, winning knight across board. He was a piece behind, so he resigned."



8

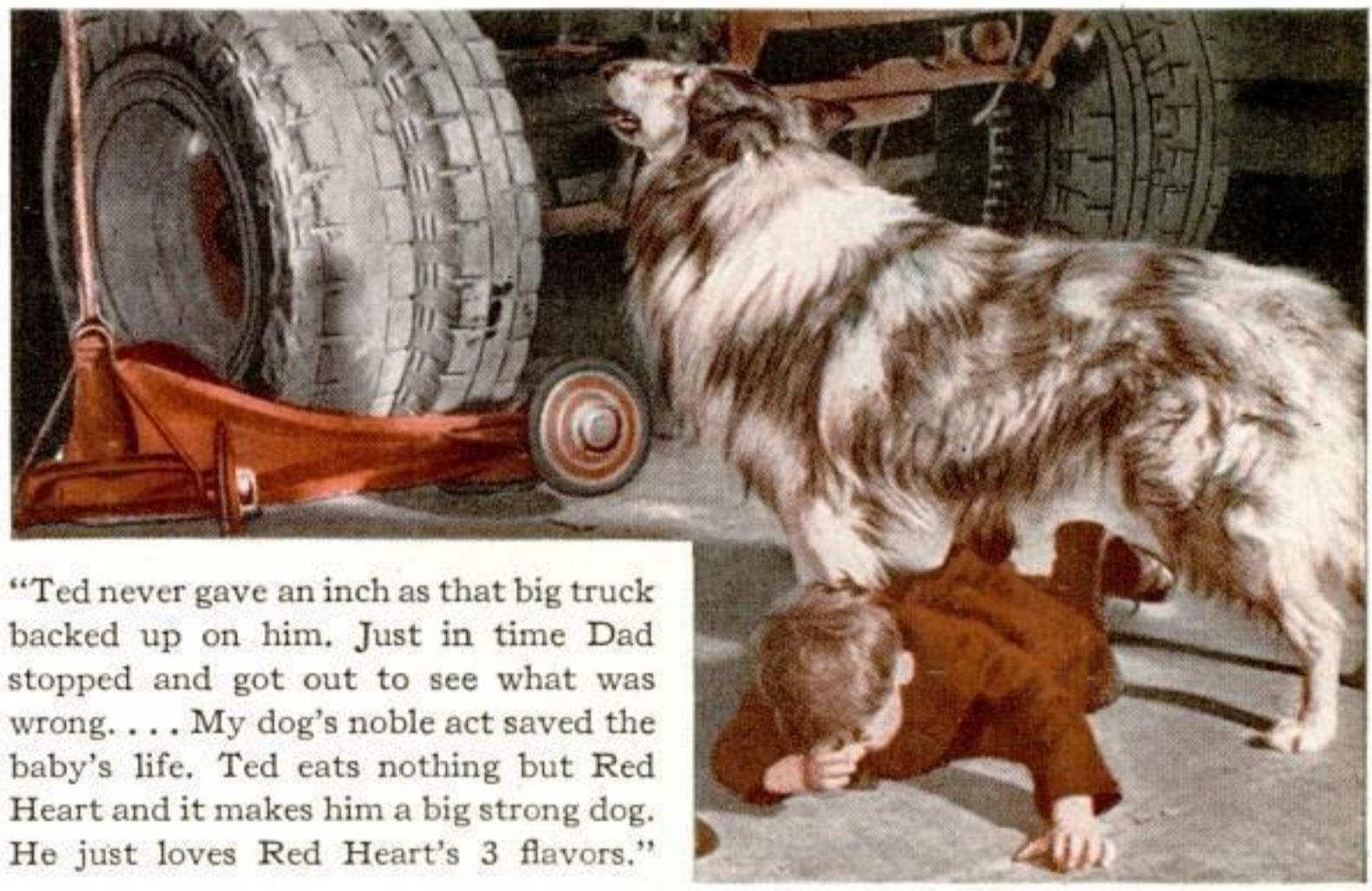
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## TED'S BARK SAVED BABY'S LIFE!



"Gee! I was scared when I looked out the window," writes eleven-year-old Patsy Walker of Mondovi, Wisconsin. "There was little David lying helpless in the

driveway and Dad's big truck was backing up on him. Then like a flash my big collie Ted rushed up. He stood right over David and barked frantically."



"Ted never gave an inch as that big truck backed up on him. Just in time Dad stopped and got out to see what was wrong.... My dog's noble act saved the baby's life. Ted eats nothing but Red Heart and it makes him a big strong dog. He just loves Red Heart's 3 flavors."

### No Wonder Red Heart Dog Food OUTSELLS Any Other\*

● Many thousands of letters like this prove that both big and little dogs thrive on Red Heart's quality and tempting taste variety. Made in federally inspected plants, of clean, wholesome meat and meat by-products, vegetable and bone meals, cereals, cod-liver oil, and Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Irradiated Yeast.

Laboratory-tested and kennel-proved. Feed Red Heart's 3 tasty flavors—beef, fish, and cheese—in rotation.

Red Heart Dog Biscuits, heart-shaped or kibbled, provide solid nourishment and important gnawing exercise for your dog. 3 flavors in each package.

\*According to independent nationwide surveys.

Tune in Bob Becker, NBC Red Network, Sundays, 5:15 P.M., E.S.T.

**FREE! "LOST AND FOUND" DOG LOCKET**

Limited Offer! Inside this Red Heart dog locket is space for your name, address, phone, dog's name, etc. And with this locket get the Official Obedience Rules taught to dogs at famous Von Motzeck Training Kennels, Chicago. Just send 3 Red Heart labels —Diets A, B, and C—to John Morrell & Co., Dept. 41, Ottumwa, Iowa.

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DIET B—FISH  
DIET C—CHEESE

**RED HEART**  
THE  
3-FLAVOR  
DOG FOOD  
FEED IN  
ROTATION

(continued)

## YALE CHESS TEAM WINS BELDEN-STEVENS TROPHY FROM HARVARD, PRINCETON, DARTMOUTH

All the world is divided into two parts—those who play chess and those who do not. Among those who play, there exists a spiritual brotherhood. National, religious, racial boundaries mean nothing. A farmer, sitting on the back porch of his farm in Iowa, will carry on a game by letter with a doctor in France. The captain of a ship at sea will challenge another ship's captain to a game by wireless. To those who play, there is no game so fascinating, nothing in life so important as a well-planned checkmate.

The kids on this page are fledglings in this chess brotherhood. They are college boys from Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Dartmouth, playing a fortnight ago for the Belden-Stevens trophy, emblematic only of the chess championship of those four colleges. But the boys take themselves as seriously as if they were playing an international match. Before the tournament, Harvard had been the favorite. It had won four years in a row, needed to win once more to retire the trophy. But this year Yale was too strong. In twelve matches, it won nine, beat Harvard.

The tournament was first played in 1892, to encourage college men to play chess. Columbia was entered instead of Dartmouth. But in the years that followed, Columbia was too good, won ten straight times, was eventually thrown out. Since 1930, Dartmouth, not so dangerous a contender, has been the fourth college.



George Watts of Harvard (left) watches happily as his opponent, Robert Dickson of Dartmouth, squirms. Dickson is a bishop down and his knight is threatened.



At opening matches, in the Marshall Chess Club, Harvard (far left), played Yale, while Princeton (far right), played Dartmouth. Left foreground: Frank Marshall.



Tennis

DON BUDGE—leading tennis player in the world. "I've found Bromo-Seltzer invaluable," he says.



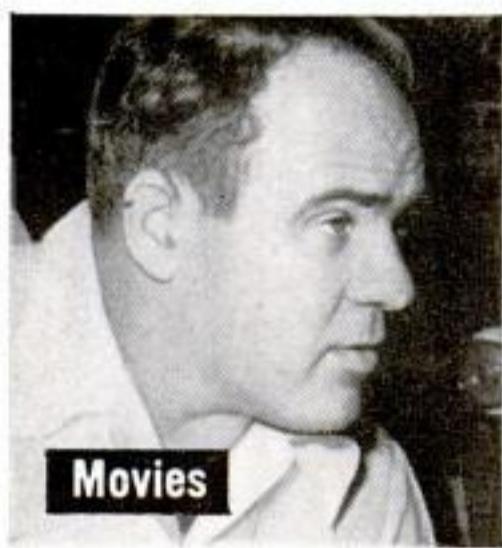
Fiction

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER often writes a million words a year—says, "For headache, I take Bromo-Seltzer."



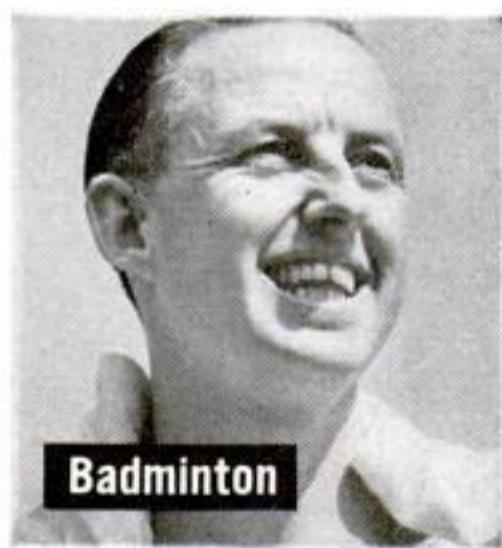
Golf

SAM SNEAD—greatest money-winner of the golfing pros in 1938—has taken Bromo-Seltzer for years.



Movies

HAL ROACH—Hollywood producer-director—works tirelessly—eases headaches with Bromo-Seltzer.



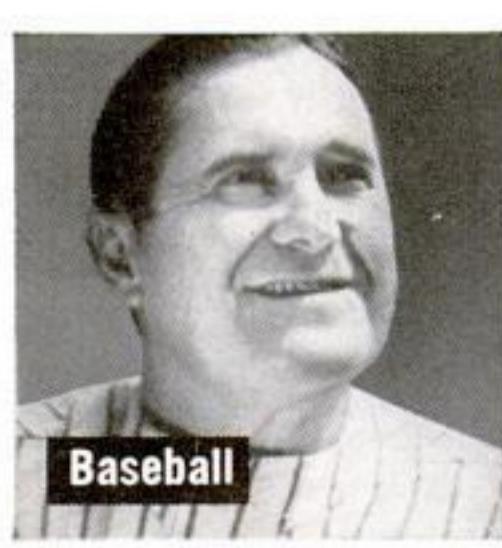
Badminton

JACK PURCELL—World's Badminton Champion for 7 years—prefers Bromo-Seltzer for headache.



Auto Racing

CAPT. E. G. T. EYSTON—held World's Auto Speed Record till 1939. "I find Bromo-Seltzer excellent."



Baseball

JOE McCARTHY, of the N.Y. Yankees, piloted team to 4 World Series titles in a row! "For years I've taken Bromo-Seltzer," he says.

## WHAT THE HEADLINERS DO FOR HEADACHE!

Successful folks take Bromo-Seltzer. It does more than a simple pain reliever

All these people—and millions of others—take Bromo-Seltzer for ordinary headache.

If you get headaches all the time or if they're long drawn out, you should see your doctor. Fortunately, however, the headaches most people get are not serious.

The following are common ones: NERVOUS—caused by fatigue, worry, etc.; DIGESTIVE or MORNING-AFTER—caused by too much to eat or drink, etc. For such headaches, Bromo-Seltzer does more than simple pain relievers:

- 1 RELIEVES PAIN—gently eases the throb or "ache" in your head.
- 2 CALMS NERVES—relaxes nervous tension, leaves you steadier.
- 3 SETTLES UPSET STOMACH—relieves nausea, helps ease that sick feeling.

Next time you have a headache, take Bromo-Seltzer. Follow directions on label. At all drugstores—soda fountains. Keep it at home, too.

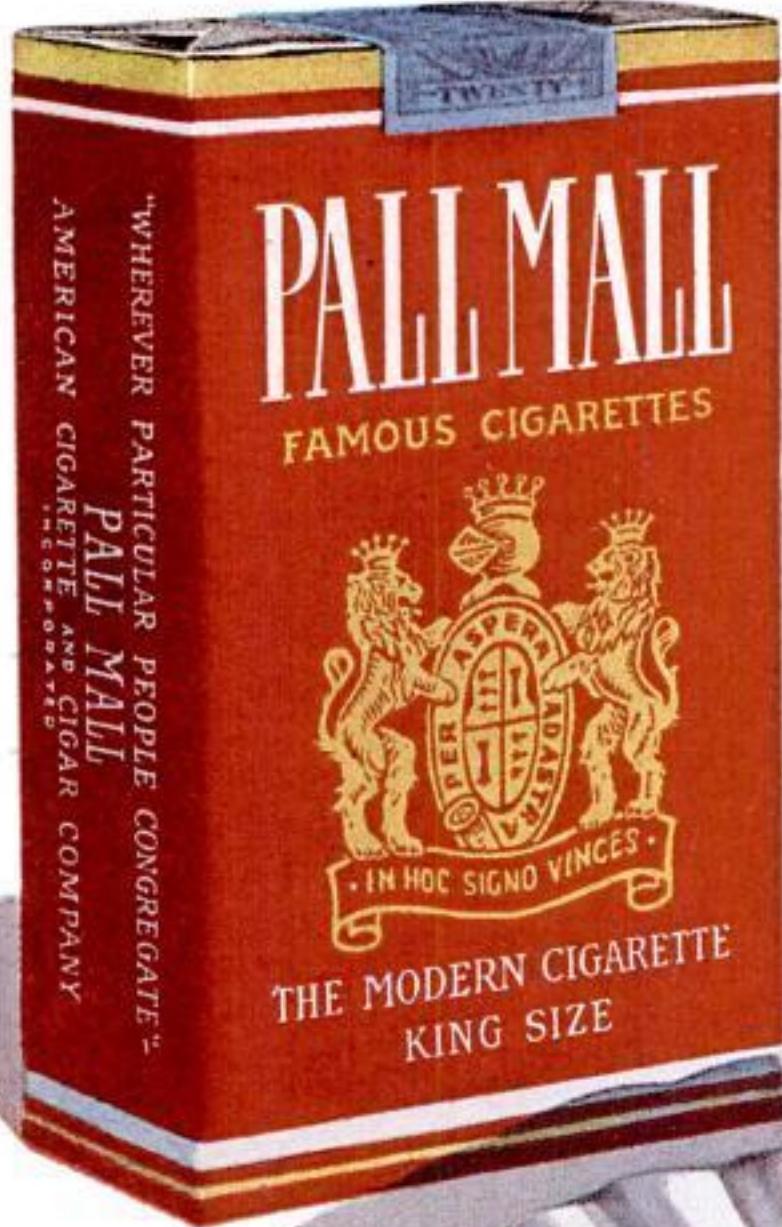
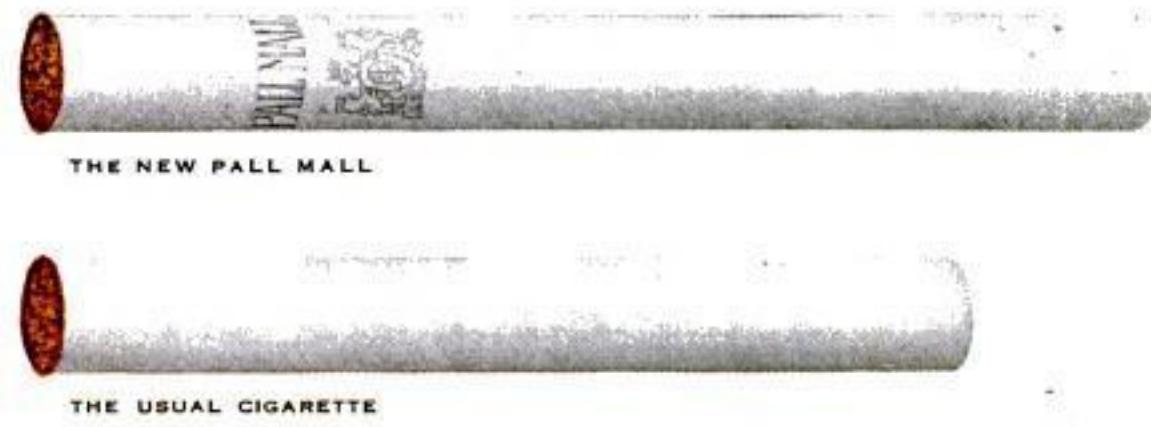


JOSÉ ITURBI—equally distinguished as pianist and conductor—says: "I always take Bromo-Seltzer for headache."



Liked more because it does more for headache **BROMO-SELTZER**

*This new longer cigarette  
brings you two advantages*



*T*HE GREATER LENGTH of the new Pall Mall lends added distinction to this traditionally fine cigarette.

But an even more important advantage is the way the added length travels the smoke further, thus enhancing the rich flavor of the superb Pall Mall tobaccos, and giving you a noticeably cooler and smoother cigarette. The price remains but 15¢ for twenty.

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

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*"Doubt thou the stars are fire  
Doubt that the sun doth move  
Doubt truth to be a liar  
But never doubt I love."*

— SHAKESPEARE

No LONGER does the average young man write songs for his beloved. But somewhere, deep within him, he cherishes the same awe and glad astonishment that have produced the loveliest poetry. . . . He doubts not that since time began it has been intended that one day he should meet this fairest girl — that she was made for him. . . . That is why he celebrates his engagement with a diamond ring. Because eons ago, when idea of their meeting took shape, Nature began forming in the depths of the earth the diamond destined through all recorded time to mark their meeting day. As it differs from every other diamond, he must seek it with attention. Let him go to a reliable jeweler . . . recognize it by its pure light and color, its exquisite cut, the size that expresses best his taste and prospects. If necessary, he may be assisted in its purchase by having payments extended over a period of months. For it is essential that he secure *his* diamond — the one created to shine eternally with his own happiness and loving pride.

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One-half carat, \$100 to \$200 One carat, \$325 to \$600

Two carats (Square-cut) (Brilliant) \$900 to \$1750

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*Size alone does not determine diamond value. Purity, color and excellence  
of cutting affect the prices of diamonds, regardless of weight.  
These prices do not include mounting.*

# Life's Photo Reporter in Finland covers

## WAR IN WINTER



Russian supply train, extending along the right-hand side of the road, was hit so suddenly by the Finns that the Russians had no time to turn their trucks. They jumped out

and died in the ditch or the woods. The trucks are old four-cylinder Russian-made Fords with hinged sides. The tires, fitted with chains on the rear wheels, were of poor quality.



For the first time LIFE presents a complete picture-and-word story by its crack action photographer, Carl Mydans. His subject is Finland's present fight against Russia. Behind a granite boulder on the northern front he appears above. Now 32, he has notably photographed for LIFE submarines, the State of Texas, Wright Field. He went to Boston University, took up photography as a newspaper reporter and has been specifically trained by LIFE to be that new sort of journalist—the photo reporter. For his picture story of sand hogs digging a new tunnel under New York's East River (LIFE, April 3), Mydans was awarded this year's Grand Prize by U. S. Camera.

by Carl Mydans

Rovaniemi, Finland (by cable)

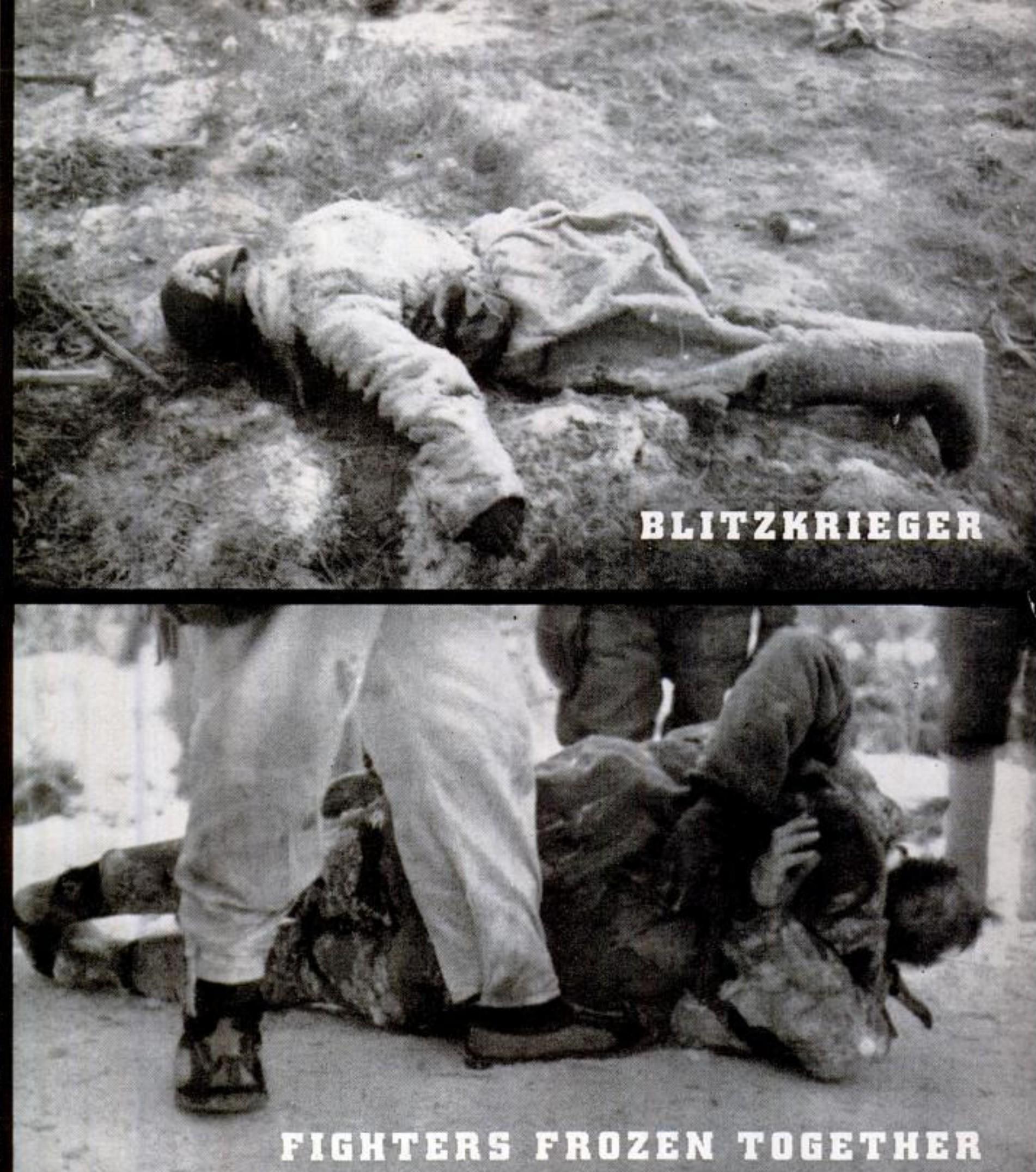
In the early morning Arctic darkness of Dec. 18, Russians crossed a northern section of the Kemi River. To get there they had come west along an icy road cut through the deep Finnish forest of fir and spruce. First came the tanks, next the supply column of the Russian Ford trucks and horse-drawn sleighs, and then the cavalry. Behind this came the infantry. They were now in vital Finnish territory.

Suddenly out of the blackness they were hit with terrific force by the Finns, backed across the river and into the bottleneck road in the woods. Simultaneously a Finnish column came through the woods on the Russians' right and cut the supply column from the infantry. For two days and two nights in 22° below zero weather, the great battle of the Arctic raged. When it was over two to three thousand Russians and hundreds of horses were slain.

On the second day of the struggle I reached the field dressing station at the battle's edge. It was in an old schoolhouse. Outside stood the camouflaged whitewashed cars, ambulances and sleighs. Inside the brightly lighted building all was activity. An officer led me into the operating room. On stretchers lay four Russians. One held his side and screamed with pain as a doctor and nurse worked to remove a bullet from his back. Another, a captain, had been machine-gunned through the chest, arm, groin, leg and head. One nurse was hastily cutting off a section of hair and scalp to get at the bullet. A doctor cut away both ends of a wound with scissors while a soldier's face shook with pain and fear. Still another hit in the back had his left leg shattered and his right



RED DEAD

BLITZKRIEGER  
FIGHTERS FROZEN TOGETHER

leg frozen from toes to hip. So tense was the moment that none appeared to notice my flash pictures. Outside, standing, sitting, lying, were Finnish soldiers less seriously wounded than the Russians, who must wait their first aid until the Russians had been cared for. As I left the operating room I stepped over a stretcher which, empty as I entered, was filled now with a white sheet-covered body. "Finn," said a doctor, as he read my thoughts. "He lay in the woods all night wounded and he couldn't quite make it."

When daylight came we started for the battle scene. The low temperature at the battle's end had frozen expressions, legs, arms, as the camera shutter would freeze action. We drove through the village and on either side of the road Russian bodies began to appear, first one here and one there. As we neared the Kemi River the number increased. Russian Ford trucks stood about, their windshields, radiators, bodies bullet-shattered. Bloodstained seats showed what had happened to the drivers. But back on the narrow icy road and in the woods was a sight the most hardened war reporters here call the most horrible they have ever seen. Trucks and supply sleighs stood jamming the road. All faced Finland. Here and there they had gone into the ditch on either side, thrown or driven there by necessity. Dead Russians lay about like fallen leaves. With them were their horses, and a shattered truck loaded with coarse black bread, a big pile of old leather shoes, heaps of bologna tied in strings and hauled like rope, helmets, gasmasks, packages of rice, of red powder for making soup, cases of canned tunafish, cotton sacks of tobacco, machine-gun clips, rifles, shells, ammunition sleighs, harness, arms and legs, pink blood on the snow. Here and there was loot taken by the Russians as they had passed westward through the villages—a sewing machine of ancient vintage, ladies' high-heeled shoes, a butter churn, a girl's hat in the woods. I found a Russian with a child's doll.

On the road a Finnish soldier picked up a wooden box before me. He cut a canvas strap. Out fell ladies' panties, silk stockings, letters, two silver teapots. He examined the loot and the letters and then talked excitedly to my officer guide. "The soldier," said the officer, "says that this loot belongs to a girl in a village five miles from here. He says he knows the girl well. Her brother was killed here in the battle last night."

In the woods the sight was more appalling. The Russians had dug into the frozen ground with sharp short-handled spades and picks. Each hole was for several men and about two feet deep. The bottom was lined with blankets and furs. In and about them lay the dead and their horses. All was evidence of a fierce and desperate last stand of those surrounded. Those who did not die from their wounds did so from the cold. Tanks, trucks, machine guns, anti-tank guns, ammunition fell to the Finns. But more than that came valuable knowledge of the Russian fighting machine.

The Finns are great soldiers and probably superior to any in the Arctic. They travel light, work on skis, outmaneuver the Russians, and are fighting for their own country. The daily prayer of Finland is for snow and more cold. This will stop the Russians in the north, and when the spring thaw comes they will be unable to move in with their tanks and big guns.

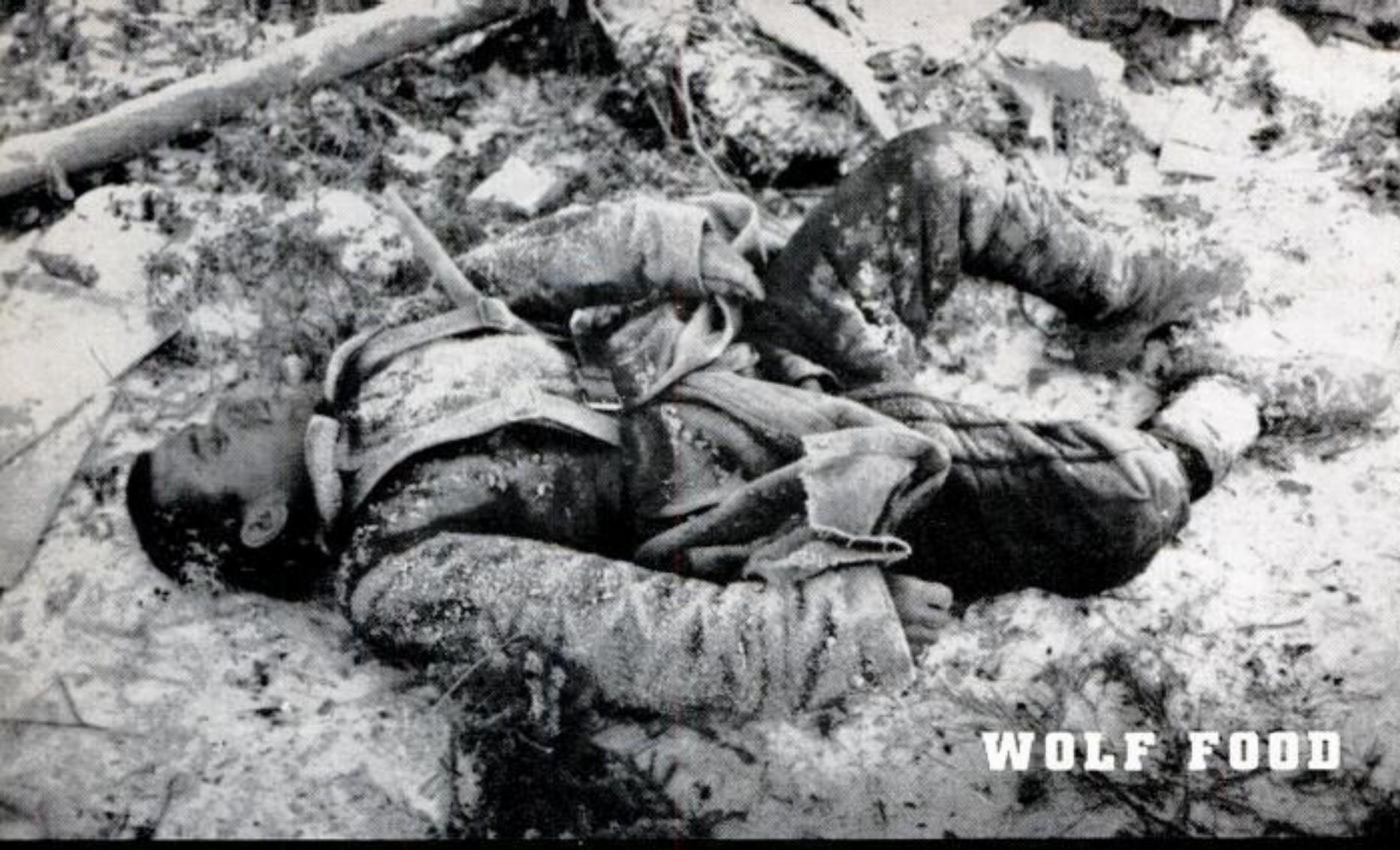
But the hardship in this country is not only on the soldier. It is on the journalists and especially the photographers covering this phase of the Russo-Finnish war. I have never worked under greater hardship than when shooting the Kemi River battlefield. I carried two Contax cameras inside my sheepskin coat to prevent them from freezing. I would make a picture quickly with one, return it to its warmth and use the second camera for the next shot. It was necessary to work barehanded during the exposure and this was long enough to get nipped

fingers. Pictures lay at every glance, but never have I suffered more in getting them. Changing film became a major task and instantaneous synchronization with a flash was impossible because of the slowing of the shutter. Daylight came at 11 a.m. and was gone before 2 p.m. and at best it was bad. The Arctic winter is neither a place to fight nor to make pictures.

The northern front is a surprise. There is no line, no breastworks. The front runs through the forest and can be seen only in patches among the trees, with holes chipped in the frozen ground and covered with green timber, frozen clods and snow. A low tent shows here and there. It is set on a piece of ground that has been excavated about a foot, and its outside base is piled with moss, frozen dirt and snow. To enter you crawl on hands and knees. Inside there is a small wood stove and a lantern. Blankets and straw cover the ground and there is a damp warmth in the air. The tent is used only for warmth and rest. The other needs of these soldiers of the north must be accomplished in more than 20° below.

Patrols of six to 200 men are constantly working in the woods and continually meeting with Russian patrols. Their record in these encounters is extremely favorable. This is due among other things to the fact that the Finns are dressed in snow white, travel on skis and carry light arms such as submachine guns and German Luger automatic pistols and can move so much faster than the Russians that the invaders are surrounded before they know what is happening. The rest of the Finnish winter war dress consists of Finnish shoes of either leather or felt, with the typical turned-up toes so necessary to their type of ski harness, heavy pants, sheepskin coats and fur hats. All are trained marksmen and each has made it his duty to master the compass and to know how to set a course through the woods.

The Russians wear a kind of soleless, heelless, brick-hard felt boot of knee height. Their uniform,



**WOLF FOOD**



**KISS FOR FINLAND**



**END OF THE ROAD**

pants and short coat, is the cotton-padded type similar to that used by the Japanese Army on their northern front. Their greatcoat is similar in cut and material to that of the U. S. Army. They wear knitted helmets under their service caps of wool. Their steel helmets were of little use in this cold country and although the ground was littered with them, I found few wearing them.

The deadliest weapon in hand-to-hand fighting is the Finnish sheath knife which virtually every Finn wears, man or woman, soldier or civilian. So common are they here that even the correspondents have taken to wearing them.

It is an interesting point that the Finnish people express their anger against Russia through Molotov and not Stalin. When the Russian bombers come overhead, a Finn will raise his fist towards it and growl "Molotov." Blackout curtains are called "Molotov curtains." In a town where I have spent considerable time and where there are several army hospital units, warning of Russian bombers will send wounded soldiers into raid shelters. These are unheated and are no little hardship on the wounded. Here again Molotov gets the abuse.

The Russian prisoners I have talked with come mostly from the Polish front. Many of them, captured on the north Finnish front, thought they were fighting on the southern front. One man told me he was 42, came from Leningrad, where he had left a wife, three sons, a daughter and a job as a street-car conductor to fight against the oppression of the Finns. Most prisoners are genial and eager to talk. I found none who was a member of the Communist Party.

In the north the most dramatic figure is General Martti Wallenius. He is an extreme strong-man type who travels among his men in the worst danger zones and wears army officer fur coat open at chest when soldiers have ears and chest covered in sub-zero weather. This week Wallenius took me personally to



**Badly wounded Russian** gets first attention from Finnish field hospital nurse while less seriously wounded Finns wait.

All night the survivors of the Kemi River massacre were brought in. Crack Russian troops had fought to the death.

## WAR IN WINTER (continued)

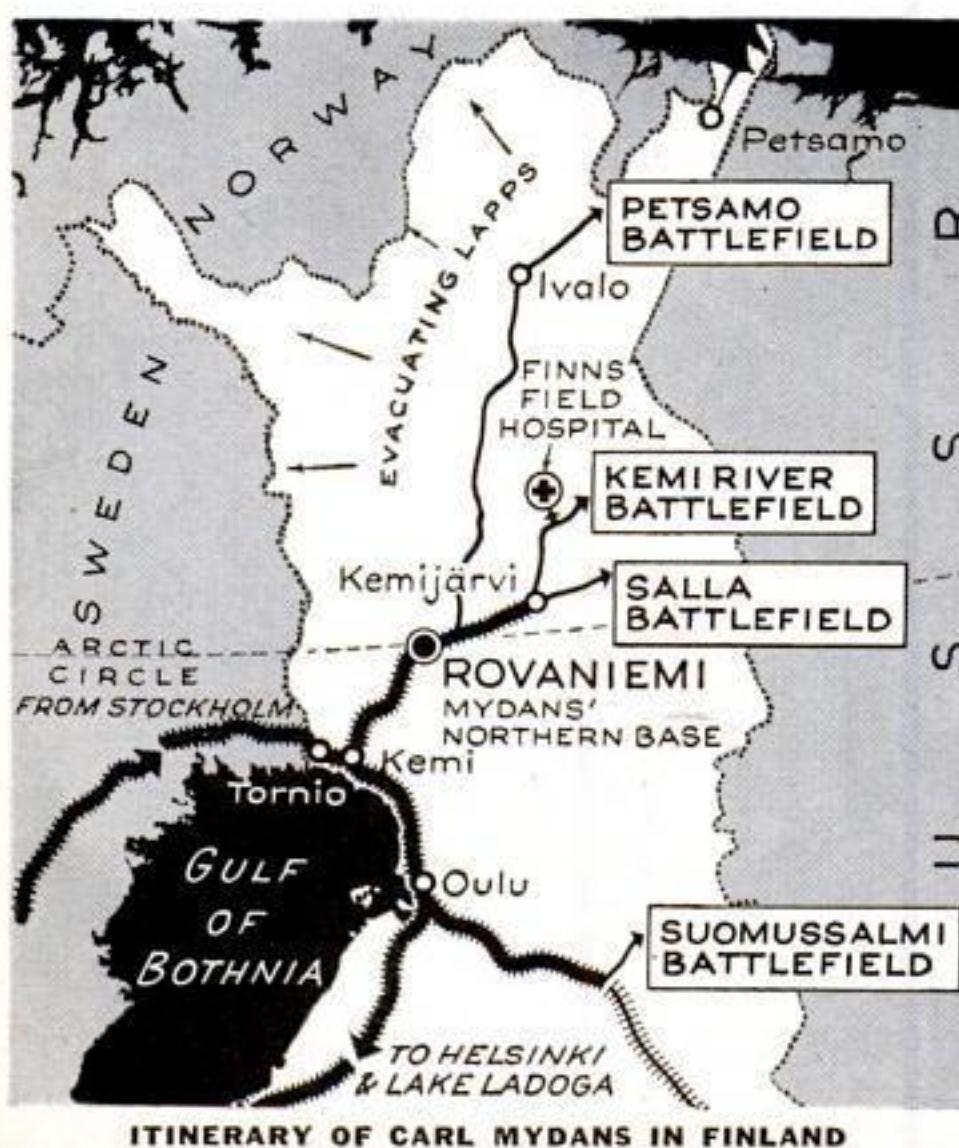
the Salla front. A dramatic man in his speech, he is most dramatic in his action. Near the front on a lonely road in brilliant moonlight, two Finnish soldiers suddenly appeared and with guns challenged our whitewashed staff car. In a flash the general had bounded from the car and flung open his white sheepskin coat, revealing himself as the general. The two guards snapped smartly to attention, answered several questions popped at them by their commander and away we sped, leaving behind two more soldiers convinced of the valor of their general.

With the press the general reaches his high. Each day or night he has a press conference at his hotel at Rovaniemi. He talks in good German, relishes the task, understands the value of a good press and how to get it. This week when an English journalist asked if he could be permitted to accompany a patrol, the general said no on the grounds that a patrol was dangerous work and that each man must be prepared to do his share of the fighting. As a journalist, then, the Englishman could not go but if he wanted to join the Finns at once he could be assured a place with the patrol.

The Lottas are Finnish women who are fighting the war behind the lines. They work in hospitals, soup kitchens and up in the country north of Petsamo in the first few days of the war fought with their men folks and were killed with them. One valuable duty they perform the country over is to watch for planes on high places throughout Finland in the few hours of Arctic sunlight or the long hours of the winter night. You find them in reindeer and bear-skin *peskis*, their eyes fixed on the sky alert to give the alarm. With them always is a man watcher and together they watch over Finland.

The *peskis* are huge fur slipovers that are the Finns' greatest protection against the weather. Some of those made from bearskins look as though the man has just pushed the bear out and climbed in himself. As for Finland's bears, the soldiers of the north say that they went to sleep several months ago, that many of them have been awakened to find an Arctic battle raging about them, but, punchdrunk from something that makes bears punchdrunk in the winter, they simply get up and stagger off a few feet, curl into a ball and go back to sleep. The soldiers have been living well off bear meat for some weeks now. However, they say when they are advancing against the enemy on dark nights and they take refuge behind some black rocks and one of those rocks gets up and staggers off a few feet, it is enough to make the bravest soldier start.

Last year wolves were seen in Finland for the first time in many years. "This winter," a Finn official said to me, "the wolves will find much food."



A rare open space on the shore of the Kemi River. Even here there is good cover. But on most of the front, cables Mydans, "one does not stand back and survey such an area."

He walks through the woods along little, tightly packed paths and suddenly a tent pops up here, a cannon there, with men lying on their bellies in scraped-out holes."



Finnish supply train (above) travels on mobile sledges drawn by ponies. Here it enters a Finnish village, which one well-placed Russian bomb could easily destroy. Below: Finns in

varied uniforms pick up Russian debris beside artillery aiming tripod. Says Mydans: "Finnish uniform at the front is simply good warm clothes, whatever the men can get."

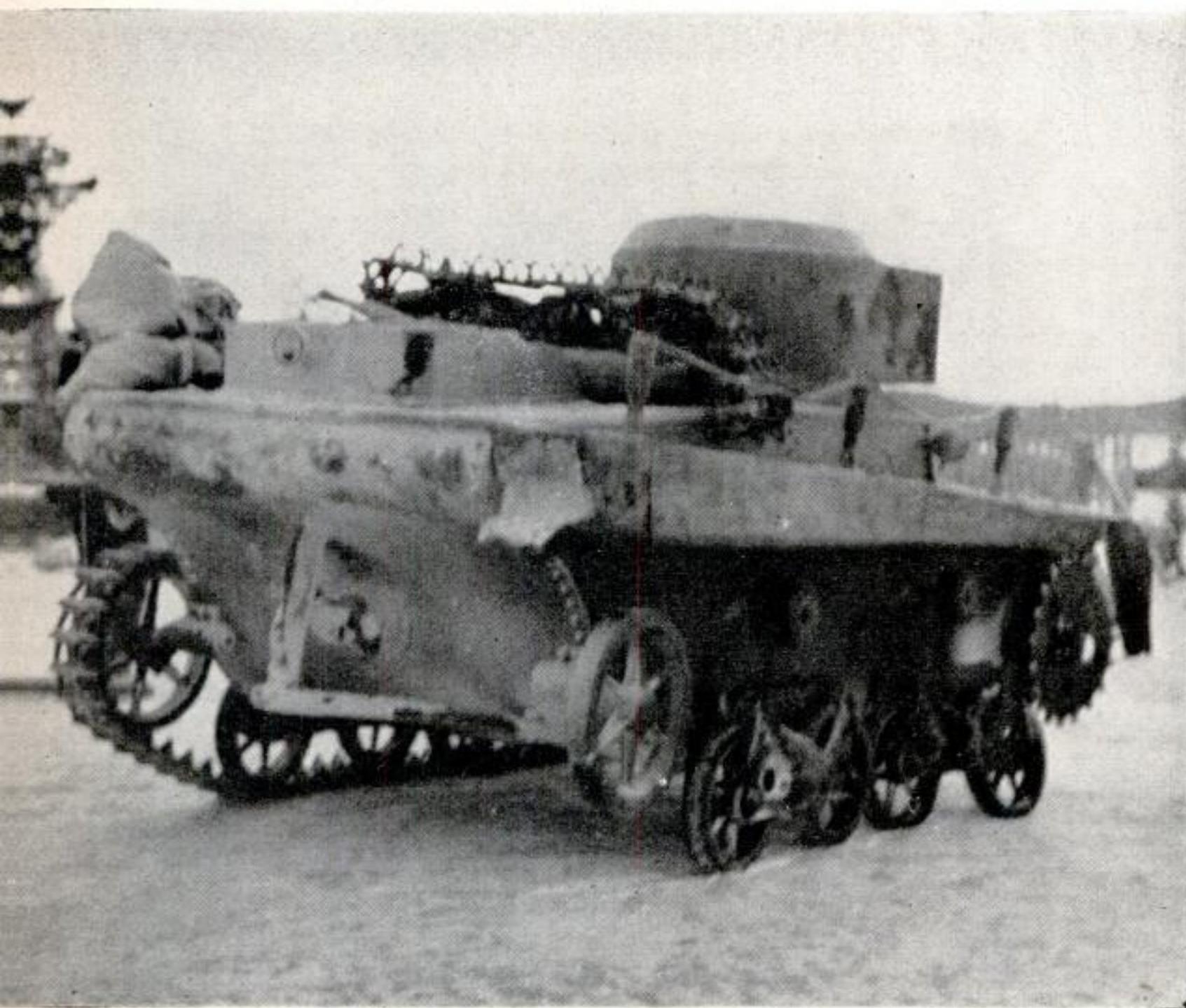




**After sauna steam bath** behind the front, overheated Finns can stand naked in 30°-below cold. This is the soldier's favorite relaxation, helps the Finns stand the cold. Finns have long been famed for being able to stand steam-bath temperatures far above those anybody else can endure.



**Christmas pudding** at the front is cooked by a pretty Lotta girl. Below: two other Lottas at a telephone station search sky of Finland for Russian planes on a high point above a town in a 24°-below snowstorm. Usually a man and woman together stand watch.



**Russian amphibian tank**, seen from rear looking at rudder and propeller under the overhang, swam the Kemi River and was captured. It is not particularly formidable. The Finns salvaged a track and put it on top of the tank. Below, whitewashed Finnish staff car (a Chevrolet).



## WAR IN WINTER (continued)



**Cavalryman** sits his hoar-frosted Finnish pony behind the front line on the Salla front. He is useful for scouting where the small-flaked, powdery Arctic snow is not too deep.

In open places the snow will blow into mighty drifts, leaving hard, open ground between. Sometimes this cavalryman's job is to haul his captain and adjutant on skis be-

hind the pony, in what is known in America as ski-joring. Last week the temperature dropped to a 20-year low of 50° below zero along the whole northern Finnish Front.



↑ **Ski patrol**, white cotton over heavy uniforms, is unloaded from the Rovaniemi bus close to the Salla front. Cables Mydans, "One needs two hands to move fast on skis. Finnish patrols with Lugers and sometimes sub-machine guns outmaneuver Russians."

↓ **"A small dugout,"** cables Mydans, "has been chipped out of the frozen ground and the roof constructed from heavy green timber, frozen dirt clumps and then snow. A small flat opening permits two riflemen or machine gunners to work well protected."



CLOSE-UP

# PAUL MC NUTT

"IT WOULD BE KIND OF NICE TO BE PRESIDENT, WOULDN'T IT?"

by Jack Alexander

Paul V. McNutt has been described by an acidulous critic as a Huey Long in Warren G. Harding clothing. The resemblance to his Ohio prototype goes no deeper than a shell of physical splendor topped by a snow-white crest. Harding hated responsibilities and had to be dragged into the White House. Behind the Mister America façade of McNutt lies a dynamic, arbitrary intellect and deep in his lifeguard chest stirs a craving for the Presidency that is hard and cold and touched with fire. As a natural phenomenon, his yen is beautiful to behold; as a barefaced display of climbing, it is embarrassing to sensitive persons. Many finicky observers profess to be disturbed, too, by a consciousness of being the man-on-horseback that underlies the McNutt psychology and here is where his resemblance to the departed Kingfish begins.

Since young manhood, McNutt has been a super-salesman who has tirelessly plugged one commodity—Paul V. McNutt. In the histrionics of self-promotion he has few equals. A master of the dramatic entrance, he can burst into a fish fry or a baseball park or a wake and immediately become the focus of attention. He is always in a hurry, striding rather than walking. His intimates, insisting that this is instinctive, say that he approaches the bathroom in the same headlong manner for his morning shave.

He is conscious of his bodily grandeur—his six-feet-two of height, his 195 lb., his pale blue eyes and umbrageous black brows—and has got more out of a head of platinum hair than any other American, barring possibly the late Jean Harlow. When scheduled to address a meeting of women, McNutt first finds out who is the most popular sister and enters the hall with his arm draped fraternally about her shoulders, his mane bobbing, his teeth gleaming. Most of the dentition is artificial and is removable in sections. McNutt is such an emphatic speaker, especially when expounding patriotic sentiments, that he sometimes shakes the sections loose and spoils their fit. For these emergencies, he carries a metal box of spares wherever he goes. His radio delivery was marred for a time by a sibilant overtone but his dentist and friendly radio engineers have remedied that. As an airwaves personality, McNutt ranks fairly high.

McNutt is adept at uttering the resounding banalities required for solemn occasions. After a talk in a Washington church a few months ago, a man said: "I want to shake hands with the next President of the United States." The speaker clasped the hand and replied with proper humility, "I am only Paul McNutt."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66



**1** He was born July 19, 1891, in this plain little one-story, five-room house at Franklin, Ind., where his father practiced law. Next to a log cabin, this is the ideal birthplace for a Presidential candidate.



**2** At the age of one, he was a roly-poly, pink-cheeked baby whose family were third-generation Hoosiers.



**3** At 3, his family dressed him in Lord Fauntleroy clothes. Boys in neighborhood chased him.

**4** At 9, he played football on the front lawn in Martinsville, Ind., and tried hard to look tough.

**5** At 22, McNutt was the good-looking president of the graduating class at Indiana University in 1913.

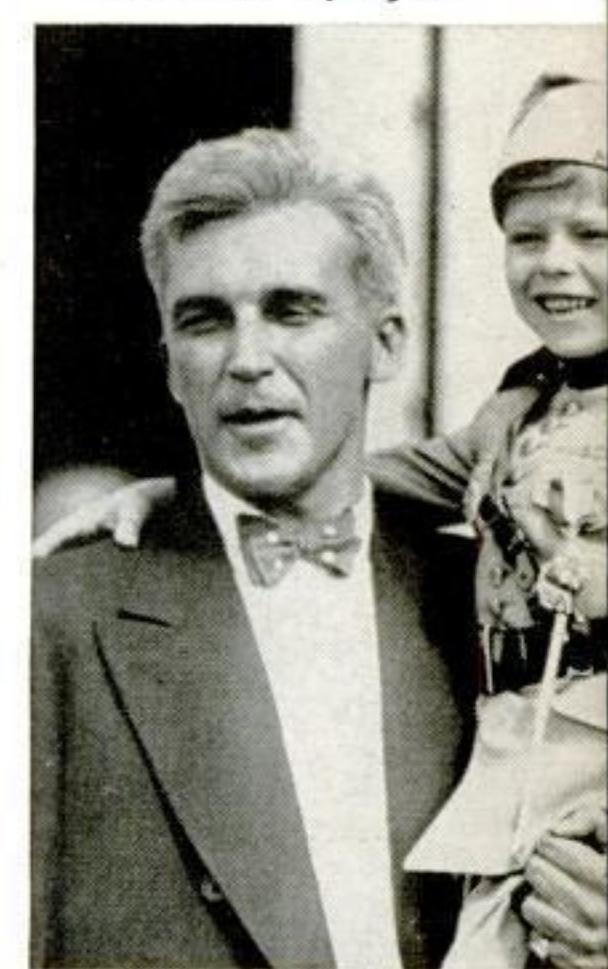
**McNutt's parents**, an attractive, white-haired couple who live in Martinsville, are also perfect for a Presidential candidate. McNutt's father, with whom Paul practiced law for six months in 1916, still practices at 76, is a former State judge.

**6** During the War, McNutt (arrow) was trained as an officer at Fort Benjamin Harrison. The photograph was later used in campaign for Governor to show he had been a trench-digging soldier.

**7** As artillery major, he never got to France but got to Texas where he was married in 1918.

**8** He commanded American Legion post in Bloomington, Ind., in 1926 and enjoyed himself as a member (arrow) of the "40 & 8" society. He was then Law School dean at Indiana.

**9** He carried mascot, became Legion national commander by 1928.

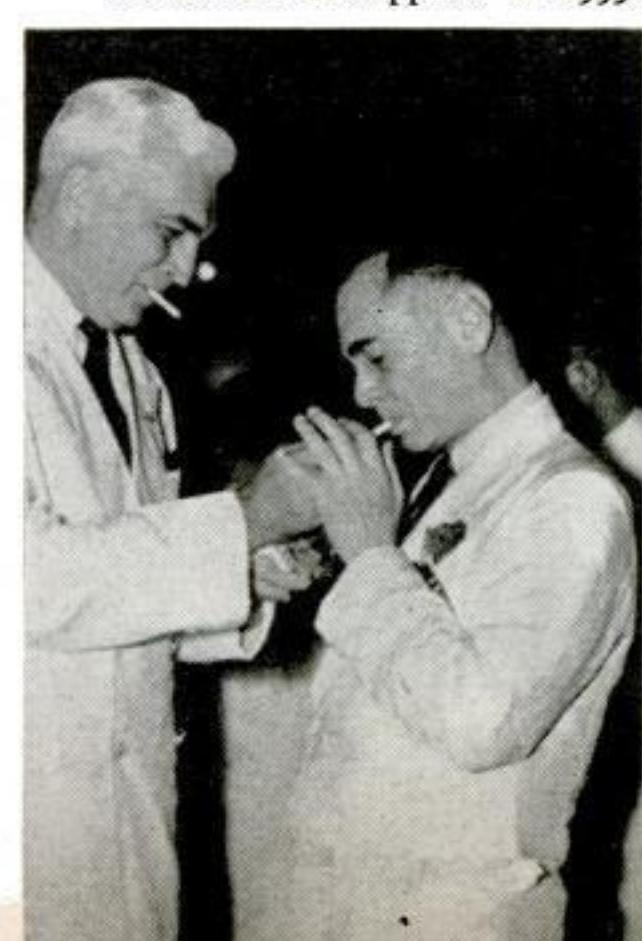


**10** As the national commander of the Legion, he met Coolidge and made valuable political contacts.

**11** As High Commissioner to the Philippines in 1937, McNutt stirred up a row with President Manuel Quezon over whom should be toasted first at banquets, after the Japanese consul general had toasted them in incorrect order. McNutt won out.

**12** With President Quezon, he was getting along splendidly before he left the Philippines in 1939.

**13** Now Fed. Security Administrator, he took first rest in 2½ years.





"May th' happiest days  
O' yoor past, guid friend,  
Be yoor saddest days  
Fra noo to th' end."

"May the happiest days  
Of your past, good friend,  
Be your saddest days  
From now to the end."



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86 PROOF

## TEACHER'S Perfection of Blended SCOTCH WHISKY

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**Democratic State headquarters** in Indianapolis are run by Fred Bays (right), ex-dancer and circus man, shown here with Robert Tilton, a Young Democrat at whose Pittsburgh convention McNaughton

recently spoke. In this office the cogs of the Roosevelt and McNaughton machines in Indiana mesh, as is suggested by the large picture of the President on the wall and the even larger portrait of McNaughton.

### MC NUTT (continued)

McNaughton was inaugurated Governor of Indiana in 1933 amid a whooped-up fanfare on the State House plaza that uncomfortably reminded his opponents of a Nazi outdoor festival. For the oath-taking, the Governor-elect had decided to step out onto the Capitol piazza in a morning coat and striped trousers. Word was conveyed to the retiring Governor, Harry G. Leslie, that the same uniform would be expected of him. Leslie snorted when he received the message. "That fellow," he said, "struts like a stud horse at a county fair," and attended the ceremonies in a stanch Republican business suit.

For his first message to the General Assembly, McNaughton also wore morning attire. He spoke in a chamber artfully darkened except for overhead lighting, which made a halo of his silvery hair. In Manila, where McNaughton served capably as High Commissioner from February 1937, until last July, he often set himself apart from the mess-jacketed male guests at social affairs by wearing a blue, double-breasted coat.

The American Legion, of which he was a State and national commander, was the bandwagon from which McNaughton leaped into the Governorship and he always remembers to go back for the Indiana veterans' conventions. Here, too, he steals the show, by jovially relieving a flag-bearer of his staff and marching as part of the color guard. McNaughton is less popular with the Legion than might be expected. A veteran without overseas experience, he boldly thrust himself into its inner councils by high-pressure electioneering.

### The McNaughton dictatorship

Few tighter despotisms than that of Governor McNaughton have been clamped down upon an American State. Up to then, Indiana had cherished a healthy tradition of "hating the King" and had reduced the Governor almost to the status of figurehead. Under the guise of simplifying the government, McNaughton merged its 102 scattered bureaus into eight departments, making each one answerable only to himself. He cut off all State employes who had not proven their fealty to McNaughton and replaced them with candidates who had. The purge was extended by his henchmen down to the State insane asylums' list of attendants, a dreary zone which previous regimes had for-

borne to enter. Only a protest from the Indianapolis Medical Society prevented McNaughton from discharging a superintendent of one mental institution who, in 35 years on the staff, had won wide scientific notice.

To defray Party expenses, McNaughton sponsored what came to be known as the Two Per Cent Club. It was a flat levy of that amount upon the pay checks of State employes. Because the Two Per Cent Club ran afoul of the corrupt practices law, McNaughton had the Legislature protect it by a special exemption. The Legislature, heavily Democratic, was transformed from a deliberative body into a Reichstag. A brain trust prepared the bills and the Legislature rubber-stamped them. Frequently the rules were suspended and the measures were rushed through the mill before some of the lawmakers had read them.

McNaughton's "beef trust" roamed the chambers, making sure that the Democratic members voted "right." The beef trust was Frank M. McHale and Bowman ("Bo") Elder, a pair of 300-lb. former football tackles. Neither held office or was otherwise entitled to be on the floors but small details like that were overlooked. Enthusiasts for McNaughton since his palmy Legion days, McHale and Elder were powerful friends at court during his Governorship. Elder, who had inherited a real-estate fortune, was a typical rich young adventurer dabbling in politics. McHale, a Logansport barrister, moved his office to Indianapolis when McNaughton moved into the Capitol. Four years later he was one of the biggest lawyers in the State. Both men have been active in McNaughton's Presidential drive since it began precociously two years ago, McHale as grand marshal. He is a Catholic and makes valuable window dressing for McNaughton, who is a Methodist.

Most of the McNaughton legislation was progressive and Indiana was plucked from a bad economic and civil crisis. Labor got its first breaks in twelve years. Months before the New Deal came to the rescue, the State's skidding banks were bolstered and public relief was instituted. After that the new laws tied in with those of the national Administration. An inherited deficit, which threatened to close schools all over the State, was remedied by the imposition of a gross income tax and the treasury had a surplus when McNaughton left office. If there was any large-scale graft—and the opportunities for it were vast—the opposition was never able to supply convincing proof of it.

On July 22, 1935, a general strike broke out at

HEADQUARTERS  
RALPH McNUTT  
FOR  
PRESIDENT

**Behind this neon sign** in the Claypool Hotel, Indianapolis, McNutt's backers work trying to round up second-choice 1940 convention votes for McNutt. If Roosevelt does not run and a deadlock results, McNutt will have a good chance for the nomination.

**Terre Haute.** Local labor chiefs lost control of the walkout when maverick agitators from Chicago and St. Louis muscled in and led mobs up and down Wabash Avenue. Banks, stores and newspaper plants were closed and transportation was halted under threat of violence. Food and milk trucks were stopped at the city limits. With Terre Haute paralyzed, the city authorities appealed to Governor McNutt to send in troops. By nightfall the town was under martial law and 1,000 National Guardsmen patrolled the streets. A week later, after order had been restored, the troops were withdrawn except for an officer who remained as military ruler for six months. While outside commentators generally denounce the sending of troops to Terre Haute as an oppressive act, sentiment in Indiana, even among the calmer leaders of both labor factions, is that it was fully justified. Some union men, however, think that the lid was kept on too long.

#### He prays for a convention deadlock

Today, as Federal Security Administrator, McNutt is closer to his White House dream than ever. Unlike Garner and Wheeler, who are forthright candidates, McNutt is pledged to step aside if the President chooses to run for a third term. This is smart of him, since he controls only a handful of delegates. If Roosevelt withdraws, McNutt will pray for a deadlocked convention, as his scouts in ranging the country have lined up many second-choice ballots. His personal drawing power might conceivably swing a convention gripped by indecision. Second place on a ticket with Roosevelt would be acceptable, too, McNutt is only 48 and can afford to wait a few years for the big chance.

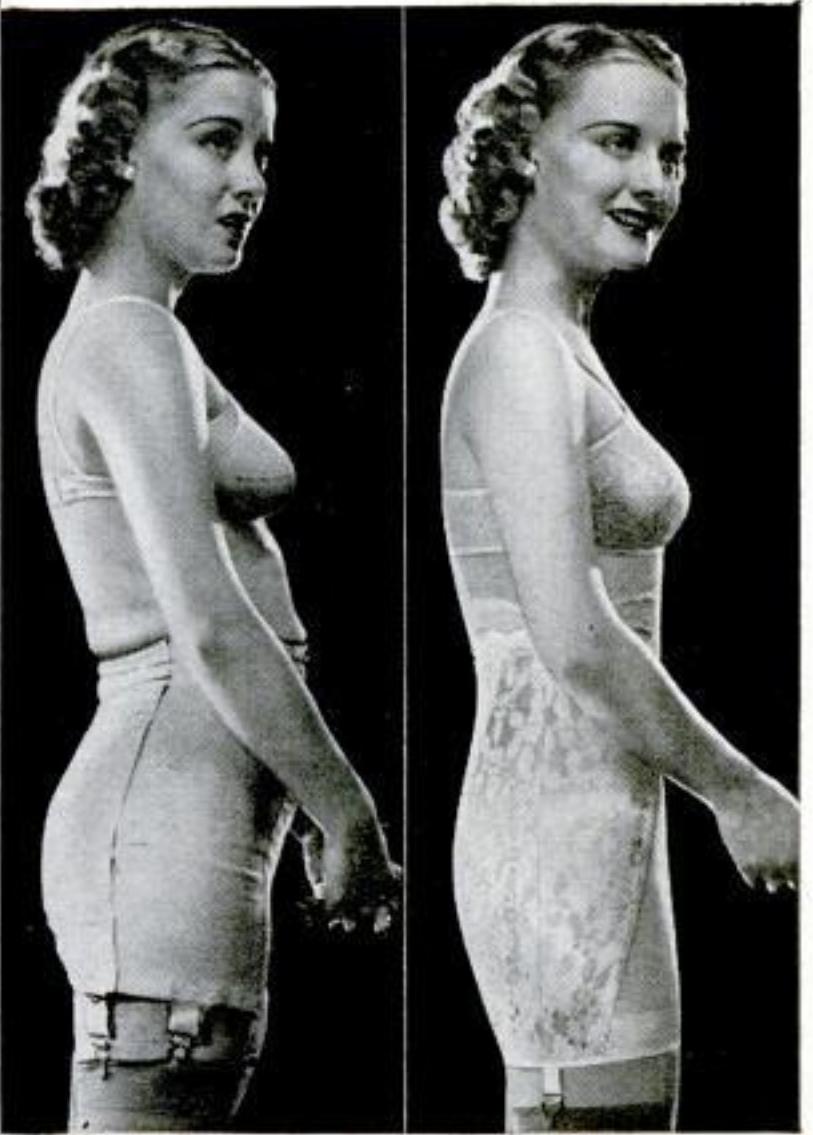
The President's appointment of McNutt to his present job six months ago has the experts confounded. One school interprets it as a public designation of a crown prince and the McNutt camp has done all in its power to spread this view. Others hold that the President considers McNutt a phony New Dealer but a clever politician and has drawn him close to keep him from getting dangerous. For what it is worth, the young leftists of the New Deal hate him.

Since becoming Administrator, McNutt, seemingly with the blessing of the President, has made many speeches on social security and other New Deal tenets, even going so far as to spend one entire evening defining the true liberal. One of his former colleagues finds all this difficult to reconcile with McNutt's social philosophy when they were both professors at Indiana University in the 1920's. The ex-associate recalls that one day, lounging around the Faculty Club, he read to McNutt a passage from the *Nation* in which the thesis was advanced that the Government owed the citizen considerably more paternal care than he was getting. "Doesn't owe him a damned thing!" was the future Administrator's comment.

Administrator McNutt is a hard worker but is not one of those crabbed hermits of the New Deal who lunch on milk and graham

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

# "I lost BULGES—and found—ECONOMY!"



**Incorrectly corseted.** Observe the bulging abdomen, the Lordosis incurve at the waist in back and the slumping posture. **In her Spencer.** Posture is improved, bulges are gone and backline beautified. (How lovely her gown looks in large picture!)

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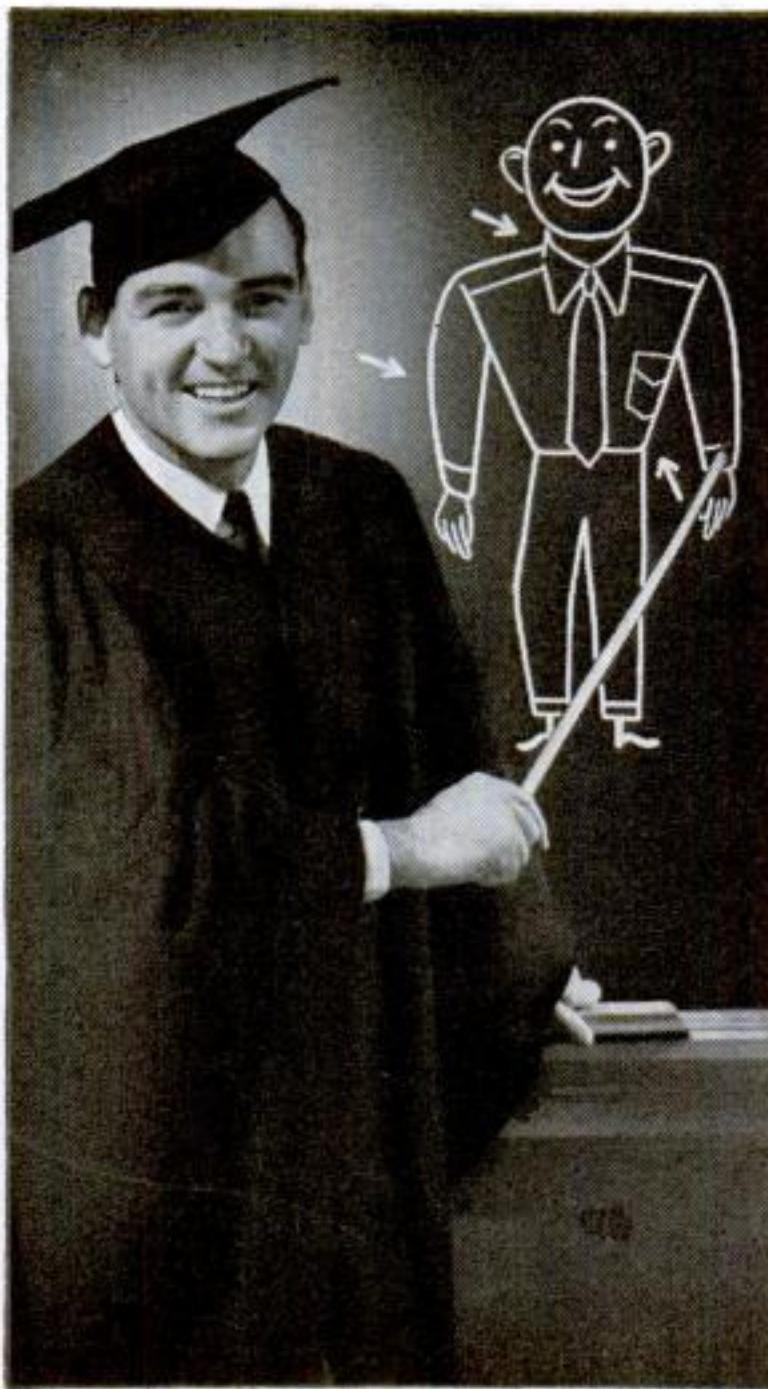
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**2. WHY IS THIS MAN SMILING?** Because his shirt fits his torso so well. Arrow's unique Mitoga tailored-fit curves with your waist, slopes with your shoulders, tapers with your arms.



**3. WHAT, PRAY TELL, IS THIS?** This is a 50-lb. weight, hanging from an Arrow Shirt button! It takes the heftiest laundress in town to loosen Arrow's anchored buttons. (Pat #1,871,355)



**4. HERE IS AN ARROW SHIRT,** a masterpiece of tailoring. Note the smart Arrow collar and fine fabric. Get Arrow Trump (soft collar) and Hitt (non-wilt collar) at your Arrow dealer's now. \$2 each.

## ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

*Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit*



Pictures of the photogenic candidate are shipped from Indianapolis. These photographs are the official, three-quarter face, solemn McNutt pose. Paul McNutt's handlers have clamped down on the less popular "smiling Adonis" type reproduced on page 64.

### MC NUTT (continued)

crackers at their desks. He puts in a regulation day and eats a regulation luncheon at a good restaurant, usually with a politician or journalist whose favor he is courting. His digestion is superb. When he leaves at night, he takes along a brief case of reports for study at the Hotel Shoreham where he and his wife live. Their only child, Louise, 19, is a freshman at Indiana.

McNutt smokes menthol cigarettes, reads detective mysteries, drinks moderately, plays poker and shoots golf in the 90's. He likes traveling men's jokes and as a raconteur can delight a Pullman-car washroom group or fraternity reunion. During a campaign, he sleeps four or five hours a night and dozes sitting upright in an automobile speeding 75 m. p. h. from one engagement to another. He gets his hardiness from his father, Judge John C. McNutt, a Martinsville, Ind., lawyer who, at 76, walks like a grenadier. Judge McNutt underwent an appendectomy three years ago but still climbs a flight of 39 steps to his law office twice a day. He clings to a 1931-model automobile which he drives hell-bent and he swears like a mule Skinner at motorists who get in the way. The McNutt ancestry goes back to the north of Ireland and is either Irish or Scottish or a mixture of both. Neely is the maiden name of the elder Mrs. McNutt. The Neelys came from Ireland, too, by way of Virginia. Administrator McNutt's middle name, Vories, was given him in honor of an old client of Judge McNutt's.

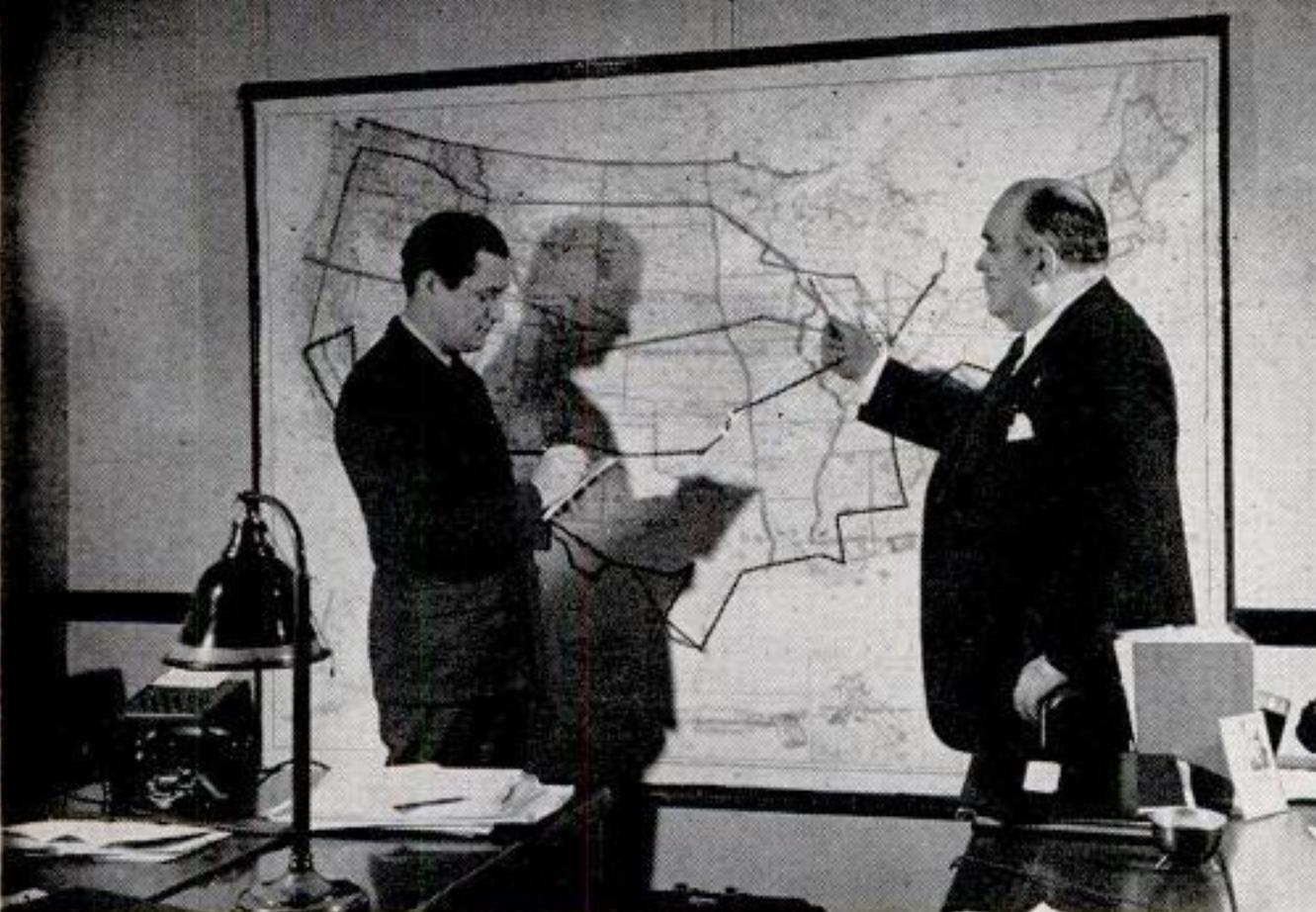
### Mudballs for Lord Fauntleroy

Paul McNutt's strange intuition that he had a rendezvous with history developed before he was out of knee pants. He was a pretty boy and an only child and was delicate from an early attack of diphtheria. His mother liked to send him to parties dressed up in a Lord Fauntleroy suit. These things made him a target in a town like Martinsville. The ruffian element at parties had more fun dog-piling on Paul McNutt and tearing off his lace collar than in pinning a tail on a donkey. After grade-school classes, the same hoodlums amused themselves by chasing young McNutt all the way home in a shower of mudballs.

Against this treatment, the victim, in the privacy of his room, balanced the praise of his teachers, which was unanimous, and of his parents, who were afraid that his ego might be crushed. Instead of shrinking, the ego expanded. One day Mrs. McNutt, in cleaning Paul's room, came across a box which was carefully labeled, "P. V. M.—Private Papers." On another occasion, when she reproved him for some infraction, he coolly informed her that if she cut across his will less they would get along better. Mrs. McNutt considered that she had been put in her place.

Before eighth-grade graduation, Paul McNutt had run for office for the first time and had been elected. The job was head of the Epworth League, his Sunday School organization. When nominations were called for, he got up and nominated himself, a technique which he was to find useful at intervals ever after.

By the time he was well along in Martinsville High School, a suspicion which young McNutt had been nurturing, that his judgments were impeccably correct, hardened into a conviction. He clinched debates by planting his feet firmly in the center of the platform, delivering dogmatic dicta on world problems and saying, "I have investigated and I know." The phrase got to be habitual with him. And whatever Paul McNutt said went. He was president of his class and pitcher on the baseball team. He organized a dramatic club and dealt himself the leading roles. The school had no year book and the school authorities did not want one. McNutt founded



**Frank McHale** (right) and "Bo" Elder compose the 600-lb. "Beef Trust" that helped elect McNutt American Legion head and Indiana Governor. Here McHale shows Robert Tilton, head of Indiana Young Democrats, route of campaign tour McHale has just taken.

one anyway and named it *The Nuisance*, after an epithet the principal had used in expressing his distaste for the venture.

When McNutt entered Indiana University in 1909, the college dramatic society was in a rut. He reorganized it and no one contested his right to the best parts. The campus submitted to McNutt's leadership as if it had been foreordained since the granting of the charter. At various times he was editor of the daily, president of the Student Council, class president, and so on and on. He made Beta Theta Pi, the most aristocratic fraternity, and in the Beta house enjoyed the distinction of wearing the biggest shoes (12's) and the biggest hat (7½).

#### Getting a start in campus politics

As the head of a small fraternity clique, he dominated campus politics, which always has been especially flagrant at Indiana. His chief rival was an undergraduate named Wendell Willkie, who was leader of the non-fraternity or barbarian faction. Willkie, now a public-utilities baron, was looked upon as a wild-eyed radical at college. He chewed tobacco, wore a turtle-necked sweater and let his hair fall in his eyes. McNutt, today's self-nominated spokesman for liberalism, was strictly a conformist and conservative. Slim and handsome, he dressed well and was something of a snob.

He was graduated in 1913 and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. Around Bloomington, the State university town, people remarked that it was a shame that a brilliant young fellow like Paul McNutt had seen fit to adopt the political faith of his father. It was axiomatic that no Democrat had a chance of going places in Indiana.

The elder McNutt, a perennial candidate for office, had tested out the axiom and had found to his sorrow that it was substantially true. He had snagged one term as Prosecuting Attorney of Franklin County and a political appointment as librarian of the State Supreme Court but, after these dalliances in the land of plenty, had returned to his hard-bitten county-seat law practice.

When the Wilson renaissance came along in 1912, the lawyer set his cap for a supreme court judgeship and went to the State convention to make horse-trades and get a nomination. Paul, who was then a senior at Bloomington, got a leave of absence and accompanied him. McNutt hung on the coattails of other politicians and tried manfully to strike the necessary bargains. Toward evening, footsore and exhausted, he saw that he had no chance for the nomination that would have lifted him out of the doldrums. He broke the news to Paul.

The young man's lips quivered and tears sprang to his eyes. He started to say something and choked up. To relieve the tension, his father said something cheerful about being an old war horse and not needing any sympathy, really.

"I was thinking," Paul broke in, "that—that there go my chances for studying at Harvard."

"Harvard?" echoed his father, in surprise.

"Yes," was the reply, "I was hoping I could take law there."

The defeated politician took out a cigar and lit it.

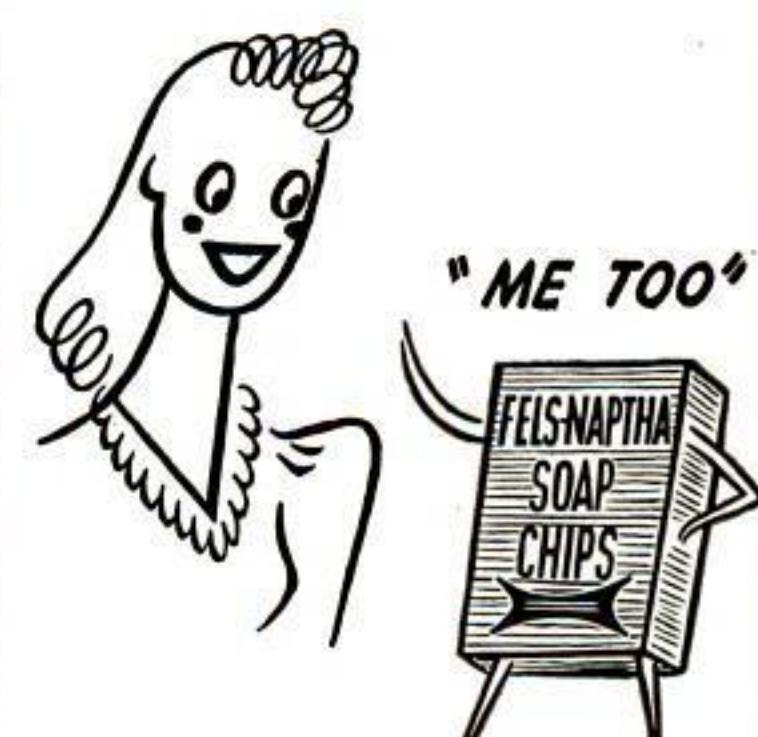
"Never mind, son," he said slowly, "I'll see that you go to Harvard."

Paul went to Harvard on a bank loan against the family residence. He paid part of his way by doing campus correspondence for a press association and by working after classes in a legal-aid bureau. Just before he was to receive his LL.B. degree, in 1916, he received a telegram stating that the Democrats in Martinsville had launched him on a political career by nominating him, *in absentia*, for Prosecuting Attorney. After getting his diploma, he went back home and waged a hard campaign but was defeated by five votes. Meanwhile, his father, who had finished a brief term as appellate judge,

## SEEIN' DOUBLE



**Millions of women know** that tattle-tale gray hasn't a chance—when the golden Fels-Naptha bar tackles the wash. They know it's the liveliest, busiest dirt-chaser that ever swished in a tub. But did you know this...?



**You can now get Fels-Naptha** in chip form, too! Huskier chips that work wonders just like the grand golden bar! Chips specially made to whisk all the dirt out of clothes—to banish tattle-tale gray! Now at last...



**You can get Fels-Naptha's extra** help any and every way you wash! For in the chips as well as in the bar, you get richer, golden soap combined with that wonderful dirt-loosener, naptha! Use the bar for bar-soap jobs. See how quickly it hustles out dirt—without hard rubbing! See how gorgeously white and sweet it gets your clothes. And...



**Wherever you've been using box-soap,** put the new Fels-Naptha Soap Chips to work. They speed washing machines because they're HUSKIER—not puffed-up with air like flimsy, sneezy powders. And they give oodles of rich suds because they now hold a marvelous new suds-builder. So try Golden Chips or Golden Bar—and banish tattle-tale gray.

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**BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH  
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# HOW BILL GOT A BOOST - AND RUTH GOT A RING !



## IT'S AS EASY AS A-B-C TO GET A REALLY GOOD CUP OF TEA

- A** - ALWAYS USE BUBBLING BOILING WATER AND POUR IT ON THE TEA.
- B** - USE 1 TEASPOONFUL PER CUP PLUS ONE FOR THE POT.
- C** - STEEP TO ANY STRENGTH YOU PREFER. (MOST PEOPLE WHO USE CREAM OR MILK CHOOSE A 5-MINUTE BREW.)



DICK HERREN, COWBOY



THESE GOOD BLACK TEAS ARE ESPECIALLY SUITED TO THE AMERICAN TASTE. FOR ECONOMY AND FULL ENJOYMENT, BUY QUALITY TEA.

**TEA PEPS YOU UP!**

DELICIOUS, VITALIZING—ECONOMICAL TOO—COSTS LESS THAN  $\frac{1}{2}$  CENT A CUP

SAYS MR. T. POTT

## MC NUTT (continued)

had proudly hung out a new shingle bearing the firm name of McNutt & McNutt.

For six months or so, father and son collaborated on civil cases and tried them together, but the firm, as an actual working combination, was short lived. The junior member was restless and in March 1917, he accepted an offer to return to Indiana University and teach the classes of a law professor who was ill. That summer, after America's entrance into the War, he went to an officers' training camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison. From there he was transferred to artillery school at San Antonio and for the rest of the War was an artillery instructor at Camp Stanley, in South Carolina, with the rank of major. On McNutt's first evening in San Antonio he had attended a dance and had met and fallen in love with Miss Kathleen Timolat, the pretty daughter of a local manufacturer. They were married before McNutt's transfer to Camp Stanley.

Thus far, McNutt's professional life had been without a pattern. After the signing of the Armistice, when he went back once more to Bloomington and resumed his teaching, his career began to take on shape. Without half trying, the McNutts soon took the spotlight in the faculty social circle. Mrs. McNutt had a metropolitan charm that fascinated academic Bloomington. A certain aura hung over her husband from his college-hero days and his success in becoming an Army major at 27 had inflated the school's pride in him. Erect from his military training and beginning to show maturity in his godlike features, he was the most glamorous figure the bucolic campus had ever seen. As a local boy, educated by the State, he was the personification of Indiana Triumphant. He radiated an appeal to provincial pride that excited the blood. Within a year, a professorship of law fell vacant and the position went to McNutt. The appointment of anyone else would have started a campus rebellion.

### He gets himself a deanship

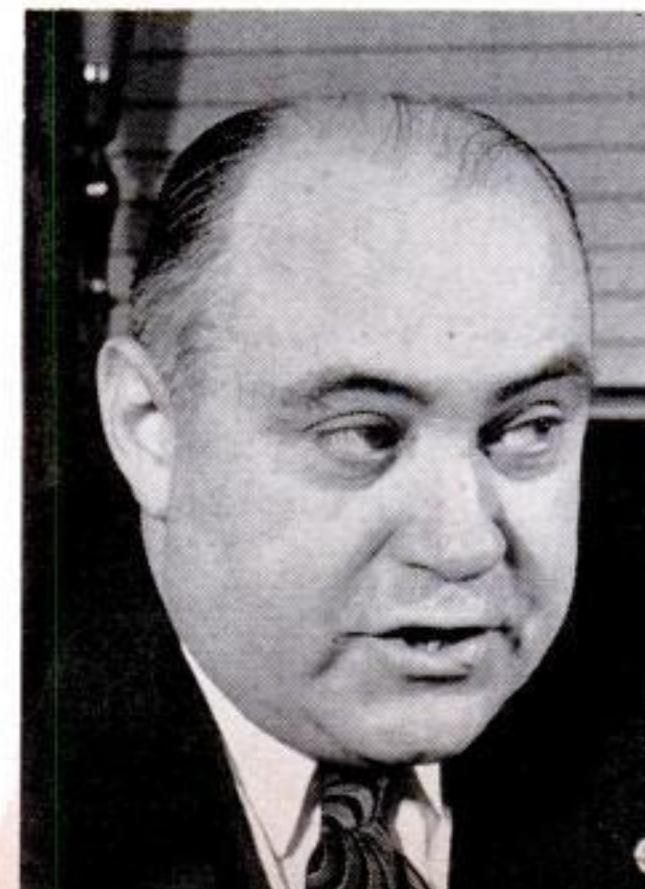
The goal of McNutt and all the other professors was, naturally, the post of dean. Two obstacles stood in McNutt's way. One was his lack of seniority; he was outranked in service by all of his colleagues. The other was the dean himself, Dr. Charles Hepburn, an elderly scholar who had held the job with distinction for many years and had no intention of giving it up. Hepburn was tactless and without skill as a faculty politician. He was ultra-conservative and he had built up a faculty whose key men were of the same mental cast.

Hepburn's habit of speaking his mind played into McNutt's hands. Caustic criticisms which the dean had made of legal ethics in Indiana had angered prominent members of the bar association and they had already brought pressure upon the Board of Trustees to force him into retirement. Hepburn might have withstood the heat indefinitely had not McNutt, in casual conversations with some of the trustees, talked up the necessity of liberalizing the law school. When the pressure from the bar got too strong for the trustees, they turned to the man who had a program, Professor McNutt. In the summer of 1925, Dr. Hepburn went out and Professor McNutt, at 34, went in—the youngest dean the law school had ever had.

McNutt shook what he considered dead wood out of the faculty and substituted energetic pedagogues of his own age and beliefs. As he had reorganized the college dramatic society 15 years earlier, he now put the law school on a new and more efficient footing. He had a starring vehicle and he played his role for all it was worth.

No one who knew Dean McNutt expected him to stop rising, but where he intended to reach next had everyone puzzled—including, for a time, McNutt himself. To a lawyer friend whom he used to visit in an Indianapolis office building, he confided that his greatest desire was to be dean of the Harvard Law School. He would stretch

**Frank McHale**, ex-Michigan football tackle and Logansport lawyer, is the 300-lb. Farley of McNutt political machine.



**Ed Stanley**, ex-picture editor of A. P., handles McNutt publicity from Washington with Shirley Goodman, secretary.



out in a chair with his feet cocked up on the attorney's windowsill and gaze over the city, musing aloud. It seemed to please him to identify some of the buildings in his line of vision with structures on the Harvard campus. "That church over there," he would say, pointing to a steeple, "would be the physics lab and that factory just to the left there would be Pierce Hall. Well, then, my office in the law school would be about where you see that filling station."

To a few Bloomington cronies with whom the dean had long played blackjack in a vacant loft over the Princess Theater, he hinted that he might have an even higher ambition. McNutt was a preoccupied card player and he had a way of breaking out of a reverie with a remark that had no bearing on the table discussion. His old card-playing pals now remember that often the remark would run something like this, "It would be kind of nice to be president of the United States, wouldn't it?"

### Sudden interest in the Legion

The blackjack players were all members of the Burton Woolery Post of the American Legion. Although McNutt was a resident of Bloomington when the post was established in 1919, he had not joined until several years later and his part in the post's activities had been negligible. Around the time of his promotion to dean, however, he manifested a sudden interest in Legion matters. The membership, which was made up largely of veterans trying to rise from humdrum jobs, admired his dignified bearing and thrilled when he took occasion to inject some sturdy patriotism into a speech.

A few weeks before the October 1925 election of the post, the newly made dean took aside a few of his Legion friends and said that some of the boys had made the proposal that he run for post commander. He said that he did not know exactly what to do about it and asked that they make a quiet canvass and ascertain how the membership reacted to the idea. He was not anxious to load himself up with any more duties, he said, but felt that if his buddies wanted him, it was his duty to serve. The canvassers did a thorough job and the queries they made had a strongly suggestive effect. When election night arrived, the feeling was widespread that if a big man like the dean of the law school was willing to accept the command, the post ought to feel pretty flattered. So Dean McNutt became commander of the Burton Woolery Post.

It is safe to assume that at this point McNutt had abandoned his hope of heading the Harvard law faculty, as no one in his right mind would seek to curry favor at Cambridge by building a Legion backing. McNutt's Legion associates were too happy over his election to ask what eventual goal he did have in mind.

The annual State convention of the Legion was to be held at Marion in October 1926 and, as the time approached, McNutt once more buttonholed members of his post and took them into his confidence. It seemed, he said, that some of the fellows had made the suggestion that he enter the race for State commander. The job involved grave responsibilities but, as before, he stood ready to do whatever his buddies thought would be best for the Legion. McNutt chose his canvassers cannily. All of them—there were three—were registered Republicans and everyone was well aware that the dean was a Democrat. Politics was supposed to mean nothing in the Legion but a non-partisan front helped. A few members privately expressed the opinion that it would be awkward for the post to back for State commander a man who had never been under fire but in the end community pride won out and McNutt was assured of favorite-son support.

With his trio of Republican scouts, McNutt arrived at Marion in a cloud of anonymity. It was the first State convention he had ever attended and few of the delegates had ever seen him. No one

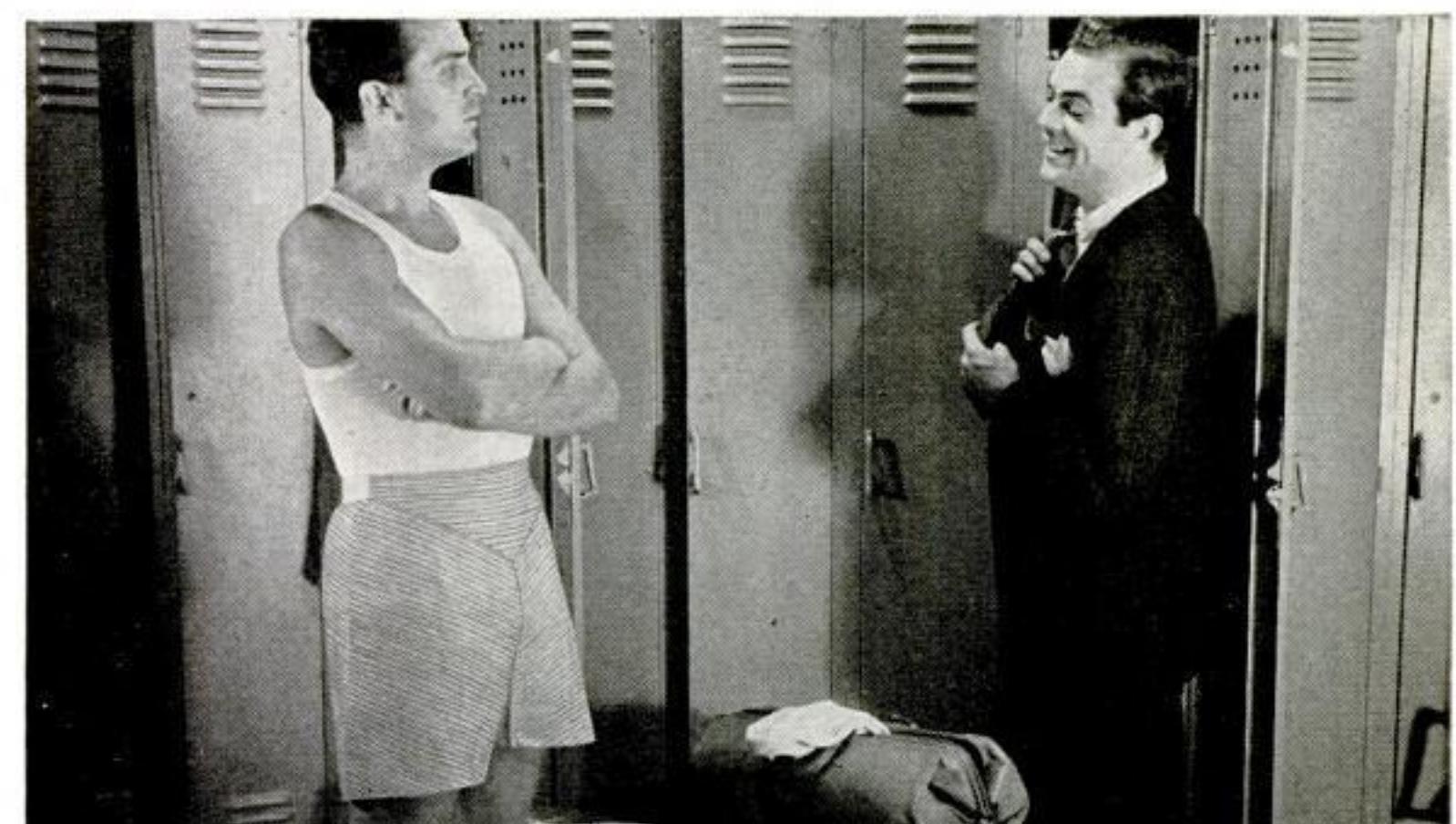
**CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE**

**Mrs. Edith Keyes** has been McNutt's private secretary and administrative assistant since he was Governor of Indiana.

"Greatest feed" in Washington's history, costing \$1,800, was given last February to help launch McNutt's campaign.



## "So You're an Under-Cover Man!"



**ANDY:** I don't get it, Pal! Go ahead... go ahead...have fun!

**KEN:** Oh, nothin', just nothin'! Just that table-cloth you're using for diapers!



**ANDY:** Now look, wise-guy! I need plenty of room...see? And these new Munsingwear Mino BREEX\* don't bind. They're bias-cut!

**KEN:** Are you trying to kid me? S-A-Y...Munsingwear gave men back their ancient liberty with SKIT-Shorts! Talk about freedom...and streamlining! Get hep, 'bo...these give mild support, too!



**ANDY:** So it's two votes of confidence for Munsingwear!

**KEN:** Make it three! Just look at this SKIT-Winger Shirt of theirs! It soaks up perspiration...doesn't bunch up... adds to your game!

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**Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A**

Vitamin A (Carotene) raises the resistance of mucous membranes of nose and throat to cold infections, when lack of resistance is due to Vitamin A deficiency.



**McNutt's wife Kathleen**, shown sampling a salad dressing which Anna, the cook, has prepared, is tall, blue-eyed, soft-voiced. "A Hoosier," she once quipped, "talks politics for an hour after he's dead." McNutts live in Shoreham Hotel in Washington.

#### MC NUTT (continued)

had ever baldly campaigned for the State command. The position was considered an honor to be conferred, not a prize to be contested for and since the birth of the Legion, a small circle of A. E. F. veterans had rotated it among themselves. The stage at Marion was all set for the designation of a charter member named O'Shaughnessy. With O'Shaughnessy's choice settled *in camera* and three days intervening before the election, the delegates settled down to the customs of holding caucuses and snake dances and getting well soused.

McNutt's only hope, and it was a forlorn one, lay in gaining entrance into every one of the district caucuses and selling himself to the delegates by the sheer weight of his personality. His three campaigners prepared the way by tracking down caucus chairmen and obtaining permission for their man to speak. As caucuses were in session at all hours of the day and night, the triumvirate went for 72 hours without so much as removing their shoes. They lived on containers of milk and caught cat naps in lobby chairs. McNutt's descents on the caucuses were magnificent one-man melodramas and he frequently left in a roar of applause. If he happened to be asleep in his room at the time his cue came, he would sweep into the caucus room in pajamas and bathrobe.

**"Boys, I have no political ambitions!"**

The effect of the campaign began to show in McNutt rump movements which arose in a few of the district delegations. Apparently to offset these, someone circulated a rumor that the dean had political aspirations and intended subverting the Legion to this end. The report was disquieting to the three McNutt backers. As Republicans, they abhorred the thought of advancing the political fortunes of a Democrat and, as Legionnaires, they were bound by precept to prevent anyone from using the organization for political purposes. Weary and red-eyed, they went to McNutt's room and asked if the report was true. The dean's reply was: "Boys, I have no political ambitions whatsoever."

O'Shaughnessy was a Catholic and the owner of a big distillery. These circumstances might have had small effect had he not generously, but unwisely, stocked up his suite with bonded whisky. A punch bowl was kept brimming with it and visitors were handed tin cups and invited to scoop it out. As they departed, extra pints were slipped into their coat pockets. Many who joyously accepted the liquor, nevertheless, felt on sobering up that the prohibition law deserved more respect and they doubted the propriety of choosing a distiller for commander of the Legion.

But a late checkup showed that McNutt was still far short of the number of pledged votes he needed and he carried his fight personally to the election floor. Entering at the rear of a theater, in which it was held, the aggressive dean peeled off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and loosened his collar. Two district chairmen whose support he had sought unsuccessfully were chatting nearby.

"Well," said McNutt, "are you for me or against me?"

One of the men replied that they had agreed to stick to O'Shaughnessy and added, "Frankly, we don't like your brazen way of going after this office."

McNutt laughed and looked over the heads of the delegates to the stage. A dull report was being read. The delegates were talking and yelling. A few minutes remained before roll call. With his gleaming poll shaking busily, the tall dean scurried up and down the aisles,

gripping hands, slapping backs and crying out greetings. Returning to the rear of the theater, he confronted the obstinate chairmen a second time. This time his expression was stern. He shook a finger at them and said: "Now is your chance to get right. If you don't, you'll regret it as long as you live, because I'm going to be the next State Commander."

The chairmen shook their heads negatively.

An hour later their threatened period of personal mourning had begun. The roll call had been completed and McNutt had squeezed through by 13 votes out of a total of around 600.

For a man who had no political ambitions, McNutt acted surprisingly like one who did. One of the first indications that he had the stuff of which the successful politician is made came when he cut loose from the three Bloomington Legionnaires who had helped to engineer his amazing victory. Shrewdly, he joined forces with those who had headed up the O'Shaughnessy movement, chief among whom were Frank McHale and Bo Elder. This consolidated his control of the State organization and he was able in 1927 to dictate the election of McHale as his successor. McHale's accession, in turn, assured McNutt of favorite-son backing in the 1928 race for national commander. The dean was pointing for that event.

Again he rated as a rank outsider. While he was State commander, he had traveled 40,000 miles and had gained followers by addressing Legion conclaves in 18 other States, but his lack of seniority rose to baulk him once more. Louisiana, Kansas, North Carolina and Oklahoma had candidates with prior claims on convention support. Sagely anticipating a deadlock, McNutt decided to appeal to favorite-son States for second choice and to hope for the best. At the convention, which was held in San Antonio, McHale and Elder ran the caucus errands and McNutt raced from hotel to hotel in a taxicab fulfilling the speaking dates which they made. Because Mrs. McNutt hailed from San Antonio, the local press boosted her husband's candidacy. That was a minor break. A major one was the expected deadlock. It lasted for two ballots, with McNutt rising from third to second position. On the third ballot the Arkansas candidate withdrew in McNutt's favor and the convention made it unanimous.

In his first month as national commander, McNutt put through the finance committee a resolution raising his salary from \$7,200 to \$10,000. In addition, he was able to draw upon a \$10,000 allowance for traveling expenses and his father helped him out with passes on four railroads which were clients of his. He still drew a salary as dean of the law school, too. During his year in office, Commander McNutt spoke in almost every State and made the country increasingly McNutt-conscious. His term ended in the month of the 1929 stock-market collapse, a debacle which put Republican officeholders everywhere on the skids. Old Tom Taggart was dead and Indiana Democracy was groggy and leaderless.

The toga fitted McNutt and he wore it. He was keynote speaker at the 1930 State convention and, when 1932 came along, only one man, a manufacturer from Kokomo, stood up to oppose him for the gubernatorial nomination. The manufacturer withdrew in the interests of harmony and McNutt bounded from the Legion into the State House, running ahead of the Roosevelt landslide.

McNutt remains the beau ideal of the Indiana campus and a bronze bust of him perches on a marble pedestal in the Union building. A metal plaque beneath the bust recites the high spots of his career, ending with his being chosen as Federal Security Administrator. At the bottom are two blank lines. If asked what these are for, any Indiana student will reply, "'President of the United States' and 'Died on such-and-such a date.'"

**Louise McNutt**, the candidate's smiling, good-looking 19-year-old daughter, is a freshman at Indiana University.

**McNutt's bust** at Indiana University has space left on the bottom of biographical plaque to add: "President of the U. S."



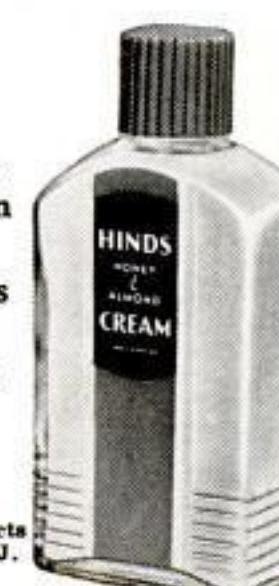
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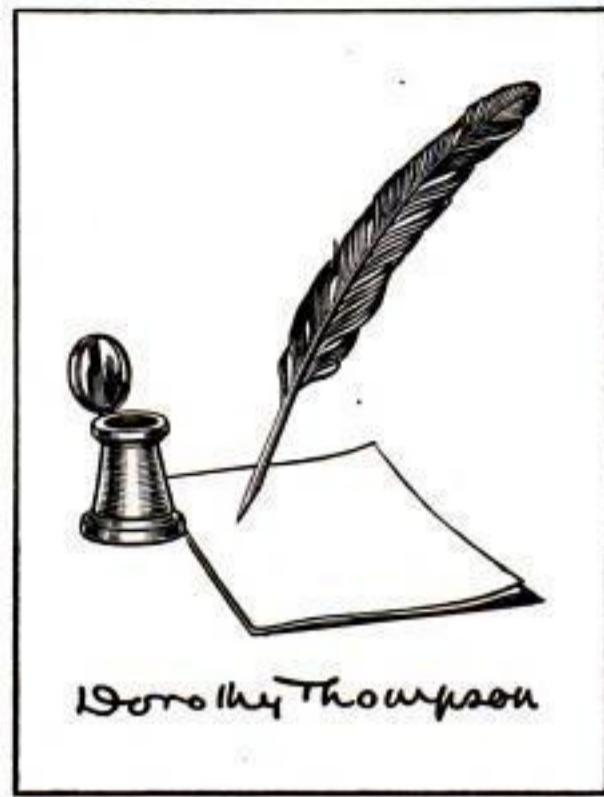
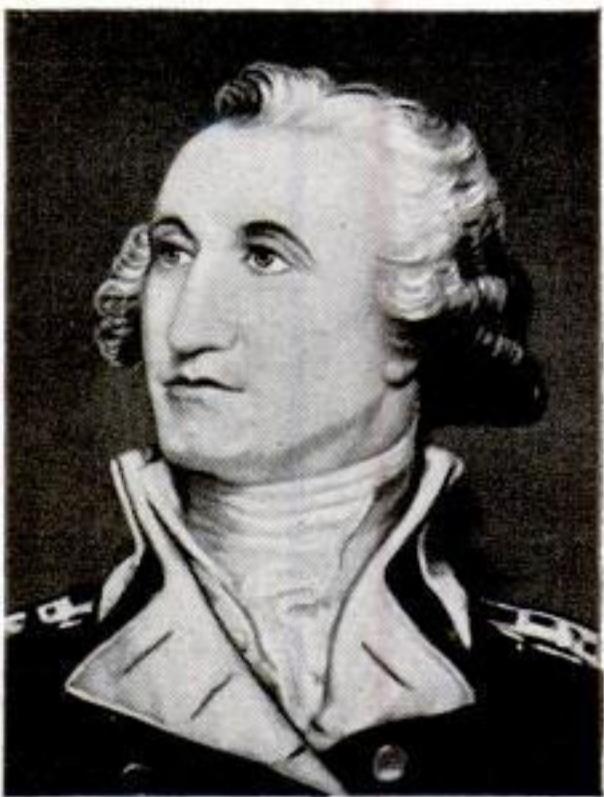
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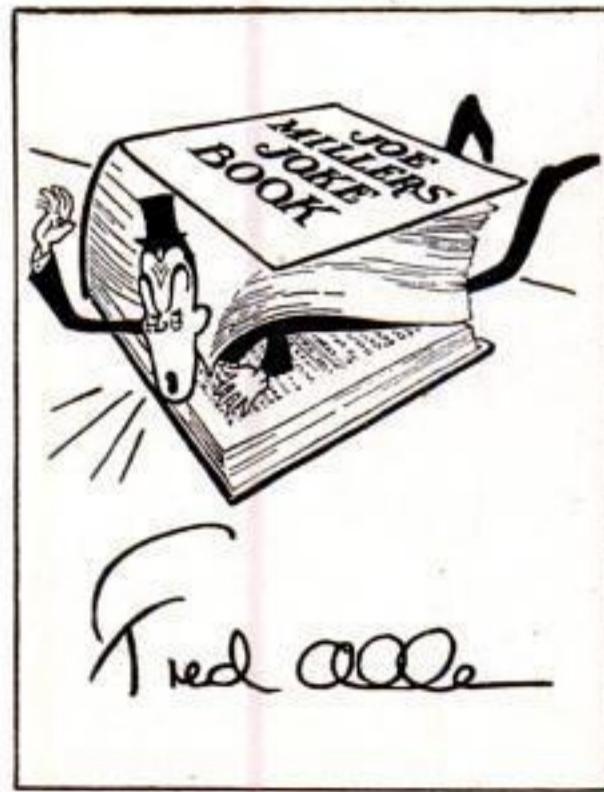
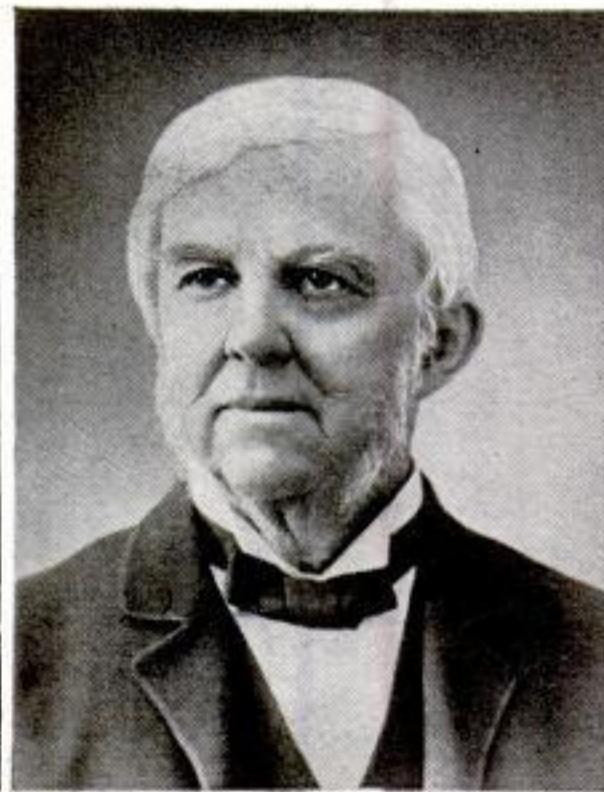
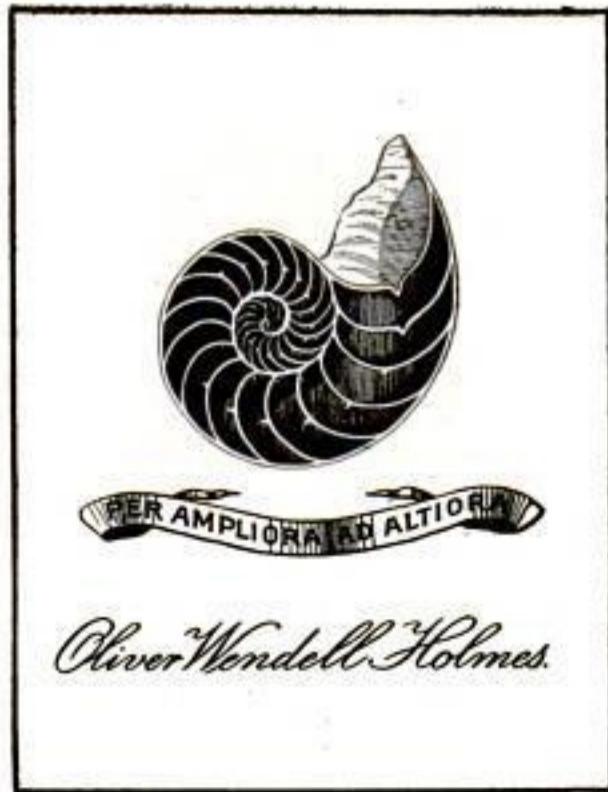
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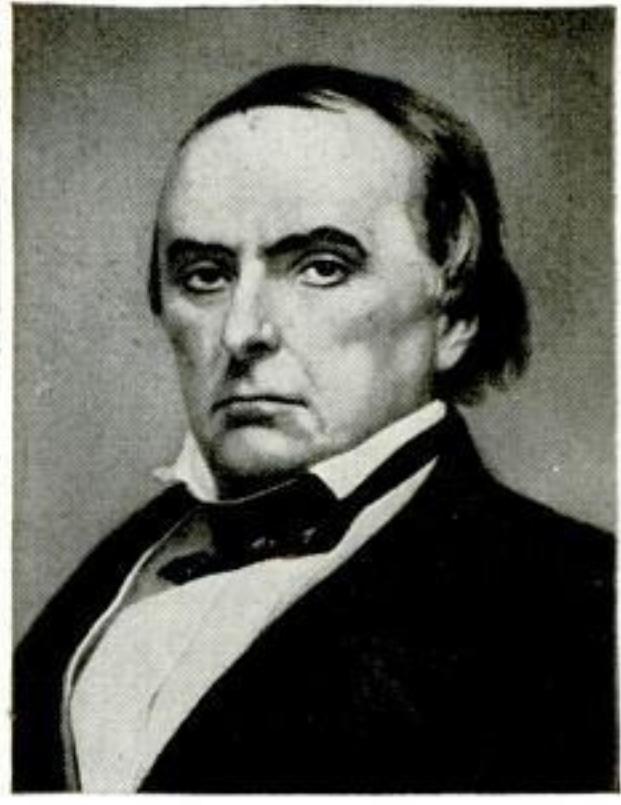
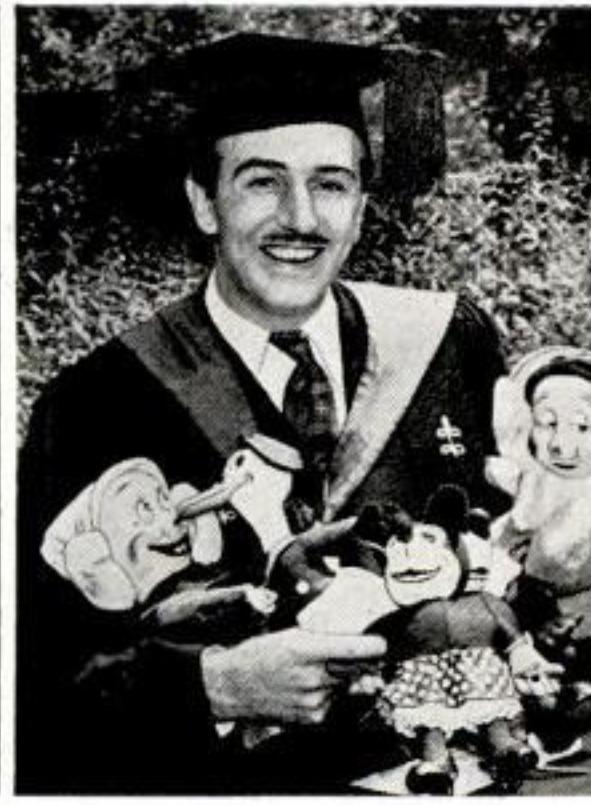
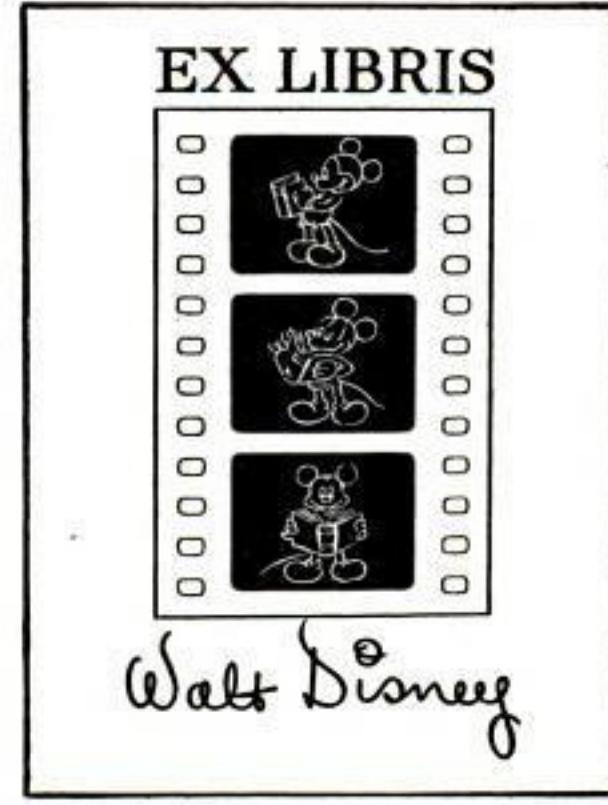
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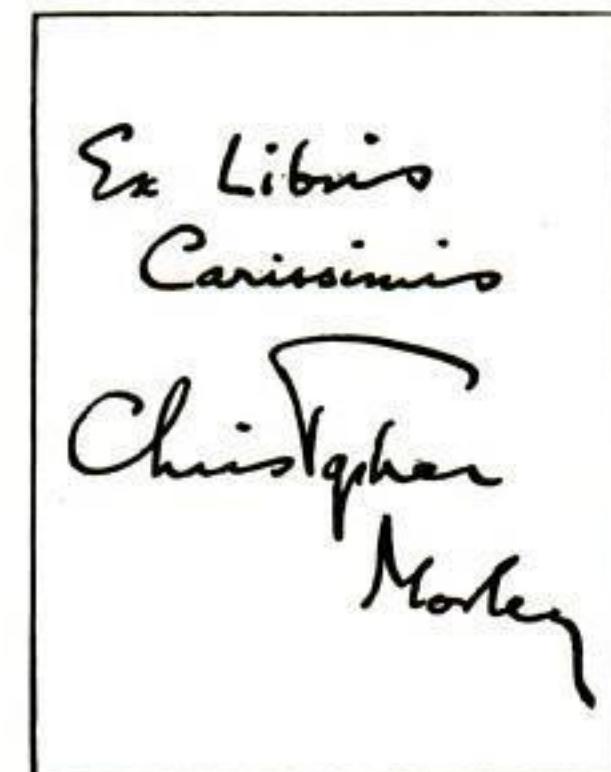
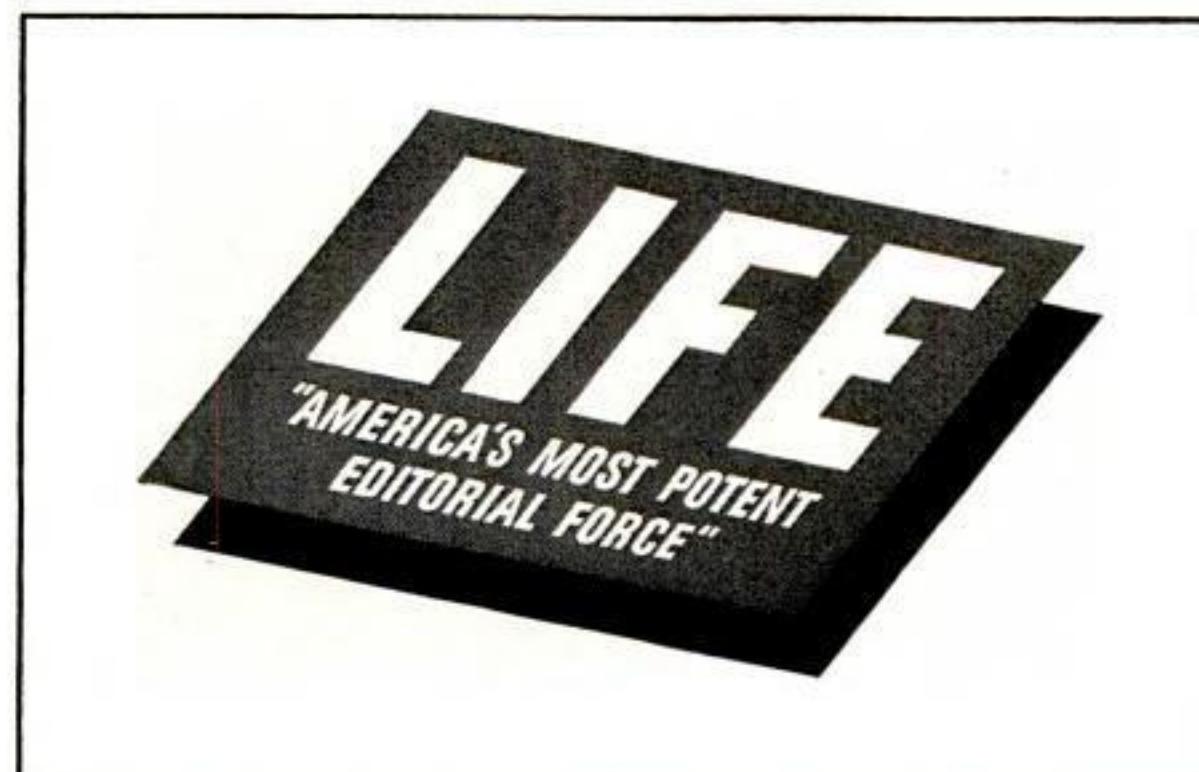
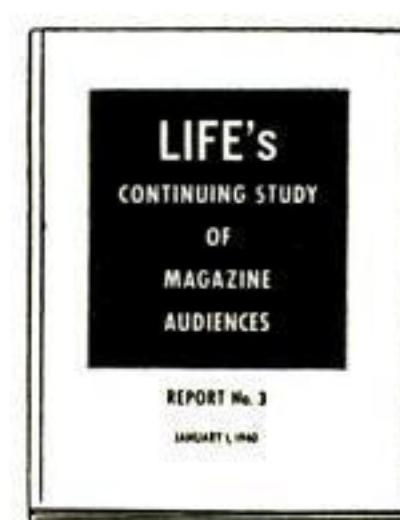
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## *Life Calls on Vincent Astor*

### **at "Ferry Reach" in Bermuda**

Though he has homes in New York, Newport and Rhinebeck, N. Y., Vincent Astor's favorite house is his Bermuda villa named "Ferry Reach." Built in 1932, it stands in 20 acres of woodsy land overlooking Castle Harbor. There he finds the same sunny, salty anodyne that keeps him asea many days a year aboard his big 263-ft. yacht *Nourmahal*.

Now the *Nourmahal* is in dock and Bermuda is a colony at war. But as winter closed hard over New York City, the head of the house of Astor resolved to go to Ferry Reach—via the *President Roosevelt* (he is a director of U. S. Lines). With him were several friends, among them Jerome Zerbe, Cleveland-born, Yale-bred iconographer of cafe society. No cafe-socialite, Vincent Astor dislikes being photographed. But before Mr. Zerbe's fastidious lens he cheerfully relaxed.

Also along were Prince Boncompagni, Italian nobleman; Prince Kyril Scherbatow and his Princess, the former Mrs. Adelaide Sedgwick Munroe of New York; Mme Selma Borger of Vienna, friend of Prince Boncompagni; and Mrs. Arthur Woolley-Hart, famed hostess and socialite of London and Cannes.

On their arrival they stopped for midmorning cocktails at a Hamilton bar with Mrs. Oliver Eaton Cromwell, sister-in-law of James Cromwell, new U. S. Minister to Canada. Meanwhile Mr. Astor hurried out to Ferry Reach. Formerly a director of many railroads, he is a keen mechanic and railway fan. Years ago he designed and built a 600-yd. miniature line on his family estate at Rhinebeck. In 1938 he laid down 850 feet of narrow-gauge track at Ferry Reach, added another 600 feet nearly a year later.

When the regular Bermuda train stopped at "Astor's Siding," his guests found him waiting by the Ferry Reach train. He ushered them into tiny cars, ran them up to his house for lunch. Then they went junketing around the islands. Next day, after lunch with Mrs. T. Wallace Orr (gold-mine heiress, known as "the richest woman in Canada"), most of them reboarded the *President Roosevelt*, returned with their host to New York. Here you see Mr. Zerbe's camera record of Mr. Astor's brief Bermuda outing.



FERRY REACH SHINES ABOVE CASTLE HARBOR. SERVANTS' QUARTERS SHOW AT LEFT



AFTER LUNCH AT FERRY REACH: ASTOR CHATS WITH MRS. OLIVER EATON CROMWELL



At "Astor's Siding," where the main Bermuda railway crosses Astor estate, the host (in white flannels) greets his arriving guests, ushers them into cars of his private railroad.



Astor throws the switch, heads his guests for the villa. His train has two passenger cars (one with built-in electric motor) and two baggage cars. Passenger cars seat four each.



The main track (foreground) leads to Ferry Reach. Left branch goes to Bermuda railway stop at "Astor's Siding"; right spur goes to the boat-house. Tracks were laid down in 1938.



End of the line is in front of Astor's house. Astor has special equipment for railroading at night and a crew which care for the stock and run train when he wants to play passenger.



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*Everett D. Hurlburt*  
**PRESIDENT**

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## *Life Calls on Vincent Astor*

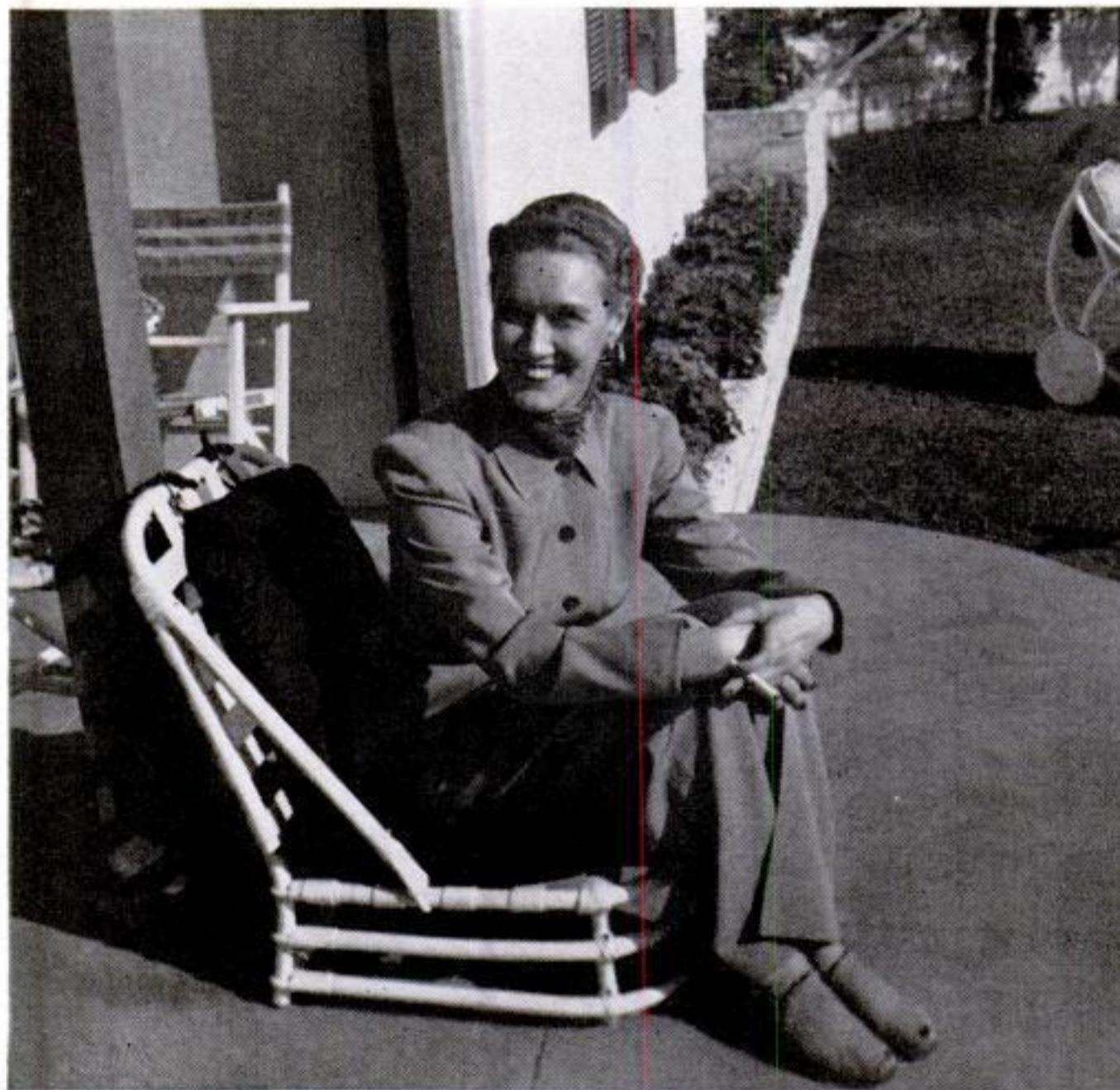
(continued)



On the terrace after lunch, guests admire view of Castle Harbor. Note the white-washed roof, from which Astor, like all Bermudians, must obtain rain water.



In the tower room, reached by outside stairway, Astor serves coffee. L. to r.: Princess Scherbatow, Mme Borger, Mrs. Cromwell, Prince Boncompagni, Vincent Astor.



Mrs. T. Wallace Orr entertained Astor guests next day at her home in Southampton. She accompanied Astor down on President Roosevelt, but did not return with him.

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## PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

### SELF PORTRAIT

Sirs:

Last week, trying to photograph myself in a solo flight, I fixed a camera firmly to one strut of my plane, connected the shutter to the rear seat with a small cord and took off. After removing helmet and goggles I turned the plane upside down,

flew on my back and, trying to smile, pulled the cord. Here is the picture. Notice in the front seat the belt that hangs out of the cockpit—also the reflection of the sun on the inner side of the wing.

ALVARO DE SOUZA QUEIROZ FILHO  
Sao Paulo, Brazil



### DEATH'S HEAD

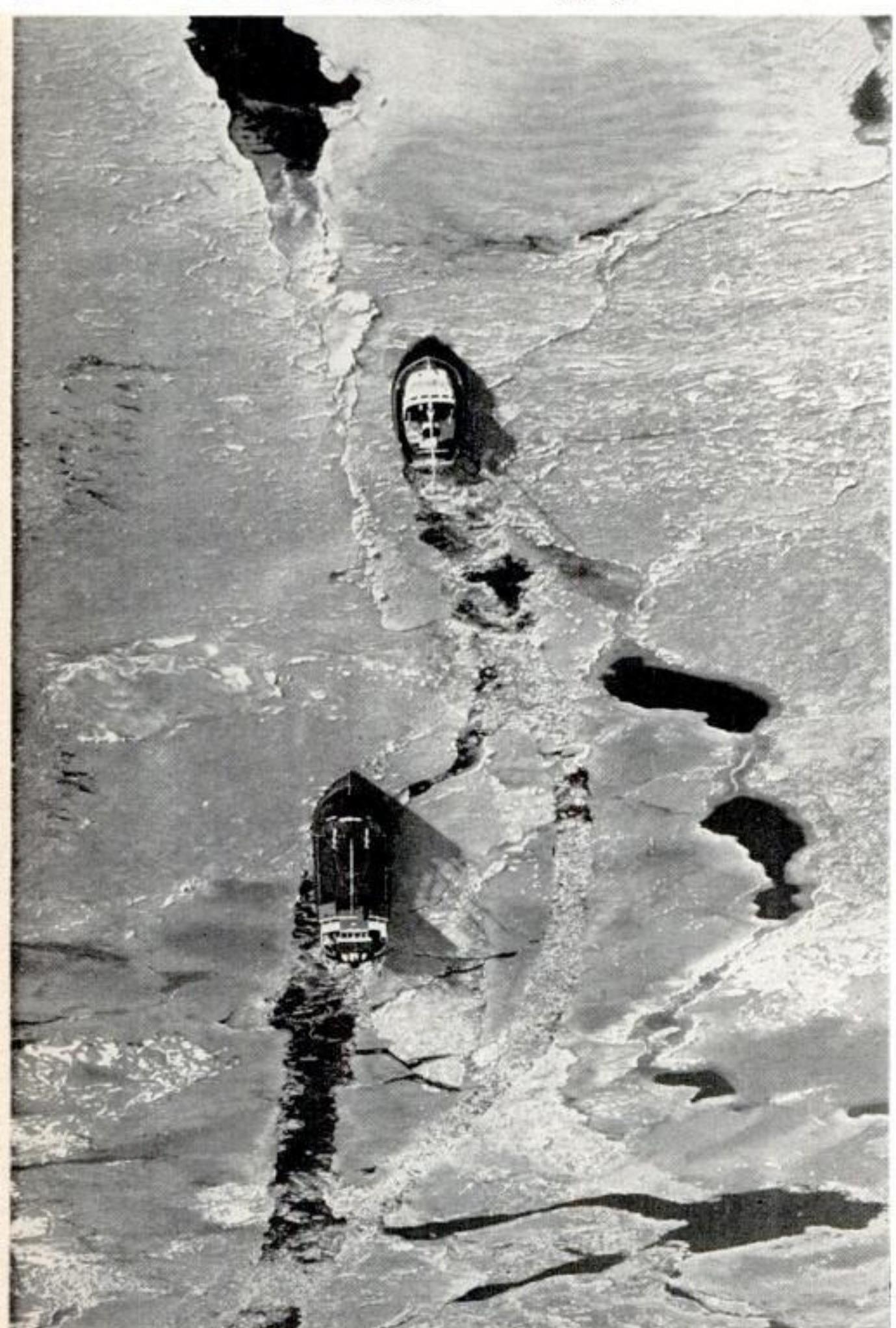
Sirs:

Attached is an upside-down clipping of an Associated Press Wirephoto sent out on Jan. 4. Unless my vision is unduly macabre, I see in it an apocalyptic death's head. Right side up it's a picture of a coast-guard boat trying to free the tanker *Paul Dana* from the ice in Great

South Bay, Long Island. This face should be symbolical of something. In this day when so many ships are sunk at sea, there may be a superstitious connotation.

ROBINSON MACLEAN  
Toronto, Ontario

• Exactly 13 readers sent the Death's Head clipping to LIFE.—ED.



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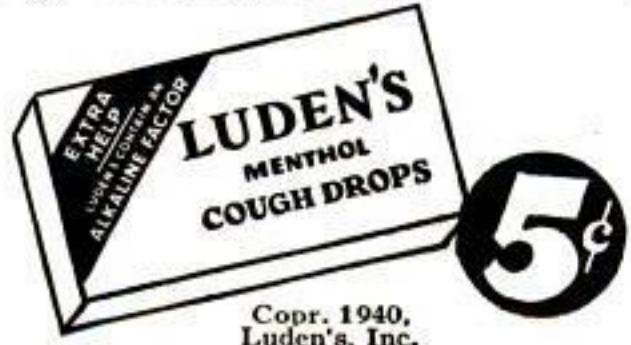
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## PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

### GLAMOROUS KAY

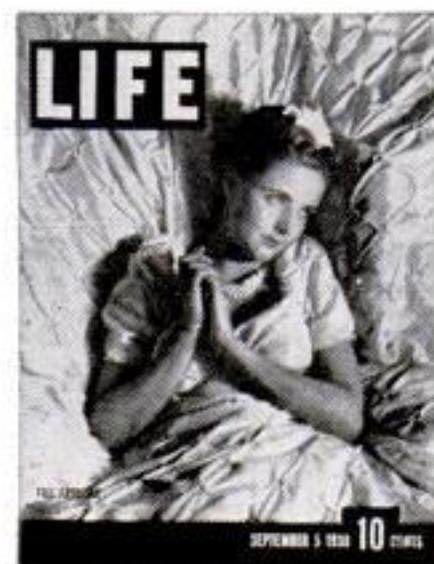
Sirs:

When Kay Aldridge was a mischievous schoolgirl in 1930, I took this snapshot. Even in those days I realized this picture was a photographic insult to her southern charm and she labeled it "SNOBISH" herself. On the back she wrote: "Please don't show this to anybody."

Although I am not one to break faith

with an old friend, I feel the time has come for "feudin'." January marks the eleventh month that my last letter to her has been unanswered. If exposing this relic of her won't get a rise out of her, then I am convinced nothing will. In view of the three times Kay has appeared on LIFE's cover, I felt you might publish this snapshot.

ELSIE "MAE" WEST  
Newport News, Va.



### BURNS & GRANDDAUGHTER

Sirs:

Here is a picture of Robert Burns (left) and a life sketch, based on a photograph, of Miss Jean Arthur Burns Brown, granddaughter of the poet. These were in the possession of Professor J. G. Hume, whose mother was a second cousin of the

poet. Her maiden name was Brown, which was also the maiden name of Burns's mother. Note the striking resemblance between the granddaughter and the poet.

T. W. K. HUME, M.D.  
Auburn Heights, Mich.



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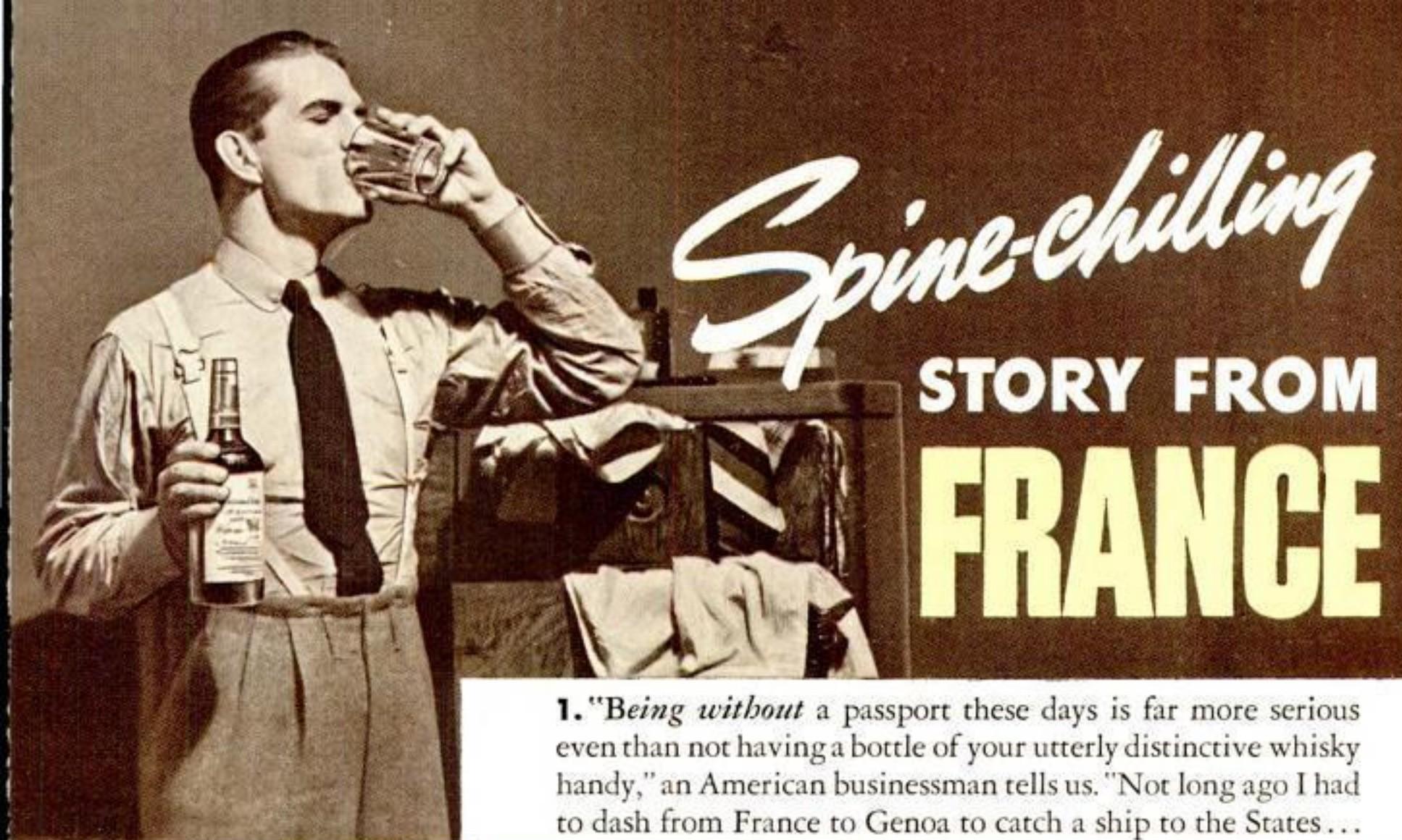
## LIFE'S PICTURES



Photographer Dave Scherman, who covered Louisiana's primary elections (see pp. 13-15) had a hectic time during his week in the Pelican State. He traveled with all but one of the five candidates, was hospitably treated by all. But during pre-election festivities, a film-pack adapter was pulled from his Graphic by a hostile hoodlum and smashed on the pavement. On election day, a brick was hurled at him during the fight between Long's and Noe's goon squads. Traveling with Noe's bodyguard saved him from beating administered to others. Above he is interviewing Candidate Sam Jones.

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# Spine-chilling STORY FROM FRANCE

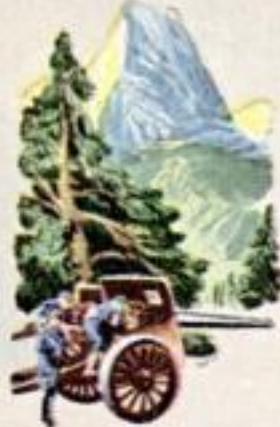


1. "Being without a passport these days is far more serious even than not having a bottle of your utterly distinctive whisky handy," an American businessman tells us. "Not long ago I had to dash from France to Genoa to catch a ship to the States..."

2. "Five minutes before I started, I found that my passport was missing! I wired ahead to our Geneva office for someone to meet me with an emergency visa at the border, and started off... But at the border I learned to my horror that no one had arrived to claim me!"



3. "Clearly the guards regarded me as a spy! Until proved otherwise, I was obviously to be treated as one! Zealously guarded, I waited. Hours passed. I grew colder and colder. What I wouldn't have given then for a friendly, warming sip of Canadian Club! But at sunrise—instead of being shot as I was beginning to imagine I might be—my messenger finally arrived with my visa. I forgave him the delay when he also produced a bottle of Canadian Club as a peace offering! I don't know which was most welcome after a night of freezing temperatures—my visa, or your fine whisky!"



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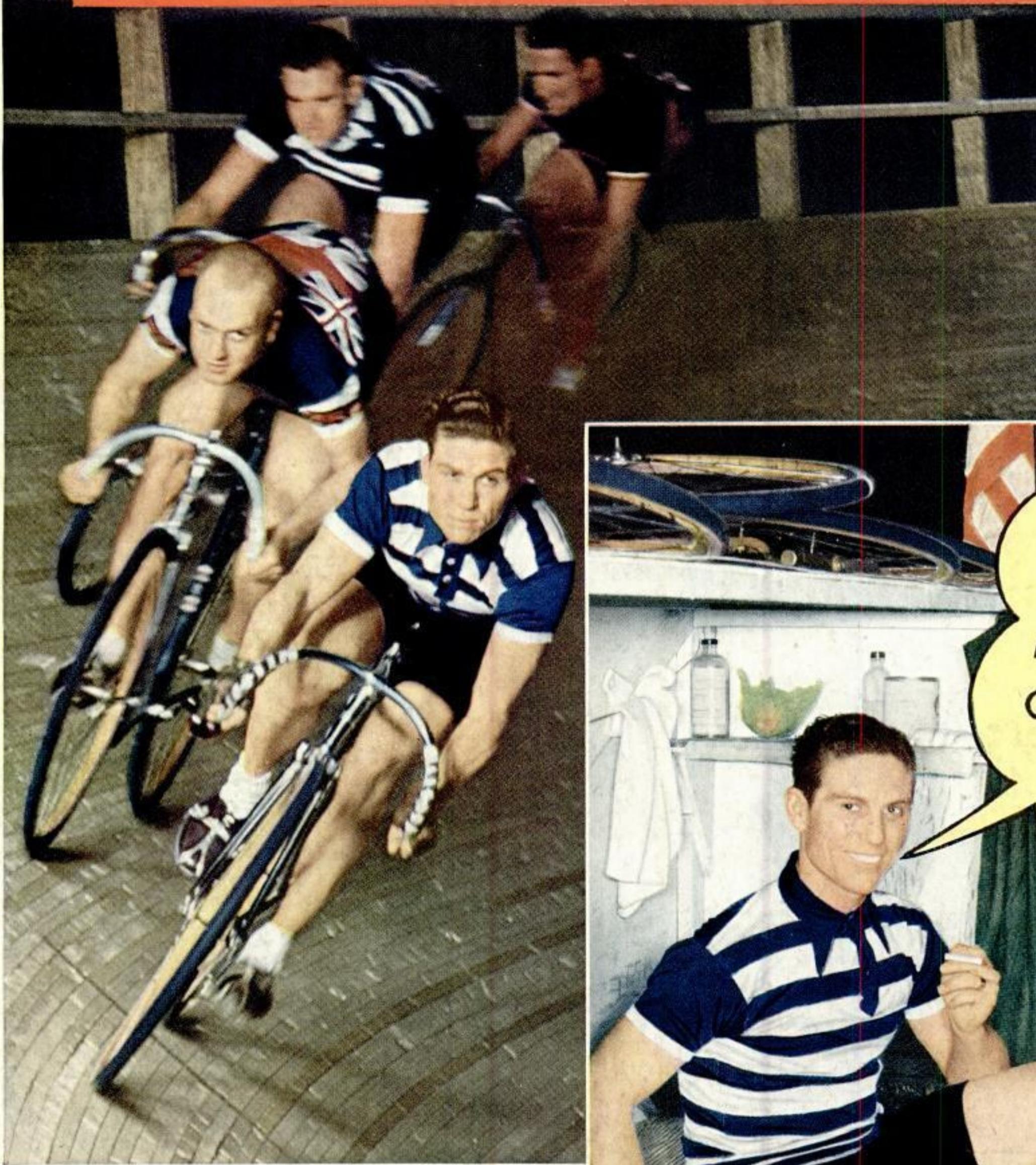
*"Canadian  
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**6 YEARS OLD**



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# "FASTEST MAN ON WHEELS"



Here's ace bike rider Cecil Yates burning up the track at New York's Madison Square Garden. He's won eight six-day bike races in his brief, blazing career.

Time out . . . for a few winks of sleep, a meal, a quick massaging of weary muscles—and a mighty welcome Camel cigarette. How good it tastes!

WHEN Cecil sprints, the track fairly smokes. But when Cecil smokes, speed's the last thing he wants in his cigarette.

Because cigarettes that burn fast can't help but burn hot. And this fiery excess heat burns away the tobacco's subtle elements of flavor and fragrance. The result is a hot, flat, unsatisfactory smoke.

"Slow-burning cigarettes are cooler,



milder, tastier, and more fragrant"—science and common sense both say so.

And the slowest-burning cigarette of the 16 largest-selling brands tested was *Camel!* (The panel to your right gives details.) A few puffs of a Camel tell you that there's more pleasure per puff...and then you find that there are more puffs per pack—an average smoking equivalent of 5 extra smokes!

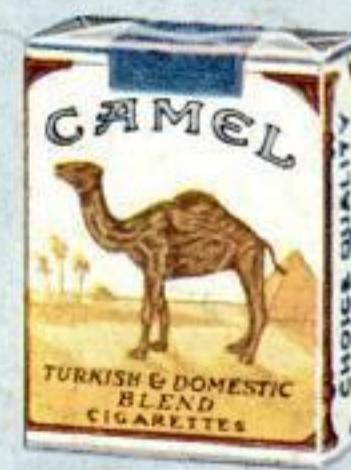
MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF...MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

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